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THE WAR AND ITS ASPECTS.

WAR evidently waits and has waited on diplomacy. That is the secret, the solution of the enigma, which it is otherwise impossible to understand. Lord John Russell acquainted the world, from the hustings of the City, what the British army had been going to do. They were to occupy Varna, and thus leave at Omer Pasha's disposal the 14,000 Turkish soldiers, which he kept there. It is plain enough, from Lord John's speech, that if the siege of Silistria was to be raised, it was to be so by the operation of Turkish troops, not by any offensive operations of the British army. There was to be a small French division sent to the British at Varna, but not one of considerable numbers. The main body of the French was to have marched under Marshal St. Arnaud to Adrianople, and without going even to Schumla, but to pursue the direct road to Sophia and to Widdin, in order to cross the Danube at that town, and operate against the Russians in Wallachia.

To a simple observer, the adoption of such a plan must occasion considerable surprise. For what is the greatest advantage in war? The greatest is certainly to have the power of attacking your enemy on a great many points, and of course of menacing him on all these points, which must keep his attention, as well as his forces disseminated, and enable the possessor of that advantage to pour a great body of men upon places and upon armies unequal to such an attack. As long as the Anglo-French forces were in the Bosphorus, or the Black Sea, their generals enjoyed the advantage alluded to. Russia might tremble for the Crimea, for Sebastopol, for the Pruth, and the fortresses on it, for the mouth of the Danube, and the fortresses near it; but from the moment that Marshal St. Arnaud took his first march to Adrianople, Russian fears were allayed, and Russian anxieties ceased. Sebastopol could not be attacked, nor the Crimea invaded by a land force.

Why then was this plan of campaign adopted, which was, we believe, far less English than French? And, certainly, when the French do bring double our force into the field, it is fair that they should have the direction and disposal of it. Neither should we be inclined to criticise severely or too closely these allies, frankly embarked in war in conjunction with us. Our object is less to criticise than to explain; and, doubtless, the advantages which we have enumerated above, might have been recompensed by other advantages of equal import. In the opinion of Marshal St. Arnaud they were so. The Marshal, and his Government, are great believers in Austria. To have inveigled Austria into the conference which condemned Russia, is the great boast of M. Drouyn de l'Huys; and the belief of the French

Secretary of Foreign Affairs is, that Austria will at last, by declaring war, make it utterly impossible for Russia to continue resistance.

Austria, on every occasion, has declared, that it must be by a great moral coercion, that the Emperor of Russia is compelled to stoop to the united will of Europe. Count Buol deprecates collision and provocation; thinks that an attack upon either Sebastopol or Kronstadt would be premature; and that, although it may contribute to peace to have the Russians baffled in their attacks on Silistria by the Turks, it would mar all hopes of it, if Paskiewitch were driven from it in disgrace by 50,000 French and English. Count Buol, therefore, begged that, at least, the commencement of the campaign might be comminative.

Austria, too, might have feared, or rather affected to fear, that Russia, angered by the way in which the Cabinet of Vienna has turned against her, might throw one of its armies into Hungary, appeal to the several discontented nationalities of that country, and raise again in Hungary a portion of that insurrection which it aided to crush. We do not believe in the likelihood of this; but if Austrian fear existed of such a thing, the line of march taken by the French army was calculated to support and encourage the Austrians.

Circumstances have placed out of season and out of possibility the kind of campaign to which we allude. If we dwell upon it, it is that the same influence which led to so glaring an error, is now likely to produce another. We have still faith in Austria. We still follow France in the conviction that it is requisite to be obsequious to Austria, and to conduct the war so as to please the Court of Vienna, rather than strike home at that of St. Petersburg. We are not to cross the Danube, or even to allow the Turks to prosecute their victory by occupying and invading the Principalities. This triumph is to be reserved for Austria, which has never fired a shot.

Notwithstanding the value of the Austrian alliance, we must confess ourselves as amongst those who are disappointed at the complete nullity of our military and naval efforts. Were the war concluded to-morrow, were the menacing attitude of Austria and Prussia to induce Russia to promise the evacuation of the Principalities and the abandonment of its claims on Turkey, there would still remain the impression that the two great maritime powers of the West had proved unequal to make Russia feel their power, and that they were unable to bring her to reason without the aid and intervention of the German powers.

To such objections as these, it is replied, that of the two great objects, the first, to make war successfully, the second, to make peace securely and satisfactorily, the Western Powers are more dependent upon Austria for the latter than for the former. The English and French might beat back the Russians from the Danube; but what power is to keep the Russians permanently from crossing that river; what power is its natural guardian, and able, from its position, to guarantee the task east of Europe for

Russia? Austria is that power. Austria alone can render a treaty effective, which declares the Danubian Principalities neutral, which wills that no foreign soldiers shall ever, or in any case, tread them—that the shores of the Danube shall be open to the commerce of all nations. England and France could only enforce such provisions by building a fortress of the first order on the Danube, and leaving a joint garrison there; a measure fraught with difficulty, jealousy, expense, distasteful to every party, and all the time compelling the keeping up of fleets and armies ready to give succour and support.

This may be very true, but there are also very serious inconveniences and drawbacks in the scheme of rendering Austria the sole and permanent guardian of the countries south of the Danube. Austria is not a maritime power. It has no fleet. Let Austria have what force she pleases on the Danube, she cannot prevent the Russians from sailing up the Bosphorus, and landing an army in any one of its creeks. The maritime guard of Constantinople, therefore, against Sebastopol, which is but forty-eight hours sail from it, must still be left to fleets and forces, that are to come from Malta and Toulon. But treaties—solemn treaties, by which Russia engages to respect the independence of the Porte and the neutrality of the Danubian Provinces—such treaties as these with Austria, and the German powers parties to them, are surely the strongest laws, that we can hope or should desire, against the ambition of Russia.

This was the dream rather than the hope of two of the greatest of modern statesmen, Talleyrand and Metternich, the latter of whom expects to fulfil in 1854 what he vainly endeavoured to do in 1828 and 1829. The apparent direction of affairs in Austria is, for the moment, a renewal of Metternich policy—the alliance with France and England—the hand of friendship, less than the sword of enmity stretched out to Russia, the other German States led to adhere, and to join a united German policy—all this is Metternich's idea, to which the Emperor gives his assent, because he sees armies raised, and trumpets sounding, and because Metternich promises, and France hopes, that the Danube may yet be his.

It is a hollow delusion, however, to suppose that Germany can ever be restored to what was settled in 1815, and which prevailed from that time to 1848. Metternich may think so. His idea naturally is that Austria is built on a rock, and that Austria, and Prussia, and Germany, will be found in 1950 just what they were in 1850. This, with all deference to M. de Metternich, is greatly to be doubted. France will always be France, England will always be England, and Germany must always be Germany. But Austria in ten years may not be Austria. And where, then, is the guardianship of the Danube? Were the Danube now secured, by the Russians being beaten from it by the troops of the Western Powers and those of Turkey, and were the independence of the Principalities, as the result of this successful war, established by France and by England, in conjunction with

Austria, the inhabitants, people, Boyards, and princes of those provinces, would feel an independence, a security, and a support, which would have maintained their sovereignty under all hazards and all chances. Whereas, if Russia makes a show of voluntary retreat, and if, instead of being Turkish feudatories under Russian protection, the Hospodars are also under Austrian as well as Russian protection, the people of the Principalities will never acquire that feeling of independence and of liberty, which the successful arms of the West could have given them.

The true solution of the Danubian question was to have beaten the Russians out of the Provinces adjoining the river. People, races, kings, and politicians in those countries, and all eastward of them, understand victory, and abide by it. It is the award of Heaven, the right of the strongest. There is now, however, no chance or intention of that. The Russians will withdraw before the apparent menaces, but really before the exigences of Austrian and Prussian diplomacy. And if Austria and Russia are satisfied, England and France cannot prolong the war for mere trifling stipulations.

As to Austria going actually to war with Russia—ordering her armies to enter Bessarabia, and seriously menace the rear of Paskiewitch,—this, which is and has been the daily expectation of every writer of the French and English press, never was contemplated as possible by any but ourselves. It could just as much take place as Prussia's attacking the Czar upon the Niemen; and for a Turkish question, too, for which Prussia cares not a rush. Prussia, indeed, has been made to care for what is of itself indifferent to her by the known threat of France, that if the existing demarcations of Europe are to be disturbed by one power for its own benefit, France will feel at liberty to follow the example; and that the Emperor Napoleon will be no longer bound by treaties, narrowing what he considers his natural frontier, if Russia should proceed to carve and appropriate Turkey. Russia, however, is prepared to concede to the demands of Prussia and of Austria; that is, it will evacuate the Principalities, and declare itself content with the promises which have been wrung from Turkey, respecting her Rayahs. These conditions, and as near to the *status quo* as possible, will be, no doubt, the defensive position which the Czar will take up.

War or no war, as an eminent Russian observed, we must look to a total change in the policy of Russia. The government of that empire has laboured incessantly for the last thirty years in supporting sovereigns against their subjects, in preaching dictatorship against liberty, and in helping every monarch out of difficulties, so as to render them as powerful and independent as possible. The result of Russia's sincerely conservative efforts has been to partition Europe into three great military empires besides her own, each of these empires despotic. It is precisely these military empires which beard Russia, and which have combined to stay its advance even to the Danube. Had France remained constitutional and free under a legitimate Bourbon, or *quasi*-Bourbon—a

Charles the Tenth even, or a Louis Philippe—it would have offered no obstacles to Russia. Had Prussia been left to struggle against its democracy, were the King embarrassed into a liberal charter, or even in the “narrow union” which he attempted for Germany, he would have too much work on his hands to be meddling with anti-Russian conferences. Had Austria been obliged to treat with a constitutional Hungary and a constitutional Italy, it could not have formed *corps d’armée* in Galicia and in Transylvania. Had Russia rallied it in 1849 to nationality, it could have made the present war in its name, and been invincible. Slavons and even Magyars would have been grateful, where kings and emperors have not been so. Alexander got Poland by playing the liberal, and displaying a wonderful respect for nationality and constitutionalism. A true Russian, like Nicholas, could not go this length. The word constitution might not suit his mouth. But he might preach the independence of the Slavons, and far outbid even English, French, and Austrian intentions for the independence of both Cis- and Trans-Danubians.

A Russian, of that only class of Russians which knows everything, was a very short time since expounding to his astonished companions of other countries, how this must be the future policy of Nicholas. He was met by a smile of incredulity from more than one of those whom he addressed. And he, who was most dubious, illustrated his smile by saying, “And Poland?” This was to hint, that if the Czar durst play at the game of insurrection, and try to imitate that policy, which Canning threatened, but never put in practice, that of abetting the insurgents and insurrectionists of all countries, the Czar’s enemies would have far greater advantage to trip him up; that even Poland was far more discontented, and ready to mutiny, than any land of Slavon or Magyar. “You do not know Poland,” observed the Russian, “or you would not continue to reckon upon it as the Poland of 1830. Believe me, my friends, there is no longer a Poland, save the few who exist in emigration. The surface of the Duchy of Warsaw has been swept clean of its Polish population, and there are more genuine Russians in Poland now than Poles. You might as well foment an insurrection in the environs of Moscow as in those of Warsaw. No doubt, one of the threats which has stirred Prussia, has been, that if the war were protracted, French and English troops would infallibly land in the Baltic provinces of Russia; and that if Courlander or Lithuanian were thereby prompted to revolt, the insurrection would gain Posen, and dispute the tranquillity of Prussia. And it is true enough, that insurrection might easily be aroused in either Prussian or Austrian Poland. But Russian Poland is now past the possibility. Polish nationality, as you call it, has not merely been strangled, but eaten up. Russia and the United States of America are the only nations at the present day which can not only overcome but assimilate, and extend their nation as well as their frontier; and they are, consequently, destined to form the great empires of the old and of the new world. England has taken three centuries to assimilate Ireland, and in that little task has not

yet succeeded. Alsace remains as German as in the first year that Louis XIV. conquered it. Neither France nor England knows how to assimilate. A country ~~must~~ be young to possess the powers of digestion requisite."

This doctrine of digesting and assimilating subject or conquered countries, is certainly the strongest reason yet alleged for putting a decided and definitive stop to the progress of Russia. And barbarism certainly has powers for this purpose which civilised countries dare not employ. It can treat population like sheep, displace them, separate them from tradition and from creed, and thus accomplish an absorption impossible to the countries of the West. The powers of even Russian assimilation are, however, exaggerated. The Baltic provinces remain as German as they were in the first days of their conquest; and even of Poland, there are roots and sparks under ground that no Russian boot can tread out.

Far from having assimilated the provinces last conquered at its extremities, these offer to invading armies every facility and desire of emancipation. Finns and Lithuanians on the Baltic, as well as the Tartar and Mahometan races on the Crimea, and eastward of it, are best prepared for independence. Thus if Russia was to refuse all terms, and persist in a lengthened war, the Western powers would sever large slices from the overgrown empire of Russia, and that the most important, because they are the weaker portion of the empire. Deprived of the Crimea, Russia would not have a port in the Black Sea; no port capable of being used as an arsenal. Deprived of Revel and Helsingfors, the Gulf of Finland would be a *mare clausum*, and the Russian capital with enemies permanently established at its gates.

But the great problem which the present war must, if not solve, at least throw considerable light upon, is, the relative force of naval offence to coast defence. The last war left the opinion established, that granite was superior to oak. The guns upon the one are an overmatch for the cannon which floats with the other. But the progress made in the arming, in the gunnery, and the propelling of vessels has been so great, that people were inclined to think that the leviathans of the deep had immensely increased in the relative power of silencing and destroying land defences. The circumstances which marked the destruction of St. Jean d'Acre, where the Egyptians, however good artillerymen, and reared in the French school, were unable to hold their ground against the fire of the fleet, was considered conclusive. And when it was first known that we were going to war with a nation which had merely coast defences and littoral fortresses to oppose to our men of war, the exultation was great, and the expectation of wonders to be immediately achieved, equally so. The ardour of these anticipations has, we need not say, very much abated. The wariness of our fleet for now nearly two months, evinces a great respect for stone walls and granite batteries. Even with Napier, the calculation of probable injury or loss evidently overbalances the prospect of advantages to be gained.

There are, however, a great many considerations. First of all comes the inutility of damaging ships merely for the sake of momentarily dismounting guns, and clearing batteries. Suppose every gun on the walls of Sebastopol were dismounted, its artillerymen blown from their defences—suppose even to grant they were displaced, that we had but to land and blow up the most obnoxious of its defences—where is the gain without permanent occupation? In a few weeks the Russians would have put everything to rights again. Every displaced stone would have been replaced, every cannon destroyed would give way to one of larger metal. There are not more than a couple of vessels building at Sebastopol. Russia teems with naval stores. What could we destroy there which could not be supplied? and, so destroying, what should our fleets suffer? Such considerations as these cool the ardour of naval commanders. Such a place as Sebastopol ought evidently to be attacked by a land, as well as sea force, and that, not merely for the purpose of more easily capturing it, but in order to make sure of its capture, and turn it to account.

All that has been said respecting Sebastopol applies equally to Sweaborg. It would cost two or three vessels to reduce it, and what should be done with it after all? Let the Russians re-enter its smoking ruins, and they will make a far more efficient fortress out of their remains than it was before, for they will then know all its weak points, and everything really wanting for its more perfect armament and defence. There is, however, one fortress, and the most important of all Russian fortresses, which is not in the condition of either Sebastopol or Sweaborg; and that is, Kronstadt. It is situated on an island. If taken, it might be kept, garrisoned, defended. Kronstadt in possession of a foe, St. Petersburg would be untenable; all the pomp, power, and court of this city should be transferred to Moscow, and the great work of Peter the Great would be undone. But can Kronstadt be taken? This is a question that no one can answer. If attacked in known and expected ways, Kronstadt is considered by military and naval men impregnable. But war has its devices and inventions, and we are utterly in the dark as to what might be attempted, or what might succeed. If it be one of the strongest of fortresses, it is also one of the most tempting of prizes. It is a fort and citadel to the capital of Russia; and its conquest would be a greater blow than even Napoleon ever dealt that empire in his many battle-fields.

But if Kronstadt cannot be taken—and certainly, when we consider that there is but one channel capable of receiving large vessels which approach, and that thousands of guns can be concentrated upon that channel, it is very possible that it cannot be taken—then Russia in the Baltic is like Russia in the Black Sea, only vulnerable to a land force, which shall arm permanently to invade and occupy its disaffected provinces. The resuscitation of Tartar independence in the Crimea, of Swedish superiority in Finland, are severe blows that can only be dealt, however, by large expeditionary armies, the allied fleets, however powerful, playing but a secondary part.

But these are tedious enterprises, depending for success on a number of circumstances concerning which we have no certain *data*, though, indeed, it is evident that the Governments of both France and England have not yet looked to them as means of warfare, at least for the present year. Our tactics, therefore, as we said at the beginning of this article, wait upon our diplomacy, and our diplomacy undertakes to bring Russia to reason, less by attacking her with our fleets and armies, than by getting the German Powers to menace war. At the moment we write, the world is on the tiptoe of expectation to see Austria start forth and take part in the war; and even Prussia call forth her landwehr, and advance her contingent into Poland.

In despite of all appearances, all promises, all declarations to the contrary, we still persist in the opinion that Prussia is friendly to the Czar; that it only joined the Conference at the first no doubt with the hope of averting war, but also with the intention more of serving than of hurting Russia. There is, no doubt, a party in Prussia, and even at the Prussian court, which thinks that Russia has weighed with tyrannous power upon Germany, and especially upon Prussia, preventing her from putting herself at the head of Germany in 1849, and thus drawing her back from the position of a first-rate power, which she was about to assume, to that of a second-rate power; thus humbling the kingdom in the eyes of Europe, and the dynasty in the consideration of the people. This is a wrong not only felt by liberals, but by functionaries and officers—by Bunsen and by Bonin, and, above all, by the Prince of Prussia.

But such feelings, even of injustice and wrong, do not amount to a desire to humble Russia by force of arms. The Empress of Russia is sister to the Prince of Prussia; the wife of the Prince is the daughter of the Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, sister of Alexander and of Nicholas; there is that feeling between the families that would give to war a fratricidal character. At this moment the King has been to meet the Emperor of Russia, and he has brought his brother, the Prince of Prussia, with him. The interview is the prelude, not to war, but to peace. The Prussian monarch has just met the Austrian Emperor at Tetschen. He is fully aware how far Austria has connected herself to the Powers of the West. We have not a doubt that out of this interview will proceed more tangible propositions for peace than have yet been put forward. One of these already shows itself, and evidently is, that the Russians shall retire behind the Pruth, the French, English, and Turks remaining south of the Danube, whilst the Principalities are to be occupied by an Austrian army, until such time as the full conditions of peace be agreed on, and the fate of the Danubian provinces sealed. The Porte, it is said, has already consented to the Austrian occupation, no doubt with the approbation of France and England.

Such are our opinions of the present state of the crisis, the present feelings and aims of the different Governments. But we may be wrong. Every one forms a judgment to the best of his opi-

nion and information; and his impression of a measure, or of a man, may be utterly changed and set astray, so that the wisest may err. We are far from pretending to more than common judgment of the ways of information open to all the world. From this we conclude that Prussia cannot be inimical to Russia, does not meditate war, and only interferes for friendly purposes. Of the sincerity and of the efficacy of Austrian hostility to Russia we also doubt, though not in the same degree. Austria is deeply interested in removing Russia from the Danube, and in setting free the stream of that river. But that she would prosecute her views at present by any other than diplomatic efforts appears to us most unlikely.

But, we repeat, we may be wrong. Events may surprise and contradict us. The Emperor Nicholas may prove obstinate. Notwithstanding the failure of his every hope, the tardiness and utter want of success of his own army, which could not drive the Turks back from Silistria and Kalafat, still he may have put faith in the defensive power of his empire, and may refuse to treat of the affairs of Turkey in common with other Powers. If, as the result of his obstinacy, Austria and Germany should be forced into a war with Russia, then, indeed, will commence a new era, then will open out a new series of political events, aims, and relations, and the world be gratified with what, after all, it most loves, that is to say, novelty.

To take the weight of Russia off Germany, to emancipate the country so far as to leave it to its own influences; to allow its own different opinions and parties, influences and ideas, interests and policies to become developed and throw out men and parties to represent them—this would do more for the advancement of Europe, and of her liberty in it, than any event that could possibly take place. The chief, and final result of a free Germany would no doubt be to make Prussia more powerful; and, if Prussia were unequal to the task, to at least erect a genuine Germany west of the Inn, which would cut off Austria, and compel it to seek its strength eastward, not westward. Germany would then repudiate Austria, and the House of Hapsburg would find itself recompensed for the loss of a German empire by the acquisition of a Slavonic one. For this, however, Russia must be not only humbled, but defeated; not only checked, but reduced, and reduced so as the two great German Powers alone could do, backed by the alliance and support of the Powers of the West. Nor is the effort too great for Germans, if Germans could have a will. We do not believe in its being ever attempted; but we should be the very first to hail the effort, should it be made, as the very greatest one that fortune could ordain for the complete emancipation and development of Europe.

This desirable result, although it may not come now, for, we repeat, Prussia appears not to be sincere in its hostility to Russia, and Austria is not half so warm or so zealous as she pretends to be—the result, though it may not come now, may be accomplished hereafter. For, however leniently, and even friendly

treated, Russia cannot but conceive a deep grudge against the German Powers, whose attitude has humbled it, and still obstructs the great aim of Russian policy. Whether the Czar may not adopt the line of conduct pointed out in a former part of this article, that is, by embracing Slavonic nationality, and favouring even German liberalism, remains to be seen. He may be constitutional in Berlin, socialist in Paris, Magyar at Pesth, Rouman at Bucharest, Greek at Athens. He is a person prodigal of promises, and not parsimonious of money; and these qualities are apt to win the confidence of patriots who are seldom either sufficiently scrupulous or sufficiently wary to fear or reject the hand which holds out to them, no matter with what purpose, sympathy and succour.

There are few men who have employed their thoughts and anticipations upon the future of Europe, that must not look forward to the day when the antagonism between Germany and Russia should be complete, for the commencement of that great change which is to be wrought in the policy of the world. But every one must have deferred this hope until the arrival of the moderately liberal or constitutional party to power in Germany, and when those acquisitions of political influence over its government should impel them against Russian preponderance. No one ever dreamed, or dared to hope, that the princes of Germany would do this of themselves. No one could have believed that Austria, which owes the successful campaign of Radotski, and the recovery of the Milanese, to a timely supply of succours from St. Petersburg, and which again was indebted to the same Russia for the expulsion of Kossuth, and the submission of Georgey, could ever break with Russia, in order to ally itself, and lean for support—upon what? Upon Germany, which Austria cheated of its country and its liberties; upon Prussia, which it humbled and ousted of its land; and, finally, upon France and England—the one Austria's rival in Italy, the other the protector of that Hungarian insurrection which Russia extinguished. No power could have predicted this of Austria, or can as yet believe it sincere. And if it turn out true that Lord Clarendon and Drouin de L'Huys have accomplished this, they certainly deserve much greater credit and honour as politicians and diplomatists than have as yet been awarded them.

It is remarkable how Austria, deeming herself obliged to take separate ground from Russia, was at the same time compelled to look for support in Germany. However averse were the exigencies of England and France, it is evident that they put the German powers to the necessity of deciding between the alternative, of either coercing Russia, or being coerced themselves, into turning their whole force against Russia. Their neutrality was, therefore, an encouragement to Russia. The Western powers, too, plainly showed that they would be unable to respect this neutrality; and that if Russia was enabled by the culpable apathy of the German powers to appropriate the Danubian provinces, the Western powers could only retaliate by pressing on Italy,

upon the Rhine, and, perhaps, upon the Baltic provinces. Pressed by these new hostilities, Austria and Prussia forswore their common enmities, and resolved to face the danger together, or, at least, to assume the appearance of doing so. They concluded a treaty, guaranteeing each other's provinces; a treaty quite as much directed against France and England as against Russia. They then went to Germany for adherence, and they found it at Bamberg and at Frankfort. The other states of Germany joined the defensive alliance, and agreed to support both of the great powers in war if either of their territories be attacked. It is only in the case of offensive war; that is, of entering upon an invasion of Russia or foreign territories, that the Diet hesitates, or, at least, requires a new deliberation previous to decision. It is to be remarked, that when Wurtemberg and Saxony have adhered to this resolution—one of which Courts is closely allied to Russia by marriage, and the other by policy—we may infer that no war against Russia is contemplated by these countries no more than it is by Prussia.

Thus far had we written, when, on the last day and the last hour of going to press, the sure tidings are announced, that Russia has ordered the withdrawal of her troops from the Principalities. It is carefully announced at the same time, that Russia refuses the demand of Austria to evacuate these same Principalities. This means that, in doing so, there is a wish to avoid seeming to do so in accord with, or in obedience to, Austria. Unfortunately there is manifest proof, that Austria was previously aware that Russia would evacuate the Principalities; for she had already negotiated with the Porte a treaty for her occupying these provinces. Austria's occupation of these provinces is plainly a manoeuvre to prevent England and France passing the Danube, or following the Russians. It also prevents Turkey from pursuing the advantages of victory. If this be the case, and the best accredited journals universally announce it, it will be impossible to destroy the general opinion, that Austria has been in collusion with Russia all along; and now, at the critical moment, comes forward to save the Czar both in a political and a diplomatic sense. Now it is that Marshal St. Arnaud has changed his firm resolve, and no longer marches to Widdin, but hastens to Varna, if he has a telescope long-sighted enough, to contemplate the raising of the siege of Silistria, and the withdrawal of the Russians to that bank of the Danube, where, by treaty with the Porte, Austria precludes either France or England from following.

If this should be the case; if the Russians withdraw from Silistria, and fall back, not only upon Jassy, but behind the Pruth; and if, according to the newly-bruited treaty, neither Turks, English, nor French follow, of this we feel certain, that the universal opinion in England will be, that we have been humbugged, and that the entire of the expenses of the war will have gone for nothing. War has hitherto waited on diplomacy; in that case it will be completely stopped by diplomacy. Here let us notice a suggestion put forward by one of our leading ministerial organs.

This is for the French and English armies not to pass the Danube, not to invade Bessarabia or Southern Russia, but throw their whole force into the Crimea for the purpose of destroying Sebastopol. In this plan of warfare there is the greatest of risk, because, from the moment that, in obedience to Austria or to any other influence, we refuse to cross the Danube into Bessarabia, Russia, feeling secure from that frontier, can collect the entire of her southern military force in the Crimea; and we may thus find 150,000 Russian soldiers, with proportional artillery, on the heights landward of Sebastopol. This would probably be the result of our not invading Bessarabia and menacing Odessa. Nicholas, from hatred to Turkey, may higggle and delay, and refuse to give any satisfaction as to her future purposes, or as to the future fate of the Principalities, and the guarantee of their independence. We need not say that the independence of the Principalities is no more advanced or served by an Austrian occupation. The effect will be to beat down the liberal and national party in these provinces. So much is this the case, that we must fear, as the result of an Austrian occupation, that the Russian party in the Principalities will be greatly increased by it, for the people of the country prefer the Russians to the Austrians. So that, instead of creating a national and independent party in Wallachia and Moldavia, we shall be driving the population of the country into the arms of Russia.

The way to avoid this, would be to prevent the Austrians from occupying either Jassy or Bucharest. Let that duty be left to the Hospodars, the Government, and the States. Let Austria occupy any military position she may consider requisite. But to allow her to do more, and to complete whatever the Russians may have left undone in the way of consuming the food and stifling the liberty of Wallachia and Moldavia, will redound little to the honour of the allies, or conduce little to the future settlement of the Danubian provinces.

It is to be hoped, that not only will the Austrians, if allowed to enter the Principalities, be prevented from turning the occupation to the purposes of political oppression, but it is also to be hoped, nay, it is indispensable, that the allied troops should pass the Danube at once into Bessarabia and reduce the Russian fortresses, especially that of Ismail on the northern bank of the river. No treaty of peace, securing the free navigation of the Danube, can be of avail as long as Russia is allowed to command that stream by fortresses or batteries. If she be left Bessarabia, it should be only on the condition of having no fortresses on its banks. When the Rhine was left as the French frontier of 1815, on the condition of Huninguen being raised, she was allowed peaceable possession of the territory to the Rhine, but on the condition that it should not be turned to offensive purposes. In like manner Russia should be treated with regard to the Danube. If she should be left the Kilian branch of the Danube, that of the Sulineh should at least be taken from her guardianship, it being proved how grossly and selfishly she misused it, even to the

breach of her solemn stipulations. But none of these things can be obtained, if the campaign is to stop here, and the 100,000 allied troops are to march from Varna to the Danube, and then march back again.

We shall now reap the benefit of having urged Prussia to take part in the quarrel and in the conferences, instead of shutting her out, and being from first to last contented with her neutrality. For now, of course, instead of hostile camps and entrenched armies, we shall have nothing but conferences and congresses. And in these we shall be but two to two, or two to three. Even if Russia be excluded, or excludes herself, she has an intimate friend and ally in the Prussian minister to take part in any conference, whilst Austria will be, as she has been all along, half and half. Everything, however, will depend on the maintenance of a good understanding with France, as these firmly united, and possessing the confidence of the Sultan, can insist on the conditions which they think indispensable to prevent a recurrence of what has taken place, and which has occasioned them so much trouble, effort, and expense.

The true interests of France and England ought to be the genuine independence of the three great Danubian provinces, free alike from Turkish interference, Russian dictation, or undue influence on the part of Austria. But as the three powers differ about Greece, so they may differ about the Principalities, and if they do so openly, they may produce the same result, as that brought about in Greece, whose Court and dominant party gave themselves up to Russia, and put trust in the Czar alone. The first and great embarrassment to us is that the truly patriotic and liberal party in the provinces will be inclined to put trust in England, and in England alone, as a country which possesses a constitutional government. Marshal St. Arnaud, endowed with full powers from Paris, is, we fear, no great stickler for liberty, no great lover of constitutional government. Austria is still less so. How, then, are we to prevent the liberals of the Danube from forming and becoming a party, like that of Mavrocordato in Greece, stigmatized as an English party. If this in Greece raised up dire enmities and objections, what would it not do in the Principalities? Moldavia borders the Austrian Buckowine along an extensive frontier, and so communicates with Galicia. Its relations with Hungary, and especially with the Slavon portion of it, is as extensive. Moreover, Jassy is within a few hours' ride of the Pruth. Whatever kind of government is established in Wallachia and Moldavia, but especially in the latter province, must seriously affect the Austrian and Russian provinces, that border on it. We cannot give both a permanent cause of complaint, nor yet can we give up Moldavia to the military and despotic rule, which it pleases Austria as well as Russia to consider the only sane and the only possible course. Yet it is the liberal party that is anti-Russian, and by sacrificing and turning our backs on that liberal party, we extinguish and help to crush the only really anti-Russian party in the province.

In Servia the peasants are completely emancipated. In Wallachia and Moldavia they are not. The two extremes are productive of inconvenience. What we should look to, would be the development of a middle and commercial class, which cannot fail to start up as soon as the Principalities and the Danube are fully thrown open to the commerce of the West. These countries, in fact, would become our granary. At present our capitalists send millions out to Russia, because the regular government there ensure the payment of debts, and observance of contracts. Were the same security in the Danubian provinces, English capital would abound and fructify there, in preference to going to feed the Russian.

And this will form the true strength and independence of that great barrier, the development of commercial wealth, houses, shipping, and importance on its banks. A French writer, indeed, said, some time since, that the best way of solving the difficulty of the Danube and its mouth, would be to do there, what nations have done for the Rhine, that is, establish the most industrious, most populous, and most wealthy of races at and around its mouth. In other words, make a Holland and Belgium of the Danubian provinces. The Dobrudscha is, in fact, a Zeeland. The mouth of the Danube resembles the mouth of the Rhine, except that the country, on the banks of the former, is far more fertile, far more free from inundation, more cultivated, more healthy. The race and the freedom alone are wanting. We can, however, give to the Danubians that great boon which the Dutch procured for themselves. We may guarantee them independence and neutrality. We may taboo them against conquering armies, put them under the united protection of Europe, and effectually bar the stream of conquest in that direction.

In such aims as these we should have to contend not only against Russia, as well as against Prussia, her Sancho Panza in this expedition, but against Austria, which, however jealous of Russia, is still equally jealous of independent Slavonic Principalities. Russia has never intermeddled more at Jassy and at Bucharest, than Austria has done in Servia; and the greed of extension is not greater in one than it is in the other. But the Danubian Provinces, under the dominion of Austria, would be as much lost to them and their independence, as if they were possessed by Russia. By resisting Austria as well as Russia, we shall be able to plant a fresh course of civilisation and commercial prosperity in the south-east of Europe, which in a few years would bring those regions up to a level with the west. Whereas, if we fail in our duty and our interest at the present conjuncture, centuries may elapse before the same result can be attained.

We may feel damped in these hopes by the example of Greece, and its freedom. But Greece wants the elements of commercial and industrial prosperity, which are the true impetuses for raising a state from degradation. The Danubian has what the Greek wants, his fertile soil, and its ample produce. Political institutions must be based on commercial prosperity. Freedom, without

wealth, is like seed strewn on the desert, there is nought wherein it can take root. Let commercial prosperity grow there, and we shall soon have free communities. If we do everything requisite to open the commerce, free the trade, develop the industry, and protect the right of the Danubians, and of also the trade with them, we shall have laid the best foundation for their political independence and freedom. But, to attain this, they must not remain the slaves of the boyards, nor must one of those territorial senates, which Austria patronizes, be the arbiter and ruler of the Principalities.

The great fear is, that France may not agree with us in this. She wants no supplies of corn, and the exports less for peasants and agriculturists than for the wealthy and civilised. She may think more of political combinations than of commercial relations in the Black Sea. France may be more willing to propitiate Austria than we are, who have nothing to ask and nothing to give. But, in truth, France has behaved so well and so disinterestedly hitherto, that there is no reason to entertain fears of the Emperor Napoleon's turning aside for petty motives, or one-sided views.

Greece will form another question. The Emperor of Austria, it is known, did not form a political marriage when he espoused a Bavarian princess. The Emperor met the lady at Ischl, where he arrived quite unexpectedly. His choice was immediate. No statesman proposed it, no diplomatist negotiated. The heart, not politics, decided the young Emperor; and the circumstance does him credit. But, at the same time, it gives the House of Bavaria a friend in the Emperor. And the Bavarian family at Athens will be supported by all the influence of Austria. It would certainly be desirable to set Otho and the Queen aside. But the presumptive heir to the Greek throne, Adalbert, has adopted the Greek religion, and the substitution for Otho would be a lesson at once to Russia and Greece, which would have a certain effect. The punishment thus would fall where it was deserved, and the Greek statesmen might be spared their present humiliation.

There remains the great question of Turkey, to which England and France have constituted themselves the protecting powers. Russian views towards Turkey are too plain to be henceforth doubted. Russian influence at Constantinople must be henceforth small; and the old Turkish retrograde party, within and without the Divan, have, we trust, received their death-blow. The Sultan will now get the best of counsel and the best of aid towards the organisation of his army, his navy, and his internal administration. Since Russia ceases to be the immediate, the threatening, the eternal foe of Turkey; for the treaties which must come after the war must finally guarantee her from attacks, it will be in the power of the Turkish government to employ Christians both in the army and navy, as well as in civil offices. The Christians must be taught that their prospects are those of the empire, then there will be no intolerance, no subjection of creeds. And if fanaticism dies, or cannot be indulged, then will arise amalgamation and good fellowship, with the fair rivalry

between the creeds, which can be carried on by learning and good sense, and amidst civilisation. What creed will go to the wall, and be lost in such a pacific encounter, we need not proclaim, although we feel pretty certain, that Mahometanism will disappear gradually.

The consequences to Turkey, however, of a treaty concluded between all the powers for her protection, either with the sanction of Russia, or without its adherence, are more vast than could here be enumerated or entered upon. We have only here to express regret, that the war has not been prosecuted with more alacrity, purpose, and success. More efficient aid given to the enemies of the Russians in Armenia and the Caucasus, would by this time have driven the troops of the Czar from Georgia, and confined his empire to the north of that great range of mountains. The fear now is, that in any treaty concluded in Europe, the Asiatic confines of either empire will be passed over in silence; and that Russia, prohibited from conquest on the Danube or the Bosphorus, may turn her whole efforts to both sides of the Caspian.

We admit, however, that we must not ask too much; and that we cannot expect to have France and Austria for allies in Asiatic wars. In that quarter of the globe we are very well able to take care of ourselves. As to Russia seriously menacing India, we have the best authority for knowing that such fears are idle. And if Persia be the object of Russia's ambition, this is a portion of Asia bordering upon Turkey, the independence of which concerns the other allies of the Sultan quite as much as it does England.

The foregoing remarks, it will be seen, were made before the receipt of the recent news of the retreat of the whole Russian army, and the declaration of the intention of Russia to retire from the Principalities out of "high consideration" (according to the Russian reply to the message from Vienna) for Austria.

ASPEN COURT,
AND WHO LOST AND WHO WON IT.

A Tale of our Own Time.

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS,

AUTHOR OF "MISS VIOLET AND HER OFFERS."

CHAPTER XLI.

PAUL IN A NEW CHARACTER.

It is probable that when Heywood opened the conversation with Mr. Paul Chequerbent, which concluded in the disastrous manner recorded in our last chapter, the priest had not arranged any specific plan for rendering that excitable young gentleman useful in the prosecution of certain designs Heywood had in view, and which by no means tended towards the comfort of Bernard Carlyon. But Paul unbosomed himself with so much facility, and indicated with so much unconscious precision the chord which required touching, that before Heywood resolved to take him home to St. Alban's Place, he had quite determined what work he would set him to do. And the following morning, while tempting Paul's not over eager appetite with divers stimulating delicacies, of which the priest was an exceedingly good judge, he broke ground without much preliminary.

"Reverting to our little talk last night, Mr. Chequerbent," said the priest, busying himself with some of the breakfast arrangements, in order to let Paul get over any embarrassment which recollections might occasion, "I suppose that you and Bernard Carlyon are intimate friends, and in one another's confidence?"

"Why no," said Paul, "I can't say that. It seems odd that we are not more intimate, all things considered; but Carlyon had always a sort of mystery about him, or I fancied so, and you might go on telling him *your* history, and your troubles, and your love affairs, and all the rest of it, for hours, and he would listen, and give you advice if you wanted it, but he never told *you* anything in return."

"There might have been good reasons for that," said Heywood, significantly.

"I've thought so too," said Mr. Chequerbent, "at times. But, if there is anything wrong, he has managed to keep it very close; and you see he gets into first-rate society, and is asked to stay at great people's houses, and altogether one does not know what to

think of him. But what you told me last night, and which seems like a dream to-day, has opened my eyes in a great measure."

"And do you intend to make any use of your enlightenment?" said Heywood. "Here, let me give you some hot coffee—try that devil—or do you propose to resign to him a young lady who, it appears to me, is almost worth looking after, unless you have other views."

"What I am going to tell you is in perfect confidence, Mr. Heywood. I have formed a great respect for you, and I shall be very glad of your advice. I—you would not perhaps believe it—but my affection for that young lady is very warm and very sincere, and I received a great shock in learning that she was Lord Rookbury's daughter, and a much greater one in finding that she is legitimate."

"Two circumstances, my dear friend, which one would have supposed were in your favour. Would you have preferred her remaining an actress, and being condemned all her life to paint her face, and exhibit her ankles, for the delectation of any snob who could find sixpence to pay half-price to a gallery?"

"That is one way of putting it," said Paul, discontentedly. "An artist's life—"

"My dear Chequerbent, don't talk nonsense. The way I have put it is the way society puts it, behind the backs of artists, as you call them. Is that the life you would select for a girl whom you cared about?"

Paul remembered many pleasant days which he had spent with Angela while she was fulfilling her engagements, and he grumbly admitted that the stage had its humiliations, but also its triumphs. The priest was obstinate, and would not even allow that the triumphs were worth having, the highest being the throwing an entire theatre into a paroxysm of admiration, which, from an ignorant mob, whereof the pit and gallery formed the overwhelming majority, was no compliment to an educated person.

"But," he said, "we are talking uselessly, because that part of the business is settled without us; and Lady Anna Rookton is not likely to have to curtsy to the plebeians in return for another 'reception'—is not that the word? Do you know when she leaves town?"

"No," said Paul. "That reminds me, though. A very good thought. I'll go and see her this very morning. Twelve o'clock, by Jove; how late we are!"

"You slept soundly," said Heywood, "and I thought it might do you no harm to have your sleep out. Pooh, pooh, don't look discomposed—the excitement of our conversation would have been enough to unsettle you, even if you had drunk nothing. I have seen a man talk himself into intoxication, over water. But what good do you propose to do by seeing Miss Livingstone?"

"Well," said Paul, "I should like to come to an understanding with her. To tell you the truth, we have been so intimate for a very long time, that I think she is using me confoundedly ill in encouraging any one else's attentions."

"Is it fair to ask you whether you ever came to an understanding before, and when she was what you are pleased to call an artist?" said the priest, maliciously. "Or, in plain English, did you ever tell her, or even admit to yourself that you intended to marry her? Come," he added, laughing, "you are in the confessional."

"If you put it so," said Paul, "I certainly have no right to say that I ever exactly proposed to her. But, bless my soul, I was always in her company; I have written her heaps of letters, I've got some of her hair in my purse here—no, it is in my other one—I have taken her out to hundreds of dinners, and I believe that I should have a good action for breach of promise against her."

"I should like to have brought up all that evidence against you, if the case had been the other way, and you had deserted her. How you would have thrown up your head, and blessed your soul then, and wondered, by Jove! what such girls were made of to fancy that because a gentleman paid them some attention, they were to be a clog on him for life, and all that. I know you young fellows," said Heywood. "I do not believe that you can say, honestly, that you ever contemplated introducing that young lady to your guardian, or to your rich relations, the proud good old aunts in particular—in fact, you were very happy to flirt about with a pretty and amusing companion, but you thought as much of marriage as I do—I, a priest of Rome. Well, she is above that sort of thing now, and so you may go and look out for somebody else; there is plenty of other young ladies who like champagne and ice pudding."

Paul's conscience told him that Heywood spoke the truth, but, (with our usual wisdom) he instantly began to seek to convince himself that as he had been sincerely attached to Angela, he should have proposed one day or another, and that he was therefore ill-treated, and he mumbled something of the kind, which made the priest laugh.

"Come, my dear friend," he said, "there is no use in self-deception. I know that you like her very much, and if I were to say that I know she is very fond of you, I should only say what I have reason to believe."

"You know that?" said Paul, colouring up to the roots of his hair with pleasure.

"I do not speak lightly on such matters," said Heywood, gravely. "I retain sufficient respect for my vocation not to sport with affairs involving human happiness or misery." And if he could not repress a sort of smile as he spoke, he concealed it from Paul by finishing his sentence behind the newspaper.

"Then, by Jove," said Mr. Chequerbent, "my case is not so bad after all!"

"How do you mean, my dear sir?" said Heywood, earnestly. "If you imagine that you are at all in a favourable position in regard to Miss Livingstone, the sooner you disabuse yourself of such an impression the better. You have had many years of chances with her, but you have lost them all."

"Yes," said Paul, "but who was to know that she would be

claimed by ——." He stopped, with some discomposure, just then remembering that his observation slightly clashed with his previous professions. The priest nodded, to show that he saw the blot, but was not going to hit it, and Paul added. "Any how, if she cares about me, that is something gained, surely."

"With Miss Livingstone of the Polyhymnia, a good deal, no doubt; with Lady Anna Rookton, of Rookwood, not much. You have lost her, my young friend, and I tell you so, plainly. You may take it from me, but if you prefer hearing it from Miss Angela's own lips, put on your boots, and take a cab in the Haymarket. I will wait here till you return and inform me that she has given you a dismissal."

Mr. Paul Chequerbent looked very blank indeed at this intimation, and began to break up his egg shells, very vindictively, into extreme smallness, making curious faces all the time.

"Why," he suddenly exclaimed, after a long pause, during which Heywood read very quietly, "you asked me if I were going to resign her without an effort? That meant that you thought I had some chance with her."

"And in reply," said Mr. Heywood, "you gave me a sort of deceptive answer, intended to make me believe that you and she were in a different relation from that in which I know you to be. Of course, I have no right to intrude upon your secrets, but no man likes to be thought a dupe, and I have only endeavoured to show you that I perfectly understand your position." And he resumed his paper.

"I declare to you," said Paul, quite piteously, "that I had no intention of deceiving you, or of evading any question. On the contrary, I felt quite happy to think that you were inclined to interest yourself in my affairs, and I am very sorry you should misunderstand me." And he spoke in all sincerity this time.

Heywood, who deemed that he had now asserted his superiority sufficiently, turned upon him with the most pleasant smile.

"Don't mistake *me*," he said, "for a moment. If I felt hurt, it was that I had not succeeded in making you think me worthy your confidence. I should be glad, very glad, to promote your welfare; and have reasons for being interested in you, of which we need not talk now. But if I interfere, it must be on the condition that you are either entirely guided by my advice, or that you reject it altogether. I should not interpose if I did not believe that I could be of material service."

"Anything in the world that you can point out," said Paul earnestly, "I will try to do. Can I say fairer?"

"I wish you could not, in that collocation," said the priest, "for it is particularly bad English. Never mind my saying that kind of thing," he added, laughing, "it is my way. Well, I am glad that you have so much confidence in my wish to serve you. And now answer a question or two which bear upon the business, though you may not see that they do. You are still, I believe, in the office of Molesworth and Penkridge?"

"M. and P. have still that honour," said Paul.

"But if I understood Carlyon aright, you do not attend much to business; in fact you do not know much about it?"

"It was very good of him to say that," said Paul, angrily. "If I give my mind to work, I rather believe I can master it as well as some other people who think themselves deuced clever, but who don't make as many hits as they fancy, I can tell them. Why, it was only last Monday I went down the lane and attended a summons before old Pollock," (Mr. Chequerbent adopted the graceful form in which the junior members of a profession like to allude to its heads), "and I smashed Fossel and Pobb's managing man; smashed him utterly, sir, and had it all my own way. Pollock himself told him he hadn't a leg to stand on."

"Take my advice, and give your mind to work for the present," said Heywood impressively; "and it is possible that your rival may be reduced to the condition described by the Lord Chief Baron."

"As I said," responded Paul, "you have only to give me an *agenda*, as we call it, and I will be all obedience." For he had rapidly acquired a great and vague reverence of Heywood; and this had been increased since Paul had learned that he was a Catholic priest. He had some notion, I think, that the thunders of the Vatican, of which he had heard, but had a somewhat indefinite idea, were about to be set rolling for his especial benefit.

"Then I gather that you do attend to business," said the priest. "Are you much in communication with your employer?"

"The old Mole? Well, no, not more than I can help," said Paul, for he is a cantankerous kind of party, and thinks, like Sir Peter Teazle, that it is a wicked world, and the fewer people we praise the better."

"And you like to be praised?" asked the priest, looking full into Paul's face.

"One likes to be appreciated, at any rate," said Paul; "and it is not in the old Mole's way to say much that is pleasant. But I know all that he is about, because I copy a good many of the entries out of his attendance-book into the bills of costs."

"Ah!" said Heywood, "do I understand that term rightly? The attendance-book is the record of what is done for clients."

"Not quite that," said Paul, delighted to be able to impart some information. "It is the book in which Molesworth puts down, every day, a note as to whom he has seen, what letters he has written, and so forth, to be charged against the client."

"But he would put down nothing that all the establishment might not read, I suppose?" said Heywood, carelessly.

"Why," said Paul, "in strictness he ought not; and his course is decidedly irregular and dangerous, as I often tell him. But he has a habit of making notes of explanations, and reasons, and things to be remembered in future, which, of course, do not go into the bills—I should *rather* say not, or some people's weak minds would be astonished—but there they are. However, he has some sense, and he is very particular about having this book brought back to him the moment we have done with it; and the old ones he keeps locked up."

"Ah, in tin boxes with staring labels. I know them."

"Yes: but the box in question is kept locked up in our strong room," said Paul.

"Oh," said the priest, unconcernedly; "then I suppose there would be a difficulty in your looking back to any particular entry in one of these books?"

"A difficulty? Well, yes," said Paul, "because it would seem queer for me to be looking into a box like that. The other clerks might make observations; and I have more than one enemy who might take an opportunity of mentioning it to Molesworth."

"Carlyon's ingenuity, I suppose, would not have been so soon at fault," said Heywood.

"When I say that I do not see," said Paul, immediately brought up to the collar by this reminder, "I mean that I do not see at the moment. Of course the thing can be done."

"Well," said Heywood, "it is very desirable for your interests, as well as those of a certain young lady, that I should see a record of some transactions that took place in the course of a period which I can point out; and if Mr. Molesworth has given any of these notes, and explanations, and reasons, so much the better."

"And you desire me to copy them out for you?" said Paul.

"I had no idea of asking you to undertake that labour," said Heywood. "My notion was that if I could see them—an hour would answer my purpose—the object would be gained."

"You want me," said Paul, slowly and dubiously, "to get a book out of M. and P's. strong room, and bring it to you to look at?"

"Do not put it in that way, if you please, Mr. Chequerbent," said the priest, with a show of displeasure. "I do not *want* it; I have no concern in the matter. I supposed myself to be endeavouring to serve you; and if you think that I am not qualified to do so, pray let us drop the subject. It is not to be expected that I should feel more strongly for Miss Livingstone than a gentleman does who professes to love her."

"Don't be displeased," said Paul, "but just consider my position. You see I am, as an articulated clerk, a sort of confidential man; and the thing is rather a queer one to do."

"Don't do it," said Heywood, "and there's an end. Only, as you have very properly, and I may say in a way which increases my respect for your intellect, referred to your relation with your employer, I may remind you that you are bound to take a large view of your responsibilities. Remember that in attaching yourself to Mr. Molesworth, you merely complied with one of the forms necessary to bring you into that great system of equity which is represented by law; and that you are in effect a minister of justice. How far you have a right, simply from private feeling towards Mr. Molesworth, to abstain from any course which will promote the justice you have bound yourself to forward, is a matter for your own consideration."

This piece of sophistry was exactly calculated to please Paul, who immediately looked profound, and tried to catch the tone of the other.

"That, I allow," said Paul, "is a view to which I have not, perhaps, given sufficient attention. Allow me a few moments." And he affected to be deep in thought. "Yes," he said, "I am prepared to admit that there is much in what you say, and certainly I am not the person to shrink from responsibility. You feel certain that the interests of Miss Livingstone are involved in the course you propose."

"Most certainly," said Heywood.

"Then by Jove it's done, sir," said Paul, relapsing into colloquiality.

"Perhaps I had better not ask how you mean to manage," said Heywood.

"Just so," said Paul. "Leave it to me. But I should like Angela to know that I am engaged in trying to serve her."

"If you will accept my advice, you will abstain from saying anything to her, or to anybody else, until the service is accomplished. Remember, women seldom give you credit for your intentions, if you fail. Success is a woman's idol."

"But in the words of Mrs. Macbeth," said Paul, "'I have screwed my courage to the sticking place,' and shall not fail. And now—who is the party whose business I am to refer to?"

"It seems to me," said the priest, "that it may be convenient and even advantageous hereafter, should you be unable to charge yourself with having, to your knowledge, given any information on the subject. There may be no reason for such forethought, but you are a shrewd, keen-sighted man, and need not to be told that a good player never throws away a chance."

"Quite right," said Paul. "You are the sort of person with whom I like to work. But how the deuce can I get you the information, without knowing that I have done it?"

"If you bring me the book containing the record of Mr. Molesworth's business transactions during last year, that will do. I shall easily find out what I want to know, and you will hereafter be able to say with a safe conscience that you never heard the name of the persons in question from my lips."

"It shall be done, and to-night," said Paul.

"To-night!" said the priest to himself; "I thought that was his idea. So be it," he added. "What, are you going? Take some Cognac before you go."

"A hair of the dog that bit me?" said Chequerbent facetiously.

"No, sir," said Heywood, "of no relation to that brown beast. This is a *liqueur* of a thousand. 'Fortress' brandy, sir? No thank you. 'We are spirits of another sort.' Good bye. I am always here, mind, after ten at night."

"Some time after ten to-night expect me," said Paul, "and thanks for your hospitality."

"The vow of my order," said the priest, crossing his arms with mock gravity.

That day Mr. Chequerbent went to his business in a curious state of mind, and the peculiar locality of the office seemed to wear a new phase for him. He held a different relation with his

principal to that which he had previously borne. Probably, although his intellect was none of the strongest, and although the loss of the faculty of reasoning accurately often accompanies the loss of the habit of self-control, he could not entirely close his eyes to the fact that he had engaged to do a wrong thing—at all events a thing that required a great deal of justification, and one which it would not do to describe baldly, and in the terms by which cold third parties would characterize it. Strictly speaking, he was going to avail himself of his situation, in order to place some of his employer's secrets in the possession of a stranger. So depicted, the act looked very much like a piece of rascality, and so, had our Paul's mind been in a healthy state, he would have viewed it. But he had always been very self-indulgent, very reckless and shifty, and of late he had been soured by the inevitable consequences of his follies, and was disposed, instead of taking advantage of the lesson, to regard society as his enemy, and to look at its regulations with some contempt. Clearly the orthodox theory, which apprises us that all our misfortunes are for our good, had not yet been vindicated in Paul's case—he was decidedly the worse for what he had undergone.

As it happened, too, he was very late at the office on a day when Mr. Molesworth had wanted him. For a fortnight, they had never spoken, but this morning chance induced Molesworth to enquire four or five times for Mr. Chequerbent, and to be as often apprised that he had not yet arrived. When Paul did show himself, Mr. Molesworth's observations were not of a pleasing character, and his sarcastic recommendation to Paul to look out for some other vocation, for he would never be worth a farthing as a lawyer, did not tend to diminish Mr. Chequerbent's animosity against his employer.

"A dishonest old humbug," he observed, on departing. "He can say that to me now, having sacked my three hundred guineas premium. I suppose he would not return any of that, as compensation for not qualifying me for my profession. Eh? O! Of course. That did not occur to the ancient miscreant." And going to his desk, he recorded a vow of vengeance in his pocket book, and felt calmer after that amiable entry.

The day went very slowly—dragging itself past rather than passing—but at length six o'clock arrived—and the various clerks departed, as did their employer. Paul had been considering different plans for effecting his object, and that upon which he had decided was to return late, under pretext of wanting some papers left in his desk, and so to make his way to the strong room in which Molesworth kept the box containing the book desired by Heywood. The offices of Messrs. Molesworth and Penkridge were in the rear of the house, which looked upon the street, and there was a side door, through which inferior clients, clerks, and others were admitted during the day. But the more aristocratic employers of the firm were received by a porter at the door of the house itself. On the departure of the clerks the side door was barred and bolted, and the only access to the office was through the house. Paul's

first idea was to linger last, and then to achieve his purpose, but he was so much in the habit of anticipating the hour of leaving, and, like Charles Lamb, of atoning for coming late by going away early, that he feared to excite suspicion by departing from his practice. So he went away as usual, rather before than after the others. It was unlucky for him that he did so.

Paul got rid of the next three hours as best he might; he went to dine, but had no appetite for dinner, and rather eschewed liquids, from a certain sense that he might require all his self-possession. And he was unable to fix his mind to a newspaper, and yet, by what he regarded as an absurd fatality, his eye incessantly lighted upon accounts of burglaries, and of terrible accidents happening to the unfortunate criminals, some falling off parapets, others being shot, and so forth. And though not superstitious, he could not help repeating to himself that perhaps these were warnings to him, and then he angrily discarded such ideas as unworthy of an enlightened man. And at last the time came at which he had determined to make his attempt.

He knew that there would be no one in the house, except the porter, and with this official he had always been on very excellent terms, cast off clothes, cigars, and other small presents on the part of Paul, having established a good understanding between them. And he had planned that he would send out this man, whose name was Galton, to fetch him some spirits, an errand at which the porter was not entirely a novice, and during his absence, Paul would surmount the only real difficulty in his way, that of obtaining from Molesworth's room the key of the box. His entering that room might surprise Galton, or the latter might persist in attending him with a light, and so prevent his taking away the key; but, that obtained, his proceedings in the distant office, beyond which was the strong room, would be unobserved.

But as he was about to knock, the street door gave way before his hand. It had been left unclosed. Paul speculated for a minute as to whether this were by accident or design. If Galton had stolen out on some errand of his own, there was nobody in the place, and the opportunity was very favourable. He slipped quietly in, closed the door, and listened. There was no sound of any kind. A small lamp, which usually stood on a bracket in the hall had become extinguished, but Paul felt that it was in its place, and he lit it from a matchbox with which he had taken the precaution to provide himself. Then, taking the lamp, he made his way quietly to Mr. Molesworth's room. The door was closed, but this was usually the case, and the key, though seldom removed, was generally turned. Paul remembered this, applauded himself for recollecting it, and tried the key, but the door was unlocked. If Molesworth were there! But, looking through the keyhole, he saw that there was no light inside. He entered the room, and went at once to a glass-case, within which Molesworth was accustomed to place the bunch of keys that opened the boxes in the strong-room. There was no particular precaution used in regard to them, any clerk could have had them on asking for them, and giving a reason,

but Molesworth liked to see them through the glass of his case. There they were. The door of the glass-case creaked, and Paul was enraged with it, and believed, like Plato, in the inherent malignity of matter, but he captured the keys.

Then, turning to go, he looked round in the direction of Mr. Molesworth's usual seat. This was a comfortable high-backed arm-chair. It was drawn away from its place at the table, and in it sat, or rather reclined, a man.

Paul gave a great start, but neither dropped his lamp, nor uttered a cry. A singular presence of mind seemed to come to his aid, and he deliberately raised the light and inspected the stranger. He instantly made out, first, that the latter was a rough-looking fellow in a fustian jacket, and a red night cap, and, secondly, that he was fast asleep.

"I have it," said Paul, "a house-breaker! What a scoundrel! he has let himself in, murdered Galton, and broken into Molesworth's wine closet. Having drunk himself stupid he has wandered here, and gone to sleep. My coming is most providential. I will make him safe."

And, forgetful for the moment of his own business there, he knelt down, and creeping close to the man, took out a large handkerchief, and secured the leg of the latter very tightly to that of the arm-chair. The man grunted a little, but did not awake. Paul then stole out, greatly elated at his stratagem, closed the door and turned the key.

"Now," he said, "I will go and look for the body of the unhappy Galton."

But at that instant he recollected his own errand, and resolved to perform it. The service he was going to achieve rendered such a matter a mere trifle in his eyes, and he scarcely trod more lightly than usual as he hastened along the passages which led to the distant office.

The strong room, which was simply a fire-proof chamber with an iron door, contained, in addition to more valuable documents, certain books of accounts, in daily use. These being wanted during the entire day, the clerk who first arrived in the morning usually took them out, and the key of the room was therefore merely concealed in a place where no one who had no business to know anything about it would think of looking for it. Paul, well acquainted with the place, went to it at once. The key was not there. The door of the strong room was safely closed.

"That scoundrel has taken it," said Paul. "Perhaps he put Galton on the fire, and by torture compelled him to reveal the place where it was hidden." And, arming himself with a very heavy ruler, he went back, opened Molesworth's door quietly, and found his prisoner just as he had left him. And, truly enough, there lay the strong-room key on the table. Paul considered for a moment whether he ought not to demolish the miscreant at once, but he withheld his blow, from a mixture of feelings of which humanity may fairly be set down as the chief.

"He cannot escape," said Paul, "let us leave him to the hang-

man." And once more he hurried back to the office, and, setting down his lamp, applied the key to the centre of the door. Four large bolts were set in motion by the action, but they were well oiled, and slid back with little noise.

It was very little, but it was immediately followed by a hideous and menacing yell.

Paul turned very pale, and certain ghastly terrors came upon him. He could not exactly say that he believed in evil spirits, but very few men, I believe, would care, when alone and at night, and about to commit an offence, to declare that such things did not exist; and whatever belief Paul may have had upon the subject suddenly and momentarily revived. But the strange and terrible noise ceased; and Paul, after an instant or two of hesitation, half persuaded himself that the whole affair had been an effort of the excited imagination.

He pulled open the iron door. Two flaming eyes, on a level with his own, met his gaze. The next moment he was dashed violently to the ground, and, though half stunned by the blow, he was conscious for a moment of intense pain. The fangs of the demon, or whatever it was, had fixed in his shoulder, and his arm was agonisingly lacerated. Hot breath was upon his face; the eyes of fire were close upon his, and he fainted.

CHAPTER XLII.

ANOTHER STEP FOR BERNARD CARLYON.

THE Minister, Selwyn, was at his desk of work, reading letters by the pound, and minuting upon each some three or four words, to be expanded into official replies by his subordinates. Each letter, at the startling rate at which practice and keenness enabled him to pluck out the heart of its mystery, occupied him on the average two minutes—allow another minute for consideration of the answer and for marking down the hieroglyphics as materials for it, and this railroad process gave but twenty letters to the hour. Yet people complain that epistles of eight sides of small writing, setting forth opinions upon matters of Government, and advice for the guidance of the Administration, receive curt replies, or mere acknowledgments from a Secretary of State. When her Majesty engages one with as many eyes as Argus, with as many hands as Briareus, and with a brain whose Dual Function is multiplied by fifty, to match his other endowments, people who pester him may get a quarter of their absurdities duly noticed.

Lord Rookbury demanded audience, and obtained it, for the virtuous Selwyn was always glad to receive his evil old friend and antagonist.

"Do you mean that you actually read that rubbish?" said the Earl, pointing with his ivory headed cane at the heap of letters to Selwyn's left.

"Some of it," said the Minister, "but it will not prevent my listening to you. Have you brought me some news?"

"I want you to leave off saving the country for a couple of hours, and take a drive with me, Selwyn. There now, don't look as if you thought I was mad, and don't tell me that you cannot be spared, because I have seen all this sort of thing for years. The constitution will be all right to-morrow, even if you do play truant to-day. I am not a deputation, you know, so you need not look awfully at me."

"No, but I expect three deputations in the course of the next hour."

"Let your clerks see them. You men make yourselves too common, granting audiences to any batch of nobodies who intrude their twaddle upon you for the sake of getting themselves noticed in the newspapers. I met a provincial Town Clerk in a railway the other day, and he told us that he had been talking to you, and that he had induced you to give up the District Depopulation Bill. I told him I did not believe it, so he sulked and was silent, which made the rest of the journey more comfortable."

"I know the man. We had decided on giving up the bill a week before I ever heard of him, but he has a good deal of influence in his locality, and so—" said Selwyn, stopping, with a sort of deprecatory half smile.

"And so you let him think that his logic had converted you, eh, Frank. Dear me," said the Earl, "only to think that such wickedness should exist. But come out, will you, and leave word for the deputations that you are sent for to Windsor."

"They will see in to-morrow's 'Court Circular' that I have not been there," said Selywn, humoring his lordship's irregular suggestion.

"And what's the 'Court Circular' for, if it does not tell lies to suit a Minister's convenience?" said the Earl. "Tell young Carlyon to send the proper paragraph. By the way, how does young Carlyon please you? Are you grateful for my recommendation?"

"He is a very good secretary," said Selywn; "I was thinking of proposing something more permanent to him."

"What, give him up, if he suits you?" said Lord Rookbury.

"Well, in the first place, it is fair to a clever man to give him a lift—in the second, I think he can be made useful—in the third, he is your *protégé*—and in the fourth—no, I don't know that I have a fourth at present."

"Yes, you have," said the Earl significantly.

"Then include the fourth," said Selywn, with composure, "and tell me on all accounts why I should not do as I propose."

"In the fourth place," said Lord Rookbury, "Mr. Carlyon is a good deal at the Hotel Forester, Park Street. That's the way you treat the public, giving three weak reasons for your conduct, instead of one strong one, and that's why the intelligent public regards you as a red-taper. That woman will have you, Frank Selwyn—you had better strike while you can do it peacefully."

Let me convey your proposal to her, and you marry her when the House rises."

Selwyn looked defiant and rock-like, and not at all as a man who meant to let himself be married against his will; and then he went on with his letters.

"But Carlyon is too much a man of this world to let himself be made in the slightest degree useful to *her*," said the Earl, enquiringly.

Selwyn paused for a minute, and then he said, growing irate at the reflection.

"She has the perseverance of the arch-enemy, Rookbury. I need not say that Bernard could by no possibility commit such a *bêtise* as to be supposed to have a suspicion of what is going on, but I am certain that despite himself that woman has got a hold upon him, and finds out where I go, and where her notes will reach me. I believe that he would be eager to be released from knowing anything about me."

"I know the hold, if that's all," said the Earl. "The young gentleman has a virtuous passion for a Popish beauty, and the Forester knows something which would make mischief. I do not wish to injure your secretary with you, but he has rather a susceptible nature; so far as I see, the chief fault in his character."

"You naturally regard that with great aversion," said Selwyn.

"Do you mean that I am susceptible?" said the Earl. "No, sir. Early in life I learned to estimate our natural enemies at their right value; and if I have ever done absurd things in regard to women, it has been with my eyes quite as wide open as those which I made stare at me."

"I cannot discuss such a matter in such a tone," said Selwyn. "You know my opinions. I am sorry, too, to hear what you tell me; for, though it is a bad plan to get to, whether you are served by one clerk or by another, so that you are served well, I was disposed to take a personal interest in young Carlyon."

"As I said, I would not willingly injure him," said the Earl. "I sent him to you because I liked him; and I like him still. But I should not think of concealing anything from you, Frank, and the fact is that this young gentleman's heart seems to be extraordinarily large. He first secures the affections of a sweet little girl in the country, one whom I quite loved as a daughter; and her he has thrown over for this Roman Catholic lady, with whom, I believe, he is seriously entangled—not so much so, however, as to prevent his forming a theatrical *liaison*, for you give him so little work to do that he has time to write plays. And fourthly, as you would say, there is a little matter in Mrs. Forester's keeping, of which, I dare say, he would be very sorry the Madonna should hear. Finally, I was yesterday apprised by a Catholic priest—such a clever fellow, Frank, I must make you know him—that Mr. Carlyon has other aspirations in a quarter in which I have some interest."

"You have taken a good deal of pains to marshal the case against your late *protégé*," said Mr. Selwyn coolly. "Either he

has given you some grave offence, or the difference in your positions makes it amusing that you should be so much interested in the love affairs of this young fellow."

The Earl winced for a second; for the instinct of the scrupulous and highly-bred Selwyn had prompted the retort, to which Lord Rookbury, whose tact had been somewhat coarsened by a life of assumed irresponsibility to one world or the other, had assuredly laid himself open. But he laughed.

"Very true, Frank," he said; "and I admit that it is absurd that such a matter should occupy your attention or mine; but there are circumstances. We are inclined to push this young man in his way through life, only we need not do it blindfold. A man cannot do better than try to improve his position by a good match. I told Bernard so when I sent him to you; but I hate to see a man running from one girl to another, causing unhappiness and frittering away his chances."

"Still," observed Selwyn, who saw that all this meant something more than had yet been said, "I cannot see, while my Secretary answers my letters punctually, and generally does his duty, that I have any right to enquire into his matrimonial views."

"I see I must tell you, frankly," said the Earl, "what I rather supposed you would have gathered. You spoke of promoting this young man, and of giving him an independent position."

"I said that I thought him an able young man, and one likely to be a useful public servant," said Selwyn, who had now got into one of his attitudes of mental determination, and felt inclined to fight Lord Rookbury for every inch of the field.

"And, therefore, you meant to give him a chance of showing his utility, Frank."

"I have, as you know, Rookbury, certain opinions as to one's duty, and although it is difficult in an office like this always to do and to say exactly what one wishes—"

"As when Town Clerks are deluded into beliefs," said the Earl.

"As when Town Clerks delude themselves into beliefs," said Mr. Selwyn, continuing in the same composed tone, "still, where there is no reason against at once rewarding a useful man, and securing his services to one's department, I should regret my failing to do so."

The Earl was growing wickedly irritable, but he had known Francis Selwyn for years, and was well aware that against that haughty and self-collected Evangelical, the storm of his lordly wrath would have about as much influence as the dashing of a shower against the double windows of his apartment.

"Confound you," said the Earl, "when you get upon the high Clapham ropes, there is no talking to you. Will you listen to this? Do you know that a very interesting event has recently taken place in my family?"

"I do not go to the theatres," said Selwyn, a little maliciously, "but somebody brought me a playbill, on which I read that an actress having been discovered—"

"Oh, hold your tongue," said the Earl, with a great oath.

"Wasn't it enough to drive one wild? However, I am going to punish the scoundrel. But you say that you understood it. Why did not you write and congratulate me?"

"Because I supposed that I understood it," said Mr. Selwyn, gravely. "You know that I can look at such subjects in one way only, and that you will be annoyed if we continue the conversation."

"By George! I should like to know *what* you thought it meant, Master Frank," retorted the Earl. "Just as a matter of curiosity, now? For, to do you religious men justice, if one does allow you the slightest excuse for supposing anything improper, you do give your righteous imaginations the rein with a vengeance, and beat us all to nothing."

"I thought that I saw evidence that melancholy wickedness was in course of action," said Selwyn, gravely, "but I did not desire to follow out its details in thought, nor do I now desire to discuss them. You are a highly intellectual man, Rookbury, and you know all that there is to say on such affairs, and what is believed by myself and others as to their end."

"I will say that you seldom talk cant to me, Frank, and you will admit that, in return, I seldom vex your soul with observations that you do not like to hear. But I must tell you that, on the present occasion, you have made a marvellous mistake. You read in that d—d playbill that a young lady was to leave the stage, and that I—"

"I believe," said Selwyn, with displeasure at the subject being pursued, "that it is not the first time that a miserable young woman has left her miserable profession at your suggestion. A time may probably come when you will think of these things with less levity. Meantime, let us avoid the discussion."

"As I supposed," cried the Earl, triumphantly, and applauding with his cane. "Bravo, Clapham! Bravo, Exeter Hall! Trust you for putting the very worst possible interpretation upon everything. This time, however, my dear Selwyn, you are quite wrong. I do not mean to say that I am quite free from blame in the affair, seeing that I neglected the young lady in question for many years during which I ought to have watched over her. But I have at last come forth as a father should do, and claimed my child. No, you need not look so doubtfully, or take up Debrett in that manner—you will not find her name mentioned there."

"Nor her mother's, I imagine," said Selwyn.

"Possibly not," said Lord Rookbury, gravely. "I was abroad when we were married, and the editor's circular requesting the latest corrections did not reach me."

"We need not play with the poor girl's misfortune," said the Minister, evidently regarding this last speech as a mystification.

"Thank you," said Lord Rookbury, "but bad as I may be, I cannot see that it is exactly a misfortune for a young lady to be called my daughter. In a word, Selwyn, this girl, of whom you have heard, is my child, in lawful wedlock, and though for reasons

which I will explain to you, I desire to postpone my public recognition of her at present, her *avenir* will be a very happy one."

"In some way," said the Minister, "you were going to connect her name with that of my Secretary. I do not desire to enquire into any family arrangements, but what are you leading up to?"

"To what I started with. I want you to delay giving Carlyon his place."

"Are you going to marry the young lady to Bernard Carlyon?" asked Selwyn, quickly.

"No, no," said the Earl, thrown off his guard for a moment by the statesman's sudden question. If he had seen its intent, he would assuredly have lied.

"In that case," said Selwyn, "I could easily have understood that you might desire to make your own provision for him, or to test his disinterestedness, or fifty things. But if the young people are nothing to one another, I do not see how her position affects his."

"You will have chapter and verse for everything, Selwyn. Did I not tell you that a Catholic priest gave me some information yesterday, which concerned a person in whom I am interested?"

"I do not believe, as a rule, everything *Roman* Catholic priests say," said Selwyn, (with Protestant emphasis on the localizing word), "nor, I imagine, do you. But you insist on being mysterious, and yet you ask me to do what I feel would be unjust. Do you mean that the giving young Carlyon this berth will embolden him to make advances towards Miss— Miss—"

"Towards Lady Anna Rookbury," said the Earl angrily. "After what I have said, you can have no doubt as to her name. And you have rightly guessed the reason why I wish Mr. Carlyon retained for the present in his situation of Secretary."

He lied this time, that good-for-nothing old Earl, for he knew that had he given the real reason—you shall hear it one of these days—Selwyn would have cut the interview very short. But he felt that he had failed in obtaining his object, and was not at all surprised to hear Selwyn say,

"Upon my word, Rookbury, I do not think that is reason enough for doing Carlyon an injustice. Let him offer for your daughter, if he likes. You can refuse him, you know; though, upon my word, I do not know that I should. I shall give him his place, I think."

And the first deputation was announced, and Lord Rookbury departed in a great rage.

HAPS AND MISHAPS OF A TOUR IN EUROPE.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

CHAPTER VII.

AYR.—ALLOWAY.—THE BIRTHPLACE OF BURNS.—THE MONUMENT.—MRS. BEGG.
—GLASGOW.—LOCH LONG.—LOCH GOIL.—INVERARY.—TARBET.—ASCENT OF
BEN LOMOND.—LOCH LOMOND.—LOCH KATRINE.—STIRLING.

Edinburgh, October 1.

I LEFT Belfast on the evening of the 23rd of September, with my friends Mr. and Miss N——, for a short tour in Scotland. We landed at Ardrossan, a port of no particular note, and from thence took the railway to Ayr. This last is a fine, flourishing town, but, aside from the “*twa brigs*,” containing no objects of peculiar interest as associated with Burns. Here we took a drosky, and drove over to the old parish of Alloway. It was with the true spirit, of a pilgrim that I approached the birthplace of that noble poet of Love and Nature, whose sweetest songs I had learned from my mother’s lips almost with my cradle hymns. As I gazed around on the scenes once dear and familiar to his eyes, my heart, if not all aglow with its earliest poetic enthusiasm, acknowledged a deep sympathy for, and did honour to, him who, while his soul was lifted into the divine air of poesy, withdrew not his heart from his fellows,—who shared humbly in their humble fortunes, and felt intensely their simple joys and bitter sorrows,—who, with all his faults, was honest and manly, with all his wants and poverty, proud and free, and nobly independent,—who, amid all his follies and errors, acknowledged God and revered purity.

The cottage in which Burns was born, and which his father built, was originally what is here called a “*clay bigging*,” consisting only of two small apartments on the ground floor—a kitchen and sitting room. The kitchen has a recess for a bed, and here the poet first opened his bewildered baby eyes on an ungenial world. This room, it is supposed, was the scene of ‘*The Cotter’s Saturday Night*.’ I was somewhat disappointed to find this cottage standing on the road, and that it had been built on to, and whitewashed out of all character and venerableness. It is now occupied as an alehouse, which beseemeth it little as the scene of the beautiful religious poem above named. A few rods from the door stands the “*auld haunted kirk*,” through one of whose windows luckless Tam O’Shanter took his daring observation of Old Nick and the witches, “as they appeared when enjoying themselves.” This is a picturesque, roofless, rafterless edifice, in a good state of preservation. In the pleasant old churchyard rests the father of the poet, beneath the tombstone erected and inscribed by one whose days should have been “*long in the land*”

according to the promise, for Burns truly honoured his father and his mother.

From the kirk we went to the monument, which stands on the summit of the eastern bank of the Doon, and near to the "auld brig" on the "keystone" of which poor Tam O'Shanter was delivered from his weird pursuers, and his gray mare "Meggie" met with a loss irreparable. This monument, of which the prints give a very good idea, is of graceful proportions and a tasteful style of architecture. The grounds about it, though small in extent, are admirably kept, shaded with fine shrubbery, and made more beautiful by hosts of rare and lovely flowers. There seemed to me something peculiarly and touchingly fitting in thus surrounding an edifice, sacred to the genius of Burns, with the leafy haunts of the birds he loved, in whose songs alone would his tuneful memory live, and with the sweetness and brightness of flowers, from whose glowing hearts he would have drawn deep meanings of love and pure breathings of passion, or on whose frail, fragrant leaves he would have read holy Sabbath truths, lessons of modesty and meekness, and teachings of the wondrous wisdom of Him who planted the daisy on the lonely hill-side, and the poet in a weary world—the one to delight the eyes, the other to charm and cheer the souls of His creatures.

Within the monument we saw that most touching relic of Burns, the Bible which he gave to "Highland Mary" at their solemn betrothal. It is in two volumes. On the flyleaf of the first, in the handwriting of the poet, is the text, "And ye shall not swear by my name falsely: I am the Lord." In the second, "Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths." In both volumes is the name of Burns, with his mason's mark, and in one is a lock of Mary's own beautiful golden hair—a soft, glossy curl, which in that last tender parting may have been smoothed down by the caressing hand, may have waved in the breath, or lain against the breast, of the poet lover.

The view from the summit of the monument is one of rare interest, embracing as it does many of the scenes of the life and song of Burns. The scenery of Ayr is not grand, surely, nor strikingly picturesque; but this view is lovely, quiet, and pleasant beyond description—truly a smiling landscape. Perhaps something was owing to the rich sunshine and soft air of the day, and more to the wondrous charm of association; but I never remember to have felt a more exquisite sense of beauty, a delight more deep and delicious, though shadowed with sad and regretful memories, than while sitting or strolling on the lovely banks of the Doon, half cheated by excited fancy with the hope that I might see the rustic poet leaning over the picturesque "auld brig," following, with his great, dark, dreamy eyes, the windings of the stream below; or, with glowing face upraised, revelling in the clear blue sky and fair floating clouds above; or, perchance, walking slowly on the shore, coming down from the pleasant "braes o' Ballochmyle," musing, with folded arms and drooping head, on "the bonnie lass" who had there unconsciously strayed across the path

of a poet, and chanced upon immortality. The Doon seemed to roll by with the melodious flow of his song—now with the impetuous sweep of passion; now with the fine sparkle of pleasant wit; now under the solemn shadows of sorrow; now out into the clear sunlight of exultant joy; now with the soft gurgle and silver trickling of love's light measures; now with the low, deep murmur of devotion. As I lingered there, countless snatches of the poet's songs, and stanza after stanza of long-forgotten poems, sprang to my lips; rare thoughts, the sweet, fresh flowers of his genius, seemed suddenly to blossom out from all the hidden nooks and still, shaded places of memory, and the fair children of his fancy, who had sung themselves to sleep in my heart long ago, stirred, awoke, and smiled into my face again.

Happily for me, my companions fully understood and sympathised with my mood—so little was said, that much might be felt. One sung

“Ye banks and braes o’ bonnie Doon;”

and whether it was that his voice, in its soft, pathetic tones, was peculiarly suited to the mournful words and air, or that the scene itself mingled its melodious memory with the singing, I know not; but never before had I been so affected by the song.

On our way back to Ayr, we called to see the sister and nieces of Burns,—Mrs. Begg and her daughters,—who, we had been assured, were kindly accessible to visitors. This visit was altogether the most interesting and gratifying event of the day. Mrs. Begg lives in a simple little rose-embowered cottage, about a mile from her birthplace, where all who seek her with a respectful interest receive a courteous and cordial welcome. Mrs. Begg is now about eighty years of age, but looks scarcely above sixty, and shows more than the remains of remarkable beauty. Her smile could hardly have been sweeter, or her eyes finer, at twenty. Her sight, hearing, and memory seem unimpaired; her manners are graceful, modest, and ladylike, and she converses with rare intelligence and animation, speaking with a slight, sweet Scottish accent. Her likeness to Naysmith's portrait of her brother is very marked—her eyes are peculiarly like the idea we have of his, both by pictures and description—large, dark, lustrous, and changing. Those eyes shone with new brightness as I told her of our love for the memory of her beloved brother, our sympathy in his sorrows, and our honour for his free and manly spirit—when I told her that the new world, as the old, bowed to the mastery of his genius, and were swayed to smiles or tears by the wondrous witchery of his song. But when I spoke my admiration of the monument, and said, “What a joy it would have been to him, could he have foreseen such noble recognitions of his greatness!” she smiled mournfully, and shook her head, saying, “Ah, madam, in his proudest moments, my poor brother never dreamed of such a thing;” then added that his death chamber was darkened and his death agony deepened by want and care, and torturing fears for the dear ones he was to leave. I was reminded by her words of

the expression of an old Scotch dame in our country, on hearing of the completion of this monument: "Puir Rob! he asked for bread, and now they gie him a stane."

Mrs. Begg says that Naysmith's portrait of her brother is the best, but that no picture could have done justice to the kindling and varying expression of his face. In her daughters, who are pleasant and interesting women, you can trace a strong family resemblance to the poet. The three sons of Burns are yet living; two are in the army, and one has a situation under government at Dumfries. All three are widowers. When I saw her, Mrs. Begg was expecting daily the two youngest, the soldiers, who as often as possible visit Ayr, and cherish as tenderly as proudly the memory of their father.

It was with deep emotion that I parted from this gentle and large-hearted woman, in whose kindred and likeness to the glorious peasant I almost felt that I had seen *him*, heard his voice with all its searching sweetness, and had my soul sounded by the deep divinings of his eyes. It seems indeed a blessed thing, that, after the sorrow which darkened her youth, the beholding the pride of the house sink into the grave in his prime, broken-hearted by the neglect of friends, the contempt and cruelty of foes, by care and poverty, and, bitterest of all, by a weary weight of self-reproach, that she has lived to see his children happy and prosperous—his birthplace and his grave counted among the world's pilgrim shrines—to be herself honoured and beloved for his sake, and to sun her chilled age in the noontide of his glory.

From Ayr we took the railway to Glasgow, which place we did not reach till after dark. In the morning we rose early, took a carriage, and drove to the cathedral, to which we were so fortunate as to gain admittance, even at that unusual hour. This is a commandingly situated, vast, and gloomy edifice, chiefly remarkable as the only cathedral in Scotland spared by Knox and his compeers at the time of the Reformation. It is more massive than beautiful, but has a certain heavy grandeur about it, that, seen as we saw it, in the chill and grayness of the early morning, oppresses one to a painful degree. In the extensive, dark, and melancholy crypts beneath this cathedral is laid the scene of a meeting between Francis Osbaldistone and the Macgregor in Scott's *Rob Roy*.

On a height, back of the cathedral, is the Glasgow Necropolis, containing some fine monumental sculptures, particularly conspicuous among which is a statue of John Knox.

Glasgow, for a manufacturing town, makes a very handsome appearance. Many of the public buildings are of a fine style of architecture; and the planted squares, those fresh breathing-places off the crowded business streets, are truly beautiful. In Waverley Square stands a noble column, crowned with a statue of Scott.

About eight o'clock we took the steamer to go up the Clyde, Loch Long, and Loch Goil. The air was fresh, and somewhat too keen; but the sunlight was brilliant, and we greatly enjoyed the trip. The first object of particular interest which we passed was the grand old rock-seated Castle of Dumbarton, famous from

the earliest periods of Scottish history, and most sadly memorable as the scene of the betrayal of Wallace by the "fause Monteith."

It was not until we had passed up Loch Long into Loch Goil that the true Highland scenery began to open upon us in its surpassing loveliness and rugged grandeur. The shores of Loch Goil are rough, barren, and precipitous, but now and then we passed green-sheltered nooks and dark glens of indescribable beauty. I grew more and more silent and unconscious of my immediate surroundings, for my very soul seemed to have gone from me, to revel abroad in the wide, varied, enchanting scene. At Loch Goil Head we took outside seats on the stage-coach, to drive through (I beg pardon, but I give the name as it was given to me) "Big Hell Glen" to Inverary, on Loch Fyne.

Our driver on this occasion proved to be a decided character, having a rich, comic humour of his own, a good memory, a fine voice, and admirable powers of mimicry. He told a story well, and recited poetry like a tragedian. After informing us that Loch Goil Head was the scene of Campbell's fine ballad of "Lord Ullin's Daughter," he recited the poem very effectively, though when he came to the passage,—

"One lovely hand was stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover,"

he took the liberty of making a slight change in the text, his version being,—

"One lovely hand was stretched for aid,
And ye may a' guess where was th' ither."

This glen, of name unholy, is one of the most beautiful passes I ever beheld—a wild, winding, shadowy, magnificent place. Verily, indeed, O Juliet, "what's in a name?" To me it certainly seemed, on that lovely day, that "Nickie Ben," in annexing this mountain pass, had imprudently laid claim to a choice bit of Heaven's own territory.

Inverary is a very small village, but we found there a nice, well-ordered hotel, where we were exceedingly comfortable—a far better inn, surely, than the one at this place on which Burns perpetrated this witty and wicked epigram:—

"Whoe'er he be who sojourns here,
I pity much his case,
Unless he come to wait upon
The lord, their god, His Grace."

The Duke of Argyle's castle and grounds are now, as then, the chief features of the place after the scenery, which is certainly very beautiful. It is truly a princely residence in site and surroundings, though the castle itself is built neither in a style of feudal grandeur nor modern elegance. After dinner we took a stroll through the noble park, and ascended a hill nearly eight hundred feet high—in all, a walk of over five miles. The next morning proved stormy, and we were obliged to post in a close carriage round the head of Loch Fyne, through Glen Croe, past the head

of Loch Long to Tarbet, on Loch Lomond. The weather cleared up, so that we were able to have a little stroll by the lake in the evening; and the next morning, which was clear and bright, we walked before breakfast over to Loch Long, where we took a drive along the shore in a peculiar, indescribable vehicle, called a "dog-cart." The morning air was a trifle too frosty, and we were on the shady side of the loch, or this drive along a most picturesque road, with some new beauty of scenery presenting itself at every turn, would have been delightful beyond compare. As it was, we soon found ourselves obliged to nurse our rapture to keep it warm, and only by heroic efforts could we restrain the zeroic tendency of our enthusiasm. So perfectly benumbed did we become, that we were only too happy to resign our state, descend from our "dog-cart," and do the last two miles on foot, cheerily inspired by thoughts of the glowing fire and the hot breakfast which awaited us at the pleasant inn at Tarbet.

The ascent of Ben Lomond from Rowardennan is not perilous nor very difficult, but is exceedingly tedious. The distance is about six miles; we rode the whole way on ponies trained to the business—strong, quiet, and surefooted animals, fortunately for us, as, after the heavy rain of the preceding day, the path was in an unusually bad condition, with loose stones, slippery rocks, deep mire, and shaky bogs.

We started, well wrapped in cloaks, shawls, and furs, fearing the breezes of the air on the mountain summits; but we soon found ourselves obliged to lay aside one after another of these articles, for as we reached the heights we found the upper day there not only as resplendently bright, but as soft, and still, and summer-like, as the sweet, unseasonable morning we had left in the valley.

About half way up we paused to revel in a glorious view of Loch Lomond, smiling up to heaven in all its entrancing beauty of silvery waters, verdant clustering islands, and mountain-shadowed shores.

I cannot believe that any most sweet and wondrous vision of earthly loveliness or grandeur will have power to banish that fair picture from my memory. But from the summit what a mighty, measureless panorama—what a world of light and shadow—what a glory of nature—what a wonder of God lay beneath and around us! Words can only give you an idea of the extent, of the vast circumference, of that view. To the east are the hills and valleys of Stirlingshire and the Lothians, Stirling Castle and the windings of the Forth, the Pentland Hills, Arthur's Seat, and Edinburgh Castle. In the south, the peak of Tinto, the city of Glasgow, Lanarkshire, Ailsa Craig, the Isle of Man, and the Isles of Bute and Arran—and, gazing down beyond the outlet of Loch Lomond, you see Dumbarton. But on the north I beheld the grandest sight that ever met my gaze—mountains on mountains, stretching away into the distance, and seeming like the mighty waves of a dark sea stayed in their stormy swell, petrified and fixed for ever by the word of Omnipotence. Vexed indeed, and tumultuous, must have been that awful chaotic ocean, ere its vast billows and

black hollows were resolved into the everlasting rock—for among these mountain forms there is a wondrous and endless variety. Our guide, a bright young laddie, seemed nowise awed by the imposing presence of the mountains, but pointed out the chief of them, Ben Ledi, Ben Vorlick, Ben More, Ben Lawers, Cairngorum, Ben Cruachan, and Ben Nevis, as familiarly as he would speak of other and lesser Bens of his acquaintance. Beneath us shone Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine, Loch Ard—the wild country of Rob Roy—the scene of the enchanting romance and song of Scott. Yet here, for the first time, all the associations of history and poetry lost their charm—I was above and beyond them. On that sublime and lonely height, on whose still, pure air floated no sound of human life, the thoughts and emotions of my heart were reverential and religious. The stupendous mountain peaks, the eternal hills around, seemed altars for Nature's perpetual worship—towering types of the might and majesty of God; while the lakes with their silver shining, and the green valleys with their still shadows and golden gleams of autumnal sunlight, in all their wondrous beauty, spoke sweetly to the awed spirit of divine love and protecting care. Even while tremblingly acknowledging God from those awful mountain summits, the soul strove in vain to ascend into "the place of the Most High;" it seemed to grow blind and dizzy, and to flutter like a spent bird down into the abysses of doubt and despair. But from the valleys, the quiet, sheltered, luxuriant valleys, the happy heart could look up confidently, and say, "Abba, Father."

On the morning of the day following this memorable ascent, we took the steamer for the head of Loch Lomond, passing Rob Roy's Cave, and beholding much beautiful scenery. Returning to Inversnaid, we took a drosky and drove across a rough, wild country, to Loch Katrine. On our way we were shown the ruins of a Highland hut, the birthplace and early home of Helen Mac Gregor.

At the head of Loch Katrine we embarked on a funny little steamer, which certainly did not hurry us past scenes on which our imagination delighted to linger. The head of this lake is not particularly beautiful, but I found that my most glowing conceptions had not surpassed the exquisite loveliness of that portion which forms the opening scene of 'The Lady of the Lake,' Ellen's Isle, the mountains Ben An and Ben Venue, and the defile of the Trosachs. Here island, and shore, and hill are richly clad in magnificent foliage; and the grandeur of rocky heights and dark ravines is so pleasantly relieved, so softly toned down, that you feel neither wonder nor awe, but drink in beauty as your breath—lose yourself in delicious dreamings, and revel in all the unspeakable rapture of a pure and perfect delight. A remembrance which is an especial joy to me now, "and ever shall be," is of a walk taken with my friends that night along the shore of the lake, to the pebbly strand opposite Ellen's Isle, which seemed sleeping in the moonlight, afloat on the still waters, even as its fair vision had floated before my soul on the silver waves of the poet's song.

A stage-coach drive to Stirling, the next day, was over the ground of the chase followed by Fitz-James. We passed the once "bannered towers of Doune," now ruined and ivy-grown—a fine, picturesque old castle. Crossing the bridge over the Forth, on entering the ancient town of Stirling, reminded me of a characteristic anecdote I had lately heard of a sturdy Scotch dame, who once, during a stormy season, had occasion to cross the river at a ferry some twenty miles below. The ferryman told her that the waters ran high, and the wind promised a hard blow, but that, as her business was pressing, he would do his best to get her safely across. "Is there muckle danger, mon?" she asked. "Ay, woman, the passage wad be perilous, but ye maun put your trust in Providence." "Na, na," says the prudent dame, drawing back, "I'll no trust in Providence so lang as there's a brig at Stirling," and actually set forth to walk the whole distance round. There is a volume of national character in this little story. An Irish woman would have trusted in Providence, or rather in Saint Patrick and the "holy virgin," and told her beads across the perilous passage, rather than wearied her bones by taking the safe roundabout way.

The Castle of Stirling is one of the most grandly situated of Scotland's old royal strongholds, and is a dark, frowning pile, thronged with sombre and bloody memories. The view from the wall is one of the most charming in its beauty, and soul-stirring in its associations, possible to take in anywhere, with one slow, wondering sweep of the eye. Far away in the distance tower the majestic mountain shapes of the grand Highlands; beneath and around us lie the silver courses of the Forth, the Teith, the Allan, and all the richly-cultivated country through which they wind, slowly and quite circuitously, as though reluctant to flow away from banks so lovely; while, green and beautiful as any richest meadows, smile towards the smiling skies the once bloody and trampled battle-fields of Falkirk, Cambuskenneth, and glorious Bannockburn.

Our guide pointed out to us the remains of the terraced garden, the round table, and the royal canal constructed under the direction of Mary of Guise; the sallyport whence issued "the Gudeman of Ballengeich," the "King of the Commons," on his *incog.* expeditions among the people; the window out of which James II. hurled the Earl of Douglas, after having slain him with his own royal hand; and the tower in which Roderick Dhu is said to have died. Mary Stuart was crowned at Stirling, and James VI. was here educated under Buchanan.

THE EXILE AND THE GOVERNOR.

THIRTY-NINE years have swept over our heads, since Napoleon Buonaparte landed in France from his island sovereignty of Elba, drove out the restored Bourbons at the point of the bayonet, and re-ascended the throne which he had been reluctantly compelled to abdicate in 1814, at Fontainebleau. An emperor once more, for one hundred days he again shook the globe to its centre, just as it was subsiding into tranquillity, and beginning to revolve comfortably on its axis. Then the allied powers issued a manifesto, declaring that, by that act of unprovoked invasion, he had violated existing treaties, nullified his existence, and placed himself beyond the pale of civil and social relations. They accordingly denounced, and delivered him over to public vengeance as a common enemy, and disturber of the peace of the world; at the same time binding themselves by one general league, never to make terms with, or sheathe the sword against, this restless adversary, until he was rendered powerless for the future. The manifesto was signed by the plenipotentiaries of Great Britain, France (represented by the government of Louis the Eighteenth), Austria, Russia, Prussia, Spain, Portugal, and Sweden. Under this overwhelming coalition, the star of the first Napoleon, which flickered with a momentary blaze at Ligny, went down at Waterloo, never to rise again. Another treaty, or convention, consigned him to the rock of St. Helena, as a prisoner of war. Six years later, he was borne to his lonely grave, in that distant region, on the shoulders of British grenadiers. Time, that unflinching policeman, who bids all "move on," and is never disobeyed, within ten years more saw another revolution and another family ruling in France, the younger branch superseding the elder, elevated by the barricades of 1830. The avenue through which they climbed was less glorious and scarcely as legitimate as Montenotte, Rivoli, and Marengo. But France longed for the remains of her great Emperor to repose on the banks of the Seine, according to his own expressed desire. The national glory required this propitiation—the wish was complied with. The body of Napoleon was transferred with solemn funereal pomp, and now lies beneath the dome of the "Invalides," surrounded by the trophies of many battles. Successive revolutions hurried on each other with startling rapidity, until, in 1853, the baffled adventurer of Boulogne, the prisoner of Ham, is transformed into Napoleon the Third, Emperor of the French, chosen by the suffrages of eight millions of his countrymen, acknowledged by all the sovereigns of Europe—and the proscribed family of Buonaparte is enrolled amongst the reigning dynasties. These events, which resemble Eastern fable rather than historical truth, are nevertheless recorded facts, registered in the annals of the world, and comprised within a narrow segment of little more than one-third of a century.

Established opinions, whether founded on prejudice or conviction, are not easily shaken. It has been so long believed that Napoleon was a persecuted captive, and Sir Hudson Lowe an intolerant gaoler, that any attempt to show an opposite view of this picture will be received with hesitation, and can only hope to obtain credit on convincing evidence. The volumes of Mr. Forsyth, lately published, most certainly ought to succeed (as all lovers of fair dealing will hope they may) in rescuing the memory of an injured officer from much unmerited obloquy.* He has here collected a body of documentary proof, never before brought together, while he has examined and weighed the whole with the perspicuity of a practised advocate. There is no special pleading, no ingenious sophistry to make the worse appear the better argument, but an appeal to direct testimony, and conclusions drawn as truth predominates. We have seldom seen a case more logically argued, or decisions formed on more solid grounds. That Mr. Forsyth is always right, is more than will be conceded; but that he generally produces sound reasons for his conclusions, will be felt and admitted by all who take the trouble of perusing his pages. The work is rather voluminous, consisting of three goodly octavos, but it could scarcely have been condensed within a smaller compass, and one-third, at least, is occupied by the original despatches and correspondence, on which the whole is based. These are collected together at the end of each volume, and referred to by marginal notes—a convenient arrangement—which supplies the authority without interrupting the narrative. The time for a dispassionate consideration of the subject, in all its bearings, has now fully arrived; men's minds are no longer biassed by the ephemeral libels, which were readily caught up at the moment and received as sober facts; when, in truth, they contained little beyond a string of extravagant inventions, but which political bigotry, ever blind, and regardless of truth or justice, received and used for its own purposes. O'Meara's "Voice from St. Helena" went rapidly through many editions, produced a large sum of money to the writer, and some current reputation, which, however, soon dissipated into "thin air," when the man and his motives began to be correctly estimated. Meanwhile, it was extolled to the skies by every journal and periodical opposed to the Government of the day. This book had been anticipated by a kindred publication, equally worthless, "The Letters of Dr. Warden, Surgeon of the 'Northumberland,'" printed in 1816, of which Napoleon himself said, and General Gourgaud echoed after him, that it was "a mere tissue of falsehoods," but which nevertheless had a prodigious sale, and was eulogised in the grave, oracular, didactic columns of the *Edinburgh Review*, as a volume to be safely recommended to their readers, as one of the few works on

* "History of the Captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena; from the Letters and Journals of the late Lieut.-Gen. Sir Hudson Lowe, and official documents, not before made public." By William Forsyth, M.A., Author of "Hortensius," and "History of Trial by Jury," late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Three Volumes, 8vo. London, 1853.

Napoleon, neither sullied by adulation, nor disgraced by scurrility. It is mere waste of time to look for veritable history in the avowed organ of a party, no matter how high the standard of its literary pretensions, or how brilliant the talent of its leading contributors. Political animosity crusades against everything but its own cherished dogmas, and would change black into white to promote a political object.

Sir Walter Scott remarks, with justice, that we are called upon to regard Napoleon as a man more severely tried in the opposite extremes of prosperity and adversity than any other sovereign or conqueror recorded in history (Bajazet may, perhaps, be named as a parallel); and that it scarcely falls within the capacity of ordinary judges, who have never sounded the same depths, or moved beyond the middle paths of life, to pronounce on the want of equanimity he displayed, when patience and fortitude would have elevated his character, prolonged his life, and diminished his sufferings. Yet there can be no doubt that his conduct was below himself, and untrue to his reputation. His mind was shaken very soon after his arrival at St. Helena, and his mighty faculties gave way under the pressure of restraint and fretful irritation. He was unfortunate, too, in the selected companions of his exile, who were men of limited capacity, although faithful and devoted to their master in adversity; but, at the same time, in their intercourse with the English officers, habitual disciples of falsehood—deceitful, impracticable, and perpetually quarrelling with each other. Instead of assuaging, they invariably fomented every trifling cause of discontent or casual annoyance. Napoleon firmly persuaded himself that the British Government intended to assassinate him, and that Sir Hudson Lowe was their chosen executioner. And in this monstrous opinion, a British medical officer *insinuates* his own participation. Mr. Forsyth quotes a letter of O'Meara, which appeared in the "Morning Chronicle" of the 17th of March, 1823, wherein he says Sir Hudson Lowe ignored his appointment, and threatened to *bundle* him off the island back to England, and then adds,

"I asked, if he did send me off the island, what would become of Napoleon in case of illness? 'Oh!' said he, 'General Buonaparte shall be attended by my own surgeon, who speaks Italian, and was with me for several years in the Corsican Rangers.' It was some time since I had seen the play of *Richard the Third*, and the meaning of the words did not at once strike me. Napoleon was wiser."

From this specimen, an idea may be formed of the extent to which O'Meara ventured in his direct and implied libels against the unlucky governor; who remained silent, partly in ignorance, and probably in contempt, of the obloquy to which he was exposed, believing that the truth would find its level without his interference, but, at the same time, carefully accumulating documents and rebutting evidence, to be employed when occasion required. At length, in July 1822, O'Meara published his book called "Napoleon in Exile; or, A Voice from St. Helena." Then Sir Hudson Lowe, yielding to the advice of his warmest friends,

instituted proceedings against O'Meara for libel ; but the operations of the law were so dilatory, and so long an interval elapsed in selecting the obnoxious passages, and preparing the necessary affidavits, that the plaintiff, ignorant of his being confined within a particular date, lost his plea under the statute of limitations in similar cases, which barred him out in point of time. The only consolation he derived under this disappointment was, that as the decision arose from a legal objection, he was not compelled to pay the costs of his adversary as well as his own. Had the case gone fairly before a jury on its merits, there can be little doubt that the result would have cleared Sir Hudson Lowe from many groundless accusations, and the punishment of the defendant would have furnished a memorable example for future reference. But, as the matter stood, the issue was most unfortunate. Unreflecting or malicious people, who knew that the ex-governor of St. Helena had brought an action against O'Meara and failed, cared little to inquire how or why ; it was enough for them that he could not obtain a verdict, and public opinion for a time remained even more than ever unfavourable to his reputation. He was urgently recommended by Lord Bathurst to draw up a full and complete justification of all the acts of his government, coupled with the documents then in his possession, and which are now used and referred to by Mr. Forsyth. Unhappily for himself, he refused to be guided by this counsel, and died without giving to the world any reply to his enemies, although continually intending to do so, and with the materials ready in his possession. A lamentable error in judgment, as accusations are too often received for truth, because they are uncontradicted. Procrastination in defence is readily construed into an admission of guilt.

When Sir Walter Scott's "Life of Napoleon" appeared in 1828, Sir Hudson Lowe, then in command of the forces at Ceylon, looked eagerly to the pages of a high-minded and conscientious writer in the hope of finding a complete refutation of the calumnies of hired or dishonest scribblers. But even here he was doomed to another disappointment, and found only a qualified and imperfect defence. In this work, Sir Walter wrote hurriedly, against time, under the pressure of pecuniary engagements, and with incomplete materials, which he dismissed hastily, without sufficient examination. Had he carefully perused and weighed the value of the official correspondence placed at his command, he surely could not have said that "The new governor was vulnerable ; he could be rendered angry, and might therefore be taken at advantage." This is distinctly disproved by unanswerable evidence, showing that Napoleon was irritated, not by the anger of the governor, but by his impassive coolness. The French officers themselves, in attendance upon their chief, repeatedly acknowledged the governor's politeness, and when in the mood to speak the truth (which seldom occurred), admitted, more than once, that an angel from heaven would not have given them satisfaction in his place, and that their giant grievance lay, not in the details of St. Helena, but in the fact of

being there at all. Perhaps the limited vindication of Sir Walter Scott did more harm to the public character of Sir Hudson Lowe than the unmeasured calumnies of such unscrupulous accusers as O'Meara, Las Cases, and Antommarchi. He felt this bitterly, and on his return to England he consulted Lord Bathurst on the expediency of publishing an answer. This time, the minister discouraged the idea, and undervalued the unfavourable effect of the remarks, assuring him that the sentiments of the Government towards him were unchanged, and that they required no refutation of the charges they did not believe. Nevertheless, he failed to obtain the appointment of Governor of Ceylon, which had been indirectly held out to him.

In 1833, Lord Teynham, in the course of a debate in the House of Lords, most unnecessarily and invidiously dragged in the name of Sir Hudson Lowe, in a manner which called up the Duke of Wellington in an indignant reply. "I rise," said he, "for the purpose of defending the character of a highly respectable officer, not a member of this House, from the gross imputation thrown upon him (by implication) by the noble lord; and certainly a grosser one I never heard uttered within these walls. I have the honour to know Sir Hudson Lowe, and I will say in this House, or elsewhere, wherever it may be, that there is not in the army a more respectable officer than Sir Hudson Lowe, nor has his Majesty a more faithful subject." Lord Bathurst too, loudly echoed this opinion, and plainly charged the accusers of the ex-governor with direct falsehood. There was no standing against this honest, straightforward battery, and Lord Teynham was driven to an ample apology for his unwarrantable attack. Sir Hudson Lowe, long unaccustomed to hear a friendly voice raised in his behalf, wrote to the Duke, and warmly thanked him for his prompt and generous defence; his Grace replied in a note, which Mr. Forsyth has inserted, and which may safely weigh down many volumes of calumny.

Stronger evidence to character was never delivered, and yet Sir Hudson Lowe locked this up in his bureau with other defences equally convincing, and went down into the grave in silence, unhonoured, unpensioned, and calumniated to the hour of his death, leaving to others the rescue of his reputation. Never did an injured man pursue a more injudicious course. He cannot hear the reversed opinion of an unbiassed generation, should that result be obtained, or draw consolation from the tardy justice which may clear his character. He died in 1844, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, leaving his family ill-provided for, although he was accused of having amassed a fortune. His unmarried daughter, through the recommendation of Sir Robert Peel, received a small pension from her Majesty, "in recognition of the services of her father." Sir W. Napier is unjust in his severe sentence on Sir H. Lowe for his loss of Capri in 1807. The post should have been maintained, but the fault lay not with the officer in command, who defended himself as well as he could with the means at his disposal, and also made honourable terms

when compelled to surrender. There was something wrong somewhere, but Sir Hudson, then Colonel Lowe, could not foresee the shameful misconduct of the Maltese regiment which opened to the enemy Ana Capri, the key of the island; and the supineness of the naval department, which suffered the island, after a siege of ten days, to fall into the hands of an enemy unsupported by a fleet, and who might have been easily cut off and surrounded by the English cruizers. To this unaccountable negligence the loss of Capri must be attributed, while the conduct of Sir Hudson Lowe was warmly commended and approved by his superiors. Twenty years later, it was rather hard to be abused by a brother soldier for an event which had first brought him into notice, and became a stepping-stone in his subsequent promotion. It was unquestionably discreditable to England, the queen of the seas, to lose a maritime post which she desired to keep; and still more so not to recover it, at the opportunity of 1809, when the large army and fleet under Sir John Stuart entered the Bay of Naples, took Ischia and Procida, gave them up in a month, and made a great show, but did nothing. In fair dealing, the fall of Capri should be fastened on the shoulders of higher authorities, and not on Sir Hudson Lowe's, which have enough to bear without this unenviable addition.

During the whole period of Napoleon's captivity, the governor seldom saw him, having been driven from his presence by the most offensive violence, which he neither provoked nor retorted; although a general impression prevailed, owing to systematic misrepresentation, that he constantly intruded himself on the emperor, when he had nothing else to do, for the mere wanton amusement of tormenting him by a quarrel or a scene. Napoleon, in his moments of unimpassioned reflection, admitted that the breach had been made and widened by himself, and on his death-bed enjoined Bertrand and Montholon to seek a reconciliation with Sir Hudson Lowe, by every means consistent with their honour. They called at Plantation House in consequence, and were courteously received, all previous misunderstandings being buried in oblivion. It cannot be said that Sir Hudson Lowe was a person of elegant or prepossessing manners, neither were his subordinate satraps, Colonel Reade and Major Gorrequer, exact types of Bayard or Sir Philip Sidney. In their inferior positions they were busy and meddling, and much more on the *qui-vive* to magnify and encourage, than to hush up or smooth down a grievance or a complaint. Little and unskilful men, unfitted for difficult or delicate negotiation. The writer of this article knew them well, and speaks from personal recollection.

But the coarse and vulgar language which O'Meara charges on Sir Hudson Lowe as his habitual characteristic, and which, as Mr. Forsyth remarks, would degrade a British officer of high rank into a sort of military Squire Western, a compound of vulgarity and ignorance, had no existence except in his own mendacious invention. There have been governors, it is true, who were sometimes rude and unpolished—nay, even brutal

in their colloquial style, of which those who remember the late Sir Thomas Maitland, better known to all who have served in the Mediterranean as "King Tom," may form a tolerable idea as a specimen. But the Governor of St. Helena was a very different kind of man from the autocrat of the Ionian Islands. He had more of Belial in his composition, and though sufficiently absolute, was smooth rather than rough in habitual demeanour, and too practical a diplomatist to be easily thrown off his guard, or subdued by a hasty temper. We once heard an officer of his staff, who disliked him, and formed one of the garrison of St. Helena under his command, say, that to his certain knowledge (the usual formula when people know very little) Sir Hudson Lowe cared not a fig for public opinion or anything else, and thought only of "feathering his own nest." But the fact that he died poor, refutes the second charge, and the papers so sedulously preserved, on which his present vindication rests, entirely repudiate the first. The whole subject resolves itself into two very simple questions, easily answered when prejudice and preconceived opinions are thrown out of the inquiry. "Were the English Ministry justified in treating Napoleon Buonaparte as a prisoner of war? And did Sir Hudson Lowe in any manner exceed his instructions?" To the first query, we answer unhesitatingly, Yes—to the second, No. The chain of reasoning adopted by Mr. Forsyth, and drawn from facts, will satisfy all except those (and they are a tolerably numerous section) who are determined not to be convinced either by argument or instance. Napoleon, when he surrendered himself to England, was hunted into a corner, and had no other resource. Escape was impossible. Before him lay the ocean, with the passage to America blocked out by the English cruisers. Behind him the ditch of Vincennes, to which the tender mercies of Blucher would have consigned him, without trial; the deserts of Siberia, if he had trusted to the vaunted friendship of Alexander of Russia; or the tribunal of Ney and Labedoyère, had he thrown himself on the clemency of *Louis le Désiré*. Failing to die at Waterloo, to retire with the relics of the French forces behind the Loire, might have been the lion's part; but it must have ended in unconditional captivity, as both army and people were equally powerless in a land which bristled with more than half a million of foreign bayonets. His calling himself the guest of England, and announcing that he came like Themistocles to claim her hospitality, was an empty theatrical flourish, as vapid, and almost as ridiculous as Lord Ellenborough's proclamation relative to the gates of Somanauth. It imposed on no one—not even on himself. He had shown that he was not to be trusted; the Allied Powers had declared that they would never treat with him again, and it would have been folly, amounting to deep criminality, had he been allowed another opportunity of unsettling the tranquillity of Europe. The triumph of Waterloo had been purchased by a general mourning. But we agree with Mr. Forsyth that the imperial title, on which he set so much value, might have been accorded to him without derogating

from the honour of Great Britain. On his part, it was puerile and weak, unworthy of his lofty intellect, to desire a mockery of royal state, when the substance had passed from him for ever. It was degrading to a travestie or a burlesque the grand and gorgeous part he had acted in the drama of the world. It is true, England had been no party to the Treaty of Fontainebleau, which gave him the sovereignty of Elba, but we had recognised him as First Consul at the Peace of Amiens, in 1801; the Whig Government, through their envoy, Lord Lauderdale, treated with him as Emperor of France *de facto*, in 1806, and it was by no fault of theirs that pacific overtures were broken off; we had negotiated with him at Chatillon in 1814, and would have acknowledged him as sovereign of France, had he then accepted the terms proposed. To call him General Buonaparte after all this, was a mere technical quibble, unworthy and unnecessary in the politics of a great nation. Still more injudicious was it to refuse the *incognito* he afterwards proposed and was anxious to assume; an easy mode of getting over many minor difficulties, which proved the source of great vexation. We also think he should have been accommodated, on his arrival at St. Helena, with Plantation House, the best residence in the island, instead of Longwood, the second best. The convenience of the governor, in this instance, ought to have given way before that of his prisoner. There appears, too, something mean and little in stinting the table and household expenditure of the ex-emperor and his family. They were known to be supplied with funds, and ample means of raising more; they plotted and contrived means of escape; they adopted subterfuge and deceit; and there were sound reasons for stringent regulations and unremitting guard; but none for humiliating discussions on the price of poultry, eggs, and meat, or for a parliamentary debate as to whether the allowance for their supply should be eight, ten, or twelve thousand per annum. The expense of keeping our great enemy at St. Helena was nothing, compared with the enormous cost of the war from which we were happily delivered by his dethronement. That point once accomplished, fallen majesty had a right to every sympathy and indulgence, less for its own deserts than for the honour of the victors. In the complaints to which minor vexations gave rise, there was an appearance of justice, which gave colour to others that were totally groundless. Napoleon would not have lived to old age anywhere. His hereditary disease precluded longevity. But, undoubtedly, his death was hastened by the circumstances of his confinement, the perpetual state of irritation to which he abandoned himself, and the habits of indolence he contracted, so diametrically opposed to his constitutional activity. For the French writers, as might be supposed, the subject has been an endless theme of invective against the English Ministry and their selected governor. They can find no terms sufficiently base in which to convey their detestation of the unhappy official. He is a perpetual nightmare to their rest—the *bête noire* of their imaginations. One French author alone (Lamartine) has had a clear

perception of the truth, and the courage to declare it honestly. Where he has fallen into partial mistakes, the error has arisen not from prejudice, but from the necessity he was under of winnowing out the facts of the case from calumnious statements, rather than authentic materials, and this gives additional weight and value to his opinion.

Whether for good or evil, the name of Sir Hudson Lowe is inseparably connected with that of his illustrious prisoner. It is impossible to think of the captive without recurring to the custodian. The chain of events which brought them into contact, while it led to the most important, undoubtedly produced the most unfortunate episode in the life of the latter. In the office he was called to and undertook, it was impossible to give entire satisfaction, or to escape without calumny. We do not believe that one man in ten, even of a superior stamp, would have done better under the same difficulties, or have had the moral courage, or stoical insensibility, to leave his memory to posthumous vindication, when he might have enjoyed the triumph of acquittal through his own exertions, and while he yet lived to feel and estimate its value. Sir H. Lowe has found an able advocate, but prejudiced judgment has taken such deep root, from time and the absence of contradiction, that even the most palpable evidence may be found unequal to its overthrow. The hump of Richard the Third is a poetical imagination, "a thing devised by his enemies," but it has been too long fixed on him to be removed. He will never be relieved from it; neither can we persuade ourselves that he was innocent of the murder of his nephews, although the proof of his guilt is utterly defective, and that atrocity was quite as likely to have been perpetrated by his successor.

Towards the close of his work, Mr. Forsyth draws an able and impartial summary of the character of Napoleon, which he opens by observing, that a writer ought to be diffident in attempting to describe the moral lineaments of one who, in all leading features, so little resembled, and bore such slight affinity to ordinary beings. The subject has been so amply discussed by able pens, that it is difficult to invest it with novelty, or to avoid repetition.

When we turn from the consideration of his character and endowments to the actions by which both were illustrated, we find them brilliant and imposing, whether in the capacity of general or legislator, beyond any other example in the annals of history. But examine closely their effects on the condition of mankind, and the true picture presents itself in hideous deformity.

Even warlike France became at last weary of battles, which appeared to multiply with each successive victory; and the first fall of Napoleon in 1814 may be attributed quite as much to the apathy of the people, who looked on with passive submission, and the exhausted spirit of the armies and generals, who longed for an interval of repose, as to the overwhelming rush of invading foreigners, accumulated in masses which rendered resistance hopeless.

ADVENTURES OF BENJAMIN BOBBIN THE BAGMAN.

BY CRAWFORD WILSON.

CHAPTER III.

THE COMMERCIAL ROOM—A COACH ADVENTURE.

I COULD not but wonder, as I entered the hall, what my reception might be, amongst the body of which I was now a member. I felt feverish and nervous; in short, the very antithesis of my friend with the capacious waistcoat. I envied him his self-possession, as he forced himself edgeways through the door of the cab, giving sundry orders to the boots in waiting, and extending his hand to the urbane-looking landlord, whose clerical cravat, cracked voice, and sanctimonious physiognomy, must be well known to all commercial gentlemen. Riordan's:—"Well, how are you? and how does the world use you?" was strangely contrasted with the unwholesome "Extremely well, I thank you," of the proprietor of the inn, and the clerical cravat afore noted. He bowed to me graciously, rubbing his hands in true pharisaical style; whilst the chamber-maid asked me whether I wished to see my bedroom.

Mr. Riordan took up my answer in a manner so obliging, that I really felt indebted to him for his goodness.

"Most decidedly he does," he said, as he divested himself of his great coat and muffler, casting them upon the arm of the boots, who looked for all the world as if he had been reared under a sloe bush, and fed upon vinegar and unripe crabs. "Would you want him— Here, Fanny, bring my writing-case into the commercial room; get my letters ready, and serve them up before dinner, embalmed in smiles. Would you want him to come into a house on a day like this, with the 'blues' in the atmosphere, only to go out again with the 'blues' in his system. Mary, put me into 'twenty-two' if it's not engaged, and give my friend (I'll tell you his name when I've learned it) sweet little seventeen. Ah! how do you do, Miss Palmer?" this to a lady who evidently acted in the capacity of housekeeper, whose figure was something like that of a well-preserved Egyptian mummy, and whose age was as great a paradox to me as are the hieroglyphics to the uninitiated! "Why, you are looking charming. Ah! it's well for you that my wife is in the land of the living."

"Why so, Mr. Riordan?" with such a spectral smile.

"Because I'd be sure to plague you to change your name for the one that calls me master. How soon will the dinner be ready?"

"At five o'clock, Sir."

"The very hour to suit me; I'll just look at my countenance in the glass upstairs, whilst you dust the cobwebs off the port. Show us to our respective chambers, Mary," saying which, he commenced the ascent, followed closely by me, talking merrily all the time, until I was ushered into a bedroom, with seventeen set in figures on the door, and there left to my unstrapped portmanteau, a washing apparatus, and my own noiseless meditations.

At five o'clock I descended to the room reserved for commercial gentlemen. The dinner was already served, many seats were occupied, and the covers only awaiting the signal of the president, to be transported to the shelves in the kitchen. To my astonishment, Mr. Riordan (whose calling I now recognised), introduced me by name to the company. I looked at him with some surprise depicted in my countenance, as he said:—

"Ah! Mr. Bobbin, I've found you out, you see; but you look so amazed, that I'm almost afraid you have been guilty of a trifling felony."

"Pray how is that?" said I.

"Did you open the portmanteau that was brought up into your room?"

"Most decidedly I did."

"Was all right and tight?"

"Unquestionably!"

"You are sure it was yours?"

"Well, I'm inclined to think that it belongs to nobody else."

"Oh, then if that is the case, I acquit you of the charge. As the boots carried it upstairs I saw 'Mr. Benjamin Bobbin' written on it. If that had happened not to have been your name, you must own that the case would have looked suspicious; but come, sit down. Mr. Lomer, our president, is awaiting your presence."

Mr. Lomer, who was seated at the head of the table; at the same time politely asked me to favour him by facing him at the other end; but, as a carving knife and fork and a large tureen were placed there, I begged to be excused.

"Upon what grounds, Mr. Bobbin?" he asked with a smile.

"The grounds of incapacity, and a villanous ignorance of dissection," I answered.

"Oh! if that is all, you will soon learn. You are not aware, perhaps, that you are the *youngest* in the room."

"I am not indeed," I replied, as I glanced at one or two who were evidently my juniors.

"We do not judge by years," said the president, in the most affable tone, "but hours; by *youngest* I mean that you are the latest arrival in the room; consequently, by our rules, that chair is your place. Do oblige me."

I obeyed with the best grace. The covers were removed, revealing fish at the top, and mock turtle at the bottom of the table.

Dispensing the contents of the tureen fell to my lot; and so far I was comfortable; but when I came to the disjointing of an antiquated turkey, doubtless a patriarch, and as anomalous, as far

as regarded age, as the respected Miss Palmer complimented by Mr. Riordan, I found that a strong arm without skill in the craft was but a weak opponent to thews and sinews firm in their tension and herculean in their development. What the end might have been I know not, had not my affable travelling companion, who sat beside me, cut the reverend monster to pieces, and set him decimated before me. The dinner passed off well, and the wine was, in my opinion, pretty good; but an announcement from Mr. Lomer that an extra six bottles were to be placed upon the table for the general consumption, and the price thereof set down in my bill for my own liquidation, was an honour for which I was totally unprepared. However, as the evening was very wet, and I was assured that my after prospects upon the road were altogether dependent upon my quiet and amiable submission to the initiatory fine, I gave the order cheerfully, and we commenced forthwith to discuss, literally, the peculiar merits of the beverage.

My attention became speedily aroused by one of our party suggesting, in the course of the fourth bottle, that Mr. Lomer, our president, should set us a convivial example by singing a song. The gentleman so called upon pleaded inability, inasmuch as melody and his voice were strangers. "However," he continued, "I shall feel delighted in being permitted to while away an hour of your time by relating an incident that occurred under my own observation in my early days, when I, like our young friend here, commenced my first journey. If such a course meet with your approbation, gentlemen, you have only to command me; and my story and myself are your servants."

The anecdote so generously volunteered met with unanimous approbation. We drew our chairs more closely to the table, and awaited his pleasure with silent eagerness. However, there was a something coming, we all saw, before the story; for he refilled his glass carefully, and, rising to his feet, said:—

"Gentlemen, before I enter upon my own experience I wish to propose a toast, in which I am assured you will heartily join me; therefore I charge you to rest prepared. We have a young brother amongst us this evening; one that I feel assured will, before long, become an ornament to our fraternity. None of us have passed the meridian of life, yet the greater number of us have left his age some years behind us upon that great journey. We have all had some experience, for he is the only beginner in the room. Wishing him every prosperity, and promising him in the name of our body a hearty welcome, I give you, gentlemen, the name of Mr. Benjamin Bobbin, in conjunction with success, good fortune, and honourable enterprise. May he stand forth as a shining light in the commercial world; become a treasure to the house he at the present time has the honour of representing, and prove an inestimable prize to the fair lady whose good luck it shall be to win him in the great hymenean lottery. Brethren, bid him welcome!"

"Success and welcome to our young brother!" was reiterated around me, whilst the toast was drunk with unbounded enthusiasm,

to the slight disarrangement of the honoured individual's ideas, and the speedy elevation of his personal vanity.

Whilst the gentleman who had proposed the toast was taking a brief moment to collect his thoughts, I availed myself of the opportunity afforded, and made the following observations.

Mr. Lomer was a tall, well-proportioned man, rather more inclined to the corpulent than its opposite, but by no means given to obesity. He was about the middle age; with a solid expression of calculating good sense stamped upon his features. His hair, whiskers, and eyes were black; the latter remarkably penetrating. A pleasing dimple in his chin overruled the steady gravity of his classic face; whilst a high and expansive forehead, partially bald at the temples, taken in unison with a well-shaped nose, and a mouth habitually ornamented by a smile, gave to his countenance an aspect of frankness, integrity, and decision; in short, he was one of those men in whose bearing we read, what Kent would fain have called Master, "Authority." He was evidently no subordinate, for

"Seemed his tone and gesture bland,
Less used to sue than to command."

He refilled his glass, and, having glanced round the room for a moment to see whether we were all attention, with a preliminary "ahem," thus began.

"When I first commenced travelling,—and that I need scarcely tell you was many years ago,—although an Englishman by birth and education, yet it was a wholesale house in the delightful city of Dublin that had the honour (as brother Riordan would say) of calling Mr. Frederick Lomer its representative. Railways had not then been introduced into that country, and the old mail-coaches were in the bloom of their pride. As I look back at that, my first journey, it seems as fresh in my memory as if I had started but last week—the years that have intervened appear like so many days—but thus it is ever with youth. How true the words of one of our poets—

"Time in advance behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep decrepit with his age;
Behold him, when past by; what then is seen,
But his broad pinions swifter than the wind!"

"How inconsistent is man! We chide Time for his slowness when any pleasure is in anticipation, and regard his swift flight with regret when we look back upon the past. But to my tale: upon the box-seat of a night mail, bound for the city of Limerick, and by the side of a jolly-looking coachman, I found myself one evening, comfortably wrapped up in a waterproof overcoat, and buoyed up with all the hopes of ardent youth. How vividly every circumstance connected with that journey is presented to my memory! and yet the days that have since flitted by have changed my slim figure, and four-and-twenty-inch waist, into the subject upon which you are all so attentively gazing, and commenced already to

sprinkle a few tell-tale hairs, like the hoar frosts of autumn, amid the black locks, where the best acuted pomatum then reigned supreme, in all the dignity of luxuriant curls.

"We rattled gaily in the wake of our gallant greys past Trinity College—that hothead of genius, volatility, piety, and devilment—by the Bank of Ireland, through Westmoreland-street, over Carlish Bridge, up Sackville-street, that street of Irish streets, and into the yard of the General Post-office; heralded on our way by the sounds of the merry horn, and buoyed up with the prospect of a fine clear night. We received the mail-bags in due course, and as the clock tolled forth the appointed hour, the gates leading into Henry-street were opened; beneath the archway we passed, the centre of nearly a score of well-appointed coaches, bound upon different routes, through gaping loungers, who were ever present to enjoy the exciting scene—down Sackville-street again at a sporting pace, still enlivened by the guard's shrill music, the rattling of the burnished trappings decorating our horses, and the proud neighings of two fiery leaders.

"Directly behind me sat a man of large proportions, well wrapped up in a grey frieze coat of astonishing thickness, his head ensconced in a thick travelling cap, and his extremities comfortably swathed in warm drab overalls. His face, at least so much of it as I could see, was not of the most winsome cast—thick black whiskers and a rebellious looking beard giving to a round-sallow countenance a coarse and dark expression—his eyebrows were heavy and connected, and a pair of suspicious-looking hazel eyes glanced distrustfully from beneath them at a gentleman who sat beside him. His companion was a man of singular appearance; he was tall, thin, and dressed in a shabby black frock coat, closely buttoned up to his chin, the smallest particle of a soiled white neckerchief being visible between the coat collar and his ears; a white bushy beard fell over upon the lappels of his coat, giving to his face a reverend and patriarchal appearance. His hat had evidently done its owner some service, for it seemed to have undergone a process of immersion in some oily substance, and that at repeated intervals. A pair of well-worn sable continuations completed his exterior garb, strapped as if by some superhuman force beneath a pair of dilapidated shoes, that might with justice have sighed for their "lost soles." And yet, with all this appearance of shabby gentility, this evident struggling against hard fortune, his face bore an expression of resignation and serenity, and was as calm and unruffled as the parting hour of a placid twilight. He was, without doubt, a character—a study—and I determined if possible to know more about him.

"The first time I had the chance of surveying his countenance was at the town of Naas, where we stopped to change horses. I had ordered a glass of whiskey punch during the brief stay that we made, and having remarked that he had no outward garment, save the closely-buttoned frock coat, to protect him from the chilly air of the night, I ventured to request his acceptance of a part of the steaming fluid. He thanked me mildly, and partook of it

almost greedily. I was glad to see him do so, and as he returned me the tumbler, the strange clearness of his eye somewhat puzzled me; it was restless, bright, and very full, not at all in keeping either with his patriarchal beard or reverend habit.

"The coachman seemed to be one of those peculiar bipeds, moulded expressly by mother Nature out of her coarsest materials into the human form divine, with one idea and only one to lift them above the level of the mere animal, and place them upon the lowest step of the ladder of intelligence, for the purpose of showing how close is the affinity between all breathing creatures. His element was undoubtedly (if element it may be called) the driver's seat, the whip, the ribbons, and the horseflesh. Upon the merits and demerits of the latter he warmly expatiated; his mind, like the beaten road he travelled in darkness, had also its stone walls and deep dykes on either side, and the slightest deflection must inevitably end either in a full stop or a melancholy mental upset. One virtue he possessed in perfection—the virtue of being a quiet listener, and looking wisely between the ears of the far leader, as if the subject in question were there set before him. He never presumed to offer an opinion; an ejaculation of surprise, or a sober nod of conception forming the extensive vocabulary of his conversational powers, except, indeed, the subject chanced to turn upon his favourite topic, then was the stable mind in active motion, and he would take up the running, and make the winning-post himself.

"I scarcely felt at home with so strange a composition beside me, for I wished to listen rather than to speak, and as the subject in which my centaur companion delighted had no charms for me, I devoted myself energetically to the fragrant breath of a short clay pipe, and a silent contemplation of the sparkling bodies that gemmed the milky way.

"I was aroused from my reverie by the coachman's elbow, which had taken a liberty of rather a striking nature with my ribs. I looked at him in surprise, but felt somewhat relieved, as he only pointed with his whip to an old house that stood, or was propped up, at some distance from the road. It was a fine old building, and doubtless in its day had resounded to many a hearty chorus. Now it was a mere ruin; the bright rays of the unclouded moon lighting up the green ivy as it clung closely to the mouldering walls.

"'What's the matter?' I asked, in a tone of astonishment, for his peculiar method of gaining my attention had somewhat annoyed me.

"'Do you see that old house, master?'

"'Yes, I see it! what then?'

"'Nothin'! only he owned it.'

"'A spasmodic twitch of his head in the direction of the seedy traveller, accompanied by a wink, intended, without a particle of doubt, to convey meaning of greater import than any known language could compass, was the only solution to the mystery.

"'Well, and what of that?' I asked.

“‘Oh! that’s all,’ was his reply—‘only you see that he and the house have been runnin’ at a killin’ pace for the last five-and-twenty year, to see which of them would be ruined fust.’

“‘I looked immediately towards the stranger in question—the punch had evidently taken effect upon his shattered constitution. He slept soundly.

“‘Was he ever well off?’ I ventured to ask.

“‘Illigant!’ was his comprehensive reply.

“‘Indeed!’ I said, somewhat dubiously.

“‘It’s the truth I’m tellin’ ye; he lived like a fightin’ cock, or the son of an Irish king—but the dhrink and the horses did it.’

“‘How was that?’ I asked, feeling considerably interested in the story.

“‘Another twitch of the head in the other direction, followed by—

“‘Story tellin’ is out of my line; Mr. O’Connor ’ll tell you all about it;’ was my only means of introduction to the gentleman directly behind me in the frieze coat.

“‘I repeated my question to him, trusting at the same time that he would pardon my curiosity.

“‘Oh! by all means,’ was his speedy rejoinder; ‘I’ll tell you all about it, an’ welcome. I lived with him at the time.’

“‘I shall be much indebted to you, then,’ I said, ‘for the coachman has aroused my sympathy.’

“‘No wonder for him,’ was his curt reply.

“‘What was he?’ I enquired.

“‘Only a journeyman soul-saver at first.’

“‘Ah! and what was that?’ I asked, in as great a maze as ever.

“‘A poor divil of a curate, with lashins to do, and only the love of God, and fifty pounds a year to live on,’ he replied. ‘But he was a fine young gentleman at that time; the best preacher, the surest shot, and the boldest horseman in the barony. Generous as poverty and his little salary would let him be, and a regular tearer amongst the ladies. He married one of them at last—a beauty she was, and owned that house, with lots of the ready. So when he came there to live with her, he cut the pulpit and took to the betting ring. Joe the-coachy,’ alluding to the driver ‘lived with him then, and used to break in all his horses. I was his steward at the same time, and that’s how we knew all about it. But somehow or other bad luck used always to attend his bets, for whenever he backed a racer of his own it was sure to lose. The last of his that ran upon the Curragh—let me see, how long is that ago, Joe?’

“‘Five-and-twenty year, come spring,’ was the simple rejoinder.

“‘Yes, five-and-twenty year ago it was! Well, the last of his that ran there was a darling; he christened him Fire-away Paddy. He was got by ould Blazes (of course you have heard tell of him) out of Lady Hagerty’s brown mare Judy.’

“‘She was the best blood in the country,’ broke in the coachman abruptly, ‘got by Flyaway out of Touch-me-not; dam, Kil-kenny Sally, sire, Shew-em-your-tail!’

" 'Well, as I was saying,' continued Mr. O'Connor, as soon as Joe had relieved himself of his load of knowledge, and sighed at the thoughts of the noble brutes he had named—'a finer animal than Fire-away Paddy never looked at a manger, or put his head out of a stable door: he was sixteen hands and three-quarters high—'

" 'Seventeen an' an inch,' grunted Joe.

" '—Was as black as a coal, with pasterns like a lady's wrist,' continued O'Connor.

" 'More beautifuller than that,' said coachee in a state of absolute excitement; 'his head was as sweet as a jennet's, his hocks smooth as a mouse's skin, his quarters round and sthrong, and his shouldher—there, I can't tell you what it was like—but it *was* a shouldher; by my soukins I never seen the likes of it afore or sense'—here Joe paused for breath in an ecstasy of admiration at the recollection of the horse, leaving Mr. O'Connor to continue at leisure.

" 'Well, though we said nothing about it at the time,' resumed Mr. O'Connor, leaning forward so that not a word might be lost, 'we knew that the second horse on the course would only get one sight of him, and that would be, when he was leaving him behind him at the starting-post. Well, the master bet all he was worth on him, and got one Jemmy Ryan to ride him'—

" 'And he *could* ride,' interposed coachy; 'he was a clever boy, an' up to his business; he bruk his neck six months after at a steeple-chase in the King's county, and never rode no more afther that'—here he paused again, and administered, by way of sympathy, a cut upon the flank of his near leader.

" 'When the day came off,' continued the good-humoured Mr. O'Connor, 'Fire-away Paddy walked on to the course; the devil a sinner, barrin ourselves, ever set eyes on him before—you remember that, Joe.'

" 'In course I do! faix, they were all taken clane off their legs when they seen him looking round him, and neighing, and switching his tail, as much as to say that he didn't care a d—— about any of them; nor no more he did.'

" 'Here Joe fell back again into silence; his friend proceeding as though no interruption had taken place.

" 'They all looked, when they saw him, as if the race was over, and their money lost. Jemmy Ryan got on his back, and rode him out of the weighing ground, up and down before the Grand Stand, to let him stretch his legs a bit. The Lord Lieutenant was there, and all the quality from Dublin; and when he saw how beautifully he took to the reins, down he comes to the Master, who was in the betting ring, and says—"Mr. Fitzgerald, will you sell me that horse?"'

" 'No, he didn't call him Mr. Fitzgerald till after,' broke in Joe again, 'this is how he did it: "will you be afther selling me that horse?" says he; "In throth an' I won't," says the Masther, "for he'll be the making of me this blessed day, as sure as my name is Fitzgerald." "Oh, then, Mr. Fitzgerald," says he, "since you're so sure about it, I'll bet you a thousand against the horse,

that he does not get played." "Done," says the Masther, "when he wins, the thousand pounds is mine." "And when he loses," says the Lord Lieutenant, "the horse and the money is mine." "You've just said it," says the Masther, and the never-so much as "your honour," or "your glory," he said to him the whole mortal time—that's how it was.' Joe was silent again, O'Connor in the ascendant.

"The horses started—there was fifteen of them?"

"Seventeen," suggested Joe, with a grunt.

"No, fifteen."

"I'll take my book oath there was seventeen," returned Joe, vehemently.

"Well, seventeen of them; and it was a beautiful sight to see them coming at full stretch by the stand, Fire-away Paddy six lengths ahead of the best of them."

"Six!" exclaimed Joe, turning round for the first time—"put out your hand, and thry if you ain't in bed, and dhraming—he was twenty afore any of 'em, if he was an inch; another cut to the horses, and O'Conner once more in possession."

"Well, he was ahead of the best of them!"

"Doing it as aisy," said Joe, "as if he was only airin' himself afore his breakfast."

"Away they went," resumed O'Connor, "and he like a sky-rocket!"

"A flash of lightnin'," suggested Joe.

"Like a flash of lightning before them, and sure enough at the first turning he said good bye to them, and beat them out of a face. On he came again in beautiful style!"

"By himself all alone," said Joe, now using the whip as though he were himself the jockey.

"Straight for the winning-post, when a hullabaloo in the crowd made the devil bowlt clean out of the course, and before little Jemmy could get a pull at his head, the other horses came round, and Mr. Fitzgerald was beggared!"

"Thunder and turf! how he raved about the ring, for all the world like a man out of a madhouse. I tried, and so did Joe, to quiet him down, but it was all no use: he had bet his house and furniture upon the race; all was gone, and his wits after them. He paid his debts honourably, however, and went home with us for the last time as Fire-away Paddy was put into a van for Dublin, and carried from the field."

ARTHUR ARDEN, THE MEDICAL STUDENT.

CHAPTER XIII.

LEAVING my companions and the cab at the corner of the street, I found my way into the apartment called by Mr. Davis the Library. Two book-cases with glass doors, and a goodly display of medical and other works, gave it a legitimate claim to this title.

"Well, sir," said the proprietor of this little library, "you are in want of a situation. I have nothing for you to do scarcely; but I want some one to stop in the house when I go out, and to dispense a few draughts every afternoon. The grand question is: can you read my writing? Here is a prescription. Let me hear you read it."

"Recipe, *aque vitæ*," I began, taking the prescription in my hand.

"Read it in English," said he, "I can understand it better, although I wrote the Latin myself."

"Take of the best brandy four ounces," I read.

"What sort of ounces?" very gravely asked Mr. Davis.

"Fluid ounces, of course," I replied. "Boiling water; four ounces and a half; white sugar, quantum suff.; that is, as much as you like. Mix these ingredients together, let them be swallowed at a single draught, and the dose be repeated every half hour until the patient cannot tell his head from his heels. In this satisfactory state place him in bed between two blankets, and let him lie like a pig until next day."

"That will do, Mr. Arden, I see you can manage the writing very well. I suppose you have a good character. Your appearance pleases me very much—but I give very little salary. I can really get young men for nothing, there's such an abundance of them. What salary do you expect?"

"I have heard that you give no more than five-and-twenty pounds a year," I replied; "but, as the money is of little consequence to me, I will be contented with that sum."

"Then that is concluded. I want you here on Monday. I suppose you can give me some reference in town. I don't think, on second thoughts, I shall make any inquiry about you. You are a student at Saint Peter's, are you? Very gentlemanly fellows used to be there in my young days. Too gay, too gay, though, by half."

The old fellow grinned and turned up his eyes with an expression that plainly said, "I was a fine fellow then, a sad wild dog, and all that; but a fine fellow, on my honour, sir, I was! a very fine fellow." I had no inclination to dispute the point with him; and, indeed, he was a fine fellow still, although his age could not be less than sixty. He was one of those fortunate old

fellows whose society had become almost necessary to a certain few old ladies, whose affection for him was incessantly displayed in handsome presents; and at their deaths by substantial legacies. These nice old ladies stocked him by degrees with houses and money; the houses they stocked with furniture, and his stables with carriages and horses. His tables and mantel-shelves were stocked with ornaments of rare and costly shape and materials; his walls were stocked with pictures; his larder was stocked with delicacies; his fingers were stocked with rings; his stocks stocked with pins and brooches; and his shirts stocked with studs by these charming old ladies, whose study appeared to be directed entirely to insure his emolument and gratification; while the dear, amiable old things themselves thought they could scarcely pay him sufficiently for the unnecessary attentions they required from him. Honest old ladies! What a fortunate thing it is to possess an amiable manner, and an accommodating temper! What childish, unprofitable things, compared with them, are the labours of genius, and the speculations of industrious talent! bubbles that melt in air, grains of salt cast into the ocean!

I returned to my companions in the cab, and sending away the vehicle, we directed our steps towards the West, at the invitation of Mr. Wilson, who was so grateful for the loan of Tom's coat and waistcoat, and the drive in the cab, that he volunteered to give us a dinner at a tavern, with wine to wash it down. He strutted about in his borrowed finery to the amusement of everybody, nodding and winking at all the girls he met, whether respectable or not, and asking all sober-looking old gentlemen how their mothers were, and whether their mangles were disposed of. You should have seen Mr. Wilson admiring the reflection of himself in all the windows of plate glass as he passed by—at one time arranging a stray curl, at another discovering the corner of a very dirty shirt collar, which he immediately concealed; and at another observing a spot of soot upon his face, which he brushed away with the sleeve of his coat, his pocket-handkerchief being too shabby to be brought to light in the public street.

Tom was by no means so well pleased with the exchange of dress. Instead of looking like a dandy of the first quality, in Mr. Wilson's coat, he looked like an old clothesman, with his last purchase on his back.

"I say, Mr. Wilson," said he, looking at the threadbare sleeve, "is this coat made of cloth or some stuff that never had any nap upon it? and what was its original colour?"

"The material is the finest broadcloth, and the original colour was black," replied Wilson.

"By all the changing scenes of life, changes and exchanges! it might have been broadcloth, and black once, but it looks very like camlet and brown now," observed my friend. "Extremely cold, Arden, I wish you would lend me your cloak."

"I had rather not, I am obliged to you, Furnival, but I will pay for three cigars, if you will come into this shop," said I, leading the way. In this idle manner we lounged the time away until four o'clock, when we sat down, at a tavern in the outskirts

of Pimlico, to a dinner of mutton chops and a bottle of good old port. The eatables soon disappeared, and a second bottle of wine succeeded the first. — "An uncommonly good natured fellow," Tom whispered to me; "a regular trump, by wisdom and whist and dead silence in a church-yard!—Hand the baccy this way, Mr. Wilson. You are a gentleman, although you wear another man's coat on your back, and your own sits with an ill grace on my shoulders. If you have no objection, I'll pull it off and resume my own."

"Not until we depart, Mr. Furnival, if you please. I feel so uncommonly genteel in this smart cut of yours, that it would spoil all my pleasure if I should pull it off, and sit here in my own shabby one. Besides, it would look so ridiculous to be changing coats here. The people would suspect us of some knavery or other. I must wear your coat until we leave the house, and you must wear mine. You can't think how well you look in it—better than many a nobleman with a first-rate article from Stultz's, where the tailor makes the man—on the contrary, your splendid figure and general appearance would make the tailor. Once when I was out of a situation, and hard up, sir, I was staring into a tailor's shop window, in Regent-street, wishing for a new suit of toggery, for my own were in the autumn of their days, when I observed a little man measuring me with his eye, and examining all the good points about me with intense interest. I thought he was quizzing my shabby exterior. 'Sir,' said I, 'when you have made yourself perfect master of my extensions and dimensions, you may order me a new suit to cover them, of becoming latitude and longitude, for I am out of place, and have no pension.' 'You are an original!' said he; 'if you are accommodating you shall be suited.' 'What!' said I, 'in broad-cloth and velvet?' 'Yes,' said he, 'come along.'

"Well, do you know, not a little bewildered, I followed him into another tailor's shop, not far off; and there he skipped over the counter, and pulled out two or three superb coats, waistcoats, and trowsers. 'These will fit you to a nicety,' said he; 'I want to create a sensation, and instead of sticking a wooden figure at my shop door, with a shapeless coat tightly fitted over its broad shoulders and small waist, I want a living figure of the best proportion, to display my style of fitting and cutting upon. I will give you one of these suits, if you will stand at my door every day for a month, Sundays excepted, from ten in the morning till nine at night. You shall have a guinea a week likewise. You are to stand at the door as much like a wax figure as possible, and hold a handful of circulars in one hand, and this advertisement in the other.'

"I hadn't a shilling left to pay my lodgings with, or for the next day's dinner, so I closed with him at once, and dressed myself in the gayest suit of the lot. 'I may as well do the thing properly,' said I, looking at myself in the swing glass, where I was exhibited at full length—'send for some carmine to improve my cheeks.'"

"In about half an hour I was posted outside, with the circulars in one hand, and a large piece of pasteboard in the other, announcing to everybody that Mr. Figgins's emporium for gentlemen's clothes was inside, that his style of cutting and fit was superior to everything in art, and that his prices were extravagantly economical! I thought there was no use in looking like a living man, so I stood like a statue clad in splendid raiment. When I moved, I did it like an automaton. The ladies looked at me as they passed, and exclaimed, 'How natural!' 'Like life itself,' said a young sculptor; 'it is astonishing how paint and hair will make a statue imitate life.' 'A capital imitation,' said a miniature painter, 'but horribly out of all natural proportion; the hand too large—ditto head, face, and feet: a bungling image, not so good as Madame Tussaud's!'

"Mr. Figgins's shop was very much crowded, and I began to suffer from the ridiculous part I was playing. 'I have the clothes on my back,' I thought to myself, 'and I'll not stand here for a guinea a week—I'll drive another bargain with him.' I had just made up my mind to this, when an old acquaintance walked up, to see what the people were staring at. 'What is it?' said he to some of the people. 'A wax figure,' one replied. 'I've some doubt about it,' said another; 'for I seed it wink its eye, as it moved its head up and down.' My friend laughed; and I had no desire to be seen in such an occupation by him, so I became more rigid than before, only bowing my head at regular intervals, like a piece of machinery. 'Wilson,' said he; 'what! turned into a tailor's model! Your love of finery has brought you to something!' I remained as silent as the thing I imitated, while Mr. Figgins laughed inside until his sides ached. 'That's flesh and blood, I'll swear,' said my friend; 'I'll touch it. There's too much colour on the face for Wilson.' 'Keep your fingers off, sir,' said Mr. Figgins; 'the paint's not dry yet, and a warm hand will injure the wax.' 'Well, I never was so deceived in my life,' said my friend; 'Wilson has lent his face for the artist to cast his model upon. I declare it is life itself.' 'It is not a bit like life,' said an old man who considered himself a judge. 'Did you ever see a living man with a waist like that? or a leg of such a shape? Never, man, never: Do you mean to say that the way he bends his head is a bit like life—or that eternal frown?' 'Frown!' exclaimed my friend; 'why, it is a grin, instead of a frown.' 'Lord have mercy! so it is. Well, and is a perpetual grin like life?' 'Is this like life?' said I, taking one step forward, and bowing in the old fellow's face. The old man turned pale, and the women screamed. 'Good morning, Mr. Figgins,' said I, although he didn't hear me. 'The clothes suit me uncommonly well, but the occupation does not suit at all.' I linked my arm in my friend's, and walked off with the new suit on my back, of the finest make and material. I never went to Mr. Figgins' shop again, you may depend upon it."

"I'll trouble you for my coat, Mr. Wilson," said Tom. "If you

could play such tricks with Mr. Figgins, you are very likely to play the same trick with me."

"Nonsense, man, nonsense; you are a friend; but Mr. Figgins was a tailor—a sworn enemy to all men who wear coats and have no money to pay for them. We'll have another bottle of wine; that will be a bottle apiece. You are my visitors to-day, and I never do things by halves. I could tell you such stories! such remarkable adventures! but I never like to speak of myself. That coat upon your back, Mr. Furnival, has been my companion in many a strange frolic. It could tell tales, if it could speak. It has seen me in and out of twelve different situations within this last year. On an average, I think I get into a fresh place every month; I'm up one minute and down the next, like the piston of a steam engine. Twelve situations I have been in this last year; may I never get into another if I haven't! I never care now for anything, as long as I have a prospect of getting a dinner for the next day, and a commonly decent coat on my back."

"I wish you would have the kindness to take mine off your shoulders, and resume your own," said Tom. "I scarcely know what to think of the safety of its position, while you profess such strange sentiments and relate such odd stories, Mr. Wilson."

"There should be no distrust amongst friends," observed the latter individual; "here is the wine. I'll just tell you how I got out of a few of my last situations. Your health, Mr. Furnival; Mr. Arden, ditto. You are the most entertaining companions I ever met with, positively. I'll just tell you a few stories, beginning at the beginning of the year. At the first place I remained a week—a whole week; and would have remained longer, if I could have persuaded the governor's lady to allow mustard for home consumption, and a stronger beverage than the smallest small beer in a remarkably small quantity—but it was useless. In vain I told her that beef was indigestible without mustard, and that thin aqueous drinks were prejudicial to the stomach. She told me that her husband had taken no other for a long time, and that mustard was a thing they all disliked, and was considered by them only fit for poultices; therefore I must be content to eat and drink as they did, or apply for a situation somewhere else. I chose the latter alternative. This was my reason for leaving that situation, although the governor did insinuate that I was very insolent, that I made grog of the spirit of wine, and that a whole pint of the compound tincture of cardamoms had disappeared in a very mysterious way; but the fact was, that he wanted me to remain with him, and I was resolved to go, without consulting his convenience, which made him very angry."

"At the next situation I stopped almost a month. The old rascal was rich; and had a pretty daughter—sweetness personified! I thought she took a fancy to me, so I took a desperate fancy for her. You can't imagine how well I behaved there, but I couldn't see that pretty girl running about the house without running after her. She was such a little love! You have no idea—I had no

idea of the spirit she possessed. 'Miss Smith,' said I, as I met her on the stairs with a pair of scissors in her hand—'cut me to the heart with your scorn, or your scissors, if I can resist the attraction of so much beauty! True it is that I am only your father's assistant, but I am your slave. Command me, and behold how I will obey your slightest bidding.' 'I command you, then,' says she, 'to tell my father of your impertinent behaviour to me; if you do not, I shall.' Well, what could I do? I am a man of my word; so I spoke to the old boy in these words: 'Sir, you know what my professional abilities are; I beg leave to ask you to sanction my addresses to your daughter.' 'Scoundrel!' he replied, 'leave my house to-morrow morning.' I was obliged to obey the purse-proud old wretch.

"In a short time I got another situation, in which I remained about the usual time—three weeks or a month. A capital situation it was, for although the salary was small, I had nothing to do. The surgery boy was a smart lad, and had as much to do as myself, so we were very amicable together. I gave my new governor great satisfaction, but the women! they are doomed to be my destruction. Mrs. Pardon had a very delicate olfactory apparatus—she could positively smell what o'clock it was, at any hour out of the twenty-four, without assistance from any of the other senses. When the governor was out, she often observed a strong smell of tobacco issuing from the surgery, and stated her suspicions to her lord and master, that I indulged in the vile and vulgar habit of inhaling tobacco-smoke from a filthy pipe! The old fellow questioned me on the subject, but I was as innocent as a turtle-dove. 'Sir,' said I, 'I have a mortal aversion to tobacco.' 'So have I,' said he; 'and if I catch any one smoking in my house, I'll turn him out.' 'I hope you will,' said I; 'for I can't bear the horrible smell.' Two days afterwards the cunning old dog returned home through the stables, at the back of the house; and there were I and the surgery lad smoking very cosily together at the surgery door! 'I require your services no longer,' said he, as he marched through the smoke; and I was turned out of that situation.

"At the next place I was very unfortunate indeed; for, before I had been in it two days, I fell in love with a pretty face that showed itself occasionally over the blinds of a house on the opposite side of the way—I always was a terrible fellow to fall in love. At the same time, my friends in the country sent me a couple of fine hams, to save me expense when I was in lodgings. Beautiful hams they were. One day when I was unfortunately thinking more of the pretty girl on the opposite side of the way and the hams, than of the medicine I was dispensing, I thought I would indulge myself with a rasher broiled on the surgery fire, when I took my solitary tea. I immediately cut a delicious-looking slice out of the finest ham, and then finished my operations on the corks and bottles. 'What a beautiful girl that is on the opposite side of the way,' I exclaimed, while I was wrapping up the last mixture. 'A sweet little divinity! and what a delicious ham that is!'

Here,' I continued, giving the parcel to the boy, 'take this mixture to Mrs. Llewellyn's, number forty-five—and tell Mary to get my tea ready.' 'Now for the cooking—I wonder what the pretty girl, on the opposite side of the way, would say, if she saw me broiling a rasher.' I looked about, but could see nothing of the slice of ham anywhere. I looked on the counter, and under it, in the drawers, in some of the large bottles, and even felt for it in my pockets, but it was not to be found. I made up my mind that the boy had stolen it, and I cut another slice. You can't imagine how delightful it is to eat a slice of ham cooked by yourself. I was in the middle of this enjoyment, when a small parcel was brought in by the servant. It was directed to Mrs. Llewellyn—'What a beautiful girl that is on the opposite side of the way!' I exclaimed to the servant. 'No—no—what am I dreaming of?—this parcel is not for me.' 'Yes, sir, it is,' said the servant, 'Mrs. Llewellyn has sent it for you to look at.' 'Oh! has she?' said I, rather complimented, 'I'll look at it with pleasure.' I opened it, and there were the missing slice of ham and a slip of paper, upon which was written in my own writing, 'A fourth part of this mixture to be taken every four hours, Mrs. Llewellyn.' I had been so much taken up with the pretty girl on the opposite side of the way, that I had folded up the piece of raw ham instead of the mixture. This was an accident too bad for my governor to submit to, and I was again turned adrift to seek my fortune elsewhere.

"There's a sort of fate hanging over me, that will not permit me to stay long in one place. I am constantly on the move like the wandering Jew. I soon got another situation, however, and was turned out of it before a week was gone. A crustaceous animal my next master was, a regular old crab. He wouldn't permit me to stay out later than eleven o'clock at night, and every sensible man knows that is just the hour when day begins with merry-hearted boys like myself. The first time I stopped out until a quarter past eleven, and the old gentleman opened the door for me himself. 'Mr. Wilson,' said he, as savage as a bulldog, 'if you wish to remain in my house, you will submit to its regulations—I shall never let you in again after the clock has struck eleven.' 'I'll conform if I can,' said I; and I don't know how it happened, but the next time I went out in the evening, it was half past eleven exactly when I knocked at the old boy's door. No one replied, so I knocked again and again, and then the crusty old governor popped his head out of his bedroom window, 'Who's there?' said he, in a voice like a large dog's. 'I, sir,' said I. 'Who are you, sir?' said he. 'Mr. Wilson, sir,' said I. 'I thought Mr. Wilson was in the house, and in bed,' said he. 'I am sorry I am so late,' said I; 'but Mr. Wilson is out of the house, and in the street.' 'There he may stay,' said my master, 'and if he will come in the morning he may carry away his boxes, and receive his salary.' Down went the sash of the window, and I stood in the street shivering with cold. 'I'll be revenged for this,' said I; so I took a sharp walk for half an hour, and warmed

myself with a little brandy, and then I returned to the inhospitable old fellow's door, and pulled the night-bell with tremendous violence. 'Who's there?' said he, in a very fierce tone. 'I am going to bed directly, sir,' said I, 'and am come to say good night first.' The old fellow had armed himself with a jug of water, and by way of reply, he threw the water at me. Not a drop fell near me, and repeating the 'good night,' I walked away better pleased than I should have been with a year's salary in advance."

"I propose that, as the decanter is empty, we adjourn this meeting," said Furnival, "therefore, Mr. Wilson, I will thank you to resume your own coat, and restore mine."

"I'll pay the bill first," said Mr. Wilson, "so I'll trouble you to ring the bell, Mr. Arden."

I did as I was requested, and at that very moment, a gentleman passed the house on horseback, at full trot—"Bless my soul! there's a particular friend of mine—I must speak to him," exclaimed Wilson, running out of the house to stop the person on horseback. "He'll never be able to stop him," said Tom, "he will be out of sight by this time."

"If he will call to him, he will stop, I dare say," said I.

"What a fellow Wilson is to talk!" said Tom. "His tongue never tires, by all that's tiresome; he can talk longer than any one can listen. What prosy story was he telling last? I have been more than half asleep all the time. He never talks about himself—never."

"He has treated us handsomely with the wine," said I, "considering his circumstances. I thought you seemed inclined to distrust him."

"I certainly was, when he told that cock-and-bull story about cheating the tailor. Here's the waiter. We don't want the bill, waiter; we have been regaling at the gentleman's expense who has just run out after that person on horseback, if you saw him."

"You will find," replied the waiter, "that he has been regaling at yours. For the gentleman, instead of running after the person on horseback, got into an omnibus, and I dare say is at Hyde Park by this time."

"By all knaves and thieves that ever breathed!" exclaimed Tom, "we are done this time. Here's a bill—one pound two to pay, and my best coat and waistcoat gone! I'll never be charitable again. We must divide this expense between us, Arden. I shall catch Mr. Wilson at his new situation, and I'll pay him off for this trick."

We paid the bill, and proceeded homeward. When Tom went to look for Wilson at his new situation, he was not at home; and when he went again in a week, he was informed that the very respectable young man had been turned away in disgrace.

SLAVERY IN RUSSIA.*

THE public desire to be acquainted with everything relating to Russia has been amply gratified; but no publication that we know of, save the works of Oliphant and Maxwell, has contributed so much to satisfy this curiosity, as the "Diary of Dr. Robert Lee."

The value of this work principally consists in its perfect truthfulness. The state of society, if that word apply to anything Russian, is made known by a number of anecdotes, which speak with greater force than a volume of disquisitions. Dr. Lee had rare opportunities for observation of life, manners, and politics in Russia. He was resident nearly two years in different parts of that kingdom, and mixed in the society of those who could and did give him accurate information of the deep game played behind the scenes. He saw Russia in 1825, as all the world sees her now, and recognised in the early days of Nicholas that ambition and aggressive spirit, which has carried the Russian troops once more across the Danube. He was in Russia at the death of the Emperor Alexander, and was among the first to correct the idea general in Europe for some time, that the Emperor had been poisoned. He was there also, during the conspiracy which broke out on the accession of Nicholas, and testifies to the distrust one Russian had of another, which, indeed, led to the betrayal of the conspiracy. Many anecdotes are given, which reveal the state of the serfs, or, as Dr. Lee boldly and justly calls them, slaves. The oppression of sixty millions of human beings cannot long go unavenged! Though the present Emperor has suppressed the Bible Society; discountenanced education; and thrown impediments in the paths of foreigners travelling in his dominions; he cannot expect ultimately to succeed in naturalising Asiatic despotism on the shores of the Baltic. The mournful songs which the poor slaves give to the air, as they traverse the country roads, are pregnant with sad meaning; and the dogged obstinacy with which the Russian falls at his post in battle, may be as much the result of despair as of courage. Under the thin crust of society in Russia, lies a sore which is festering: whilst the world for years has been fighting the battle of the Negro, there have been slaves close at hand, who have toiled from the hour of their birth till welcome death released them, victims of the caprice, the passions, and the knouts of their savage masters. In favour of these miserable beings Dr. Lee repeatedly raises his voice; and when it was the fashion to laud Nicholas to the sky, he asked what single good thing had the Czar done for the sixty millions of slaves that are penned in the Russian

* The "Last Days of Alexander, and the First Days of Nicholas, Emperor of Russia." By Robert Lee, M.D. Second Edition.

"Russia and the War." By Captain Jesse.

Empire. When we reflect upon the responsibility which Nicholas for a quarter of a century has voluntarily assumed, of preserving in a state of slavery a large proportion of the human race, we must suppose either that his life is insupportable to him, or more probably that his heart is hardened, like the Egyptian king's, so that he is deaf to reason.

Conversations are given in the course of the Diary, which Dr. Lee had with distinguished politicians, among others with Count Caraman, which are very interesting. The Second Edition, lately issued, has the following anecdote, which we shall extract, to show the extensive system of employing spies in the Austrian Dominions:—

“At Vienna, on my way to St. Petersburg, I left with the porter of the English Embassy a letter of introduction to Lady Georgiana Wellesley, wife of the English Ambassador, for a friend in England. On this occasion I was invited to dinner, but being on the point of setting out for Russia I could not accept of the invitation, and sent a written excuse. On my return from Russia in 1826, through Vienna, two years after, meeting her ladyship at dinner at the Russian Ambassador's, she expressed her astonishment that I was not the Dr. Lee who had accepted her invitation in 1824, and had actually personated me at the Ambassador's table. Her ladyship thought, on that occasion, that there was some most unaccountable mistake, as the impostor was wholly ignorant of the friend who had given me the letter of introduction to her ladyship. My letter, declining the invitation, was left at my hotel, and I have never ceased to believe that this was the work of the police, my passport being signed by Mr. Canning, at that time most obnoxious to the Austrian and Russian Courts.”

Captain Jesse's little volume is a very unpretending, but a very useful book, containing a variety of statistics and anecdotes, illustrating the social and political condition of Russia. Every page corroborates the statements of Dr. Lee, and shows how entirely the spirit of the Russian is subdued by the wretched system under which he is born. The extent to which gaming is followed out in the capital is another proof of the necessity of some strong excitement to enable the people to forget the monotony of Russian life. “The men,” says Captain Jesse, “live for intrigue, gaming, dissipation, and the Government.”

This war, if it be attended by no other, will have this one good effect, it has produced a number of works by authors of unimpeachable veracity, who all bear testimony to the rotten, miserable state of society in St. Petersburg and other cities of the Russian Empire; to the cruel nature of the military despotism of Nicholas; and chiefly to the sad condition of the poor Russian slave. On this last subject all writers are agreed. Crushed indeed must be all spirit amongst the serfs since they endure such vegetation, we will not call it life. Much of Captain Jesse's volume appeared some time back, but is now most seasonably re-published, with additional matter. The account of Odessa is very full and clear, and, together with the portion relating to Sebastopol, will be read now with interest. Greater value attaches to the brief but lucid sketch of Circassia, and the forts on the Circassian Coast, respecting which very little is known. Even after the many volumes on Russia, which this war has called forth, this little work should be read for much new information conveyed in a genial, lively style.

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.*

BY CHARLES READE,

AUTHOR OF "CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE."

CHAPTER II.

THEY eyed one another in silence: at last Hickman looked down upon the ground and said, in faltering, ill-assured tones, "H-how d' ye do, Rachael? I-I didn't expect to see you here." "Nor I you."

"If you are busy, don't let me stop you, you know," said Hickman, awkwardly and confused, and, like one with no great resources, compelled to utter something.

Then Rachael, white as a sheet, took up her basket again, and moved away in silence! the young farmer eyed her apprehensively, and, being clearly under the influence of some misgiving as to her intentions, said, "If you blow me it will do me harm and you no good, you know, Rachael. Can't we be friends?"

"Friends!—you and I?"

"Don't be in such a hurry—let us talk it over. I am a little better off than I used to be in those days."

"What is that to me?"

"Plenty; if you won't be spiteful, and set others against me in this part:"—by "others," doubtless Hickman intended Mrs. Mayfield.

"I shall neither speak nor think of you," was the cold answer.

Had Richard Hickman been capable of fathoming Rachael Wright, or even of reading her present marble look and tone aright, he would have seen that he had little to apprehend from her beyond contempt, a thing he would not in the least have minded; but he was cunning, and, like the cunning, shallowish, so he pursued his purpose, feeling his way with her to the best of his ability.

"I have had a smart bit of money left me lately, Rachael."

"What is that to me?"

"What is it? why, a good deal, because I could assist you *now*, maybe."

"And what right have you to assist me *now*?"

"Confound it, Rachael, how proud you are!—why you are not the same girl. Oh! I see, as for assisting you, I know you would rather work than be in debt to any one; but then there is another besides you, you know."

"What other?" said Rachael, losing her impassibility, and trembling all over at this simple word.

"What other? why, confound it, who ever saw a girl fence

• This writer's works are written to be read aloud.

like this. I suppose you think I am not man enough to do what's right; I am, though, now I have got the means."

"To do what?"

"Why, to do my duty by him—to provide for him."

"FOR WHOM?" cried Rachael, wildly, "WHEN HE IS DEAD!"

"Dead?"

"Dead!"

"Don't say so, Rachael; don't say so."

"He is dead!"

"Dead! I never thought I should have cared much; but that word do seem to knock against my heart. I'd give a hundred pounds to any one would tell me it is not true—poor thing! I've been to blame; I've been to blame."

"You were not near us when he came into the world; you were not near us when he went out of it. He lived in poverty with me; he died in poverty, for all I could do, and it is against my will if I did not die with him. Our life or our death gave you no care. Whiles he lived, you received a letter every six months from me, claiming my rights as your wife."

Hickman nodded assent.

"Last year you had no letter."

"No more there was."

"And did not that tell you? Poor Rachael had lost her consolation and her hope, and had no more need of anything!"

"Poor Rachael!" cried the man, stung with sudden remorse. "Curse it all! Curse you, Dick Hickman!" Then, suddenly recovering his true nature, and, like us men, never at a loss for an excuse against a woman, he said, angrily, "What is the use of letters—why didn't you come and tell me you were so badly off?"

"Me come after you! The wrong-doer?"

"Oh! confound your pride! should have sent the old man to me, then."

"My grandfather, an old soldier as proud as fire! Send him to the man who robbed me of my good name by cheating the law. You are a fool! Three times he left our house with his musket loaded to kill you—three times I got him home again; but how?—by prayers, and tears, and force—all three, or you would not be here in life."

"The devil! what an old Tartar! I say, is he here along with you?"

"Oh, you need not fear," said Rachael, with a faint expression of scorn, "he is going directly, and I am going too; and when I do go from here I shall have lost all the little pleasure and hope I have in the world," said Rachael, sorrowfully, and, as she said this, she became unconscious of Hickman's presence, and moved away without looking at him; but that prudent person dared not part with her so. He was one of those men who say, "I know the women," and, in his sagacity, he dreaded this woman's tongue. He determined, therefore, to stop her tongue, and not to risk Rose Mayfield and thousands for a few pounds.

"Now, Rachael, listen to me. Since the poor child is dead, there is only you to think of. We can do one another good or harm, you and I; better good than harm, I say. Suppose I offered you twenty pounds, now, to keep dark?"

"You poor creature!"

"Well, thirty, then?"

"Oh! hold your tongue—you make me ashamed of myself as well as you."

"I see what it is, you want too much; you want me to be your husband."

"No; while my child lived, I claimed my right for his sake; but not now, not now," and the poor girl suddenly turned her eyes on Hickman, with an indescribable shudder, that a woman would have interpreted to the letter; but no man could be expected to read it quite aright, so many things it said.

Hickman, the sagacious, chose to understand by it pique and personal hostility to him, and desire of vengeance; and, having failed to bribe her, he now resolved to try and outface her.

It so happened that at this very moment merry voices began to sound on every side. The clatter was heard of tables being brought out of the kitchen, and the harvest-home people were seen coming towards the place where Rachael and Hickman were; so Hickman said, hastily, "Any way, don't think to blow me—for if you do, I'll swear you out, my lass, I'll swear you out."

"No doubt you know how to lie," was the cold reply.

"There, Rachael," cried Hickman, piteously, lowering his tone of defiance in a moment; "don't expose me before the folk, whatever you do. Here they all come, confound them!"

Rachael made no answer. She retired into the Hathorns' house, and in a few minutes the tables were set, just outside the house, and loaded with good cheer, and the rustics began to ply knife and fork as zealously as they had sickle, and rake, and pitchfork; and so, on the very spot of earth where Rachael had told Hickman her child was dead, and with him her heart, scarce five minutes afterwards came the rattle of knives and forks, and peals of boisterous laughter and huge feeding. And thus it happens to many a small locality in this world—tragedy, comedy, and farce are acted on it by turns, and all of them in earnest. So harvest-home dinner proceeded with great zeal; and after the solids the best ale was served round *ad libitum*; and intoxication, sanctified by immemorial usage, followed in due course. However, as this symptom of harvest was a long time coming on upon the present occasion, owing to peculiar interruptions, the reader will not have to follow us so far, which let us hope he will not regret.

Few words, worthy of being embalmed in an immortal story, warranted to live a month, were uttered during the discussion of the meats, for when the *fruges consumere nati* are let loose upon beef, bacon, and pudding, among the results dialogue on a large scale is not.

"Yet shall the Muse" embalm a conversation that passed on this occasion between the Brothers Messenger, labourers aged about fifty, who had been on this farm nearly all their lives.

Bob Messenger was carving a loin of veal. Jem Messenger sat opposite him, eating bacon and beans on a very large scale.

Bob, (aiming at extraordinary politeness): "Wool you have some veal along with your bacon, Jem?"

Jem. "That I wool not, Bob," (with a reproachful air, as one whom a brother had sought to entrap.)

When the table was cleared of the viands, the ale-mugs and horns were filled, and Mrs. Mayfield and the Hathorns took part in the festive ceremony—that is, they did not sit at the table, but they showed themselves from time to time, and made their humble guests heartily welcome by word, and look, and smile, as their forefathers had done at harvest-time, each in their century and generation.

Presently Bob Messenger arose solemnly, with his horn of ale in his hand. The others rose after him, knowing well what he was going to do, and chaunted with him the ancient Harvest-home stave:—

"Here's a health unto our master,
The founder of the feast,
Not only to our master,
But to our mistress.

Two Voices. Then drink, boys, drink,
And see as you do not spill,
For if you do you shall drink to
Our health with a free goodwill,

Chorus. Then drink, boys, drink," &c.

Corporal Patrick and Rachael left the table. They had waited only to take part in this compliment to their entertainers, and now they left. The reason was, one or two had jeered them before grace.

The corporal had shaved and made himself very clean, and he had put on his faded red jacket, which he always carried about, and Rachael had washed his neck-handkerchief, and tied it neatly about his neck, and had put on herself a linen collar and linen wristband, very small and plain, but white and starched; and at this their humble attempt to be decent and nice one or two, (who happened to be dirty at the time), could not help sneering. Another thing, Rachael and Patrick were strangers. Some natives cut a jest or two at their expense, and Patrick was about to answer by flinging his mug at one man's head, but Rachael restrained him, and said, "Be patient, grandfather. They were never taught any better. When the farmer's health has been drunk we can leave them."

People should be able to take jests, or to answer them in kind, not to take them to heart; but Rachael and Patrick had seen better days, (they were not so very proud and irritable then), and now Patrick, naturally high spirited, was sore, and could not bear to be filliped, and Rachael was become too cold and bitter towards all the vulgar natures that blundered up against her, not meaning her any good, nor much harm, either, poor devils!

A giggle greeted their departure; but it must be owned it was a somewhat uneasy giggle.

There was in the company a certain Timothy Brown John, who was naturally a shoemaker, but was turned out into the stubble annually at harvest time. The lad had a small rustic genius for music, which he illustrated by playing the clarionet in church, to the great regret of the clergyman. Now after the chorus one or two were observed to be nudging this young man, and he to be making those mock-modest difficulties which are part of a singer, in town or country.

"Ay, Tim," cried Mrs. Mayfield, "you sing us a song."

"He have got a new one, Mistress!" put in a carter's lad, with saucer eyes.

"What is it about, boy?"

"Well," replied the youngster, "it is about love," (at which the girls giggled); "and I think it is about you, Dame Mayfield."

"About me! then it must be nice."

Chorus of Rustics—"Haw! haw! haw!"

"Come, Mr. Brown John, I will trouble you for it, directly. I can see the bottom of some of their mugs, Jane."

"Well," said Mr. Brown John, looking down, "I don't know what to say about it. Mayhap, you might n't like it quite so well before so much company."

"Why not? pray."

"Well, you see, Dame, I am afeard I shall give you a red face, like, with this here song."

"If you do, I'll give you one with this here hand."

Chorus—"Haw, haw! Ho!"

"Drat the boy, sing, and have done with it."

"I'll do my best, Ma'am," replied Tim, gravely.

On this, Mr. Brown John drew from his pocket a diminutive flute, with one key, and sounded his G at great length. He then paused, to let his G enter his own mind and those around; he then composed his features like a preacher, and was about to enter on his undertaking, when the whole operation was suddenly, and remorselessly, and provokingly interrupted by Mr. Casenower, who, struck as it appeared with a sudden, irresistible idea, burst upon them all with this question—

"Do any of you know one Rebecca Reid, in this part of the world?"

The company stared.

Some, to whom this question had been put by him before, giggled; others, scratched their heads; others, got no farther than a stricken look. A few mustered together their wits, and assured Mr. Casenower they had never heard tell of "the wench."

"How devilish odd," cried Casenower, "it is not such a common combination of sounds, one would think."

"I know Hannah Reid," squeaked a small cow-boy; he added, with enthusiasm, "she is a capital slider, she is!!!" and he smiled at some reminiscence, perchance of a joint somersault upon the ice, last winter.

"Hannah does not happen to be Rebecca, young gentleman," objected Casenower; "sing away, John Brown."

"I'm agoing, sir. G——g——g——g——" and he impressed the key note once more upon their souls. Then sang Brown John the following song, and the rest made the laughing chorus, and, as they all laughed in different ways, though they began laughing from their heads, ended in laughing from their hearts. It was pleasant and rather funny, and proved so successful, that after this *Il Maestro*, Brown John and his song were asked to all the feasts in a circle of seven miles. There were eight verses: we will confine ourselves to two, because paper is not absolutely valueless, whatever the trivoluminous may think.

"When Richard appeared, how my heart pit-a-pat,
With a tenderly motion, with which it was seized!
To hear the young fellow's gay innocent chat
I could listen for ever—oh dear! I'm so pleased!
I'm so pleased! ha! ha! ha! ha!
I'm so pleased! ha! ha! ha! ha!
I'm agoing to be married—oh dear! I'm so pleased!
I'm agoing to be married—oh dear! I'm so pleased!
Chorus. I'm so pleased, &c.

"Oh, sweet is the smell of the new-mown hay,
And sweet are the cowslips that spring in May;
But sweeter 's my lad than the daisied lawn,
Or the hay, or the flower, or the cows at the dawn.
I'm so pleased," &c.

We writers can tell "the what," but not so very often "the how," of anything. I can give Tim's bare words, but it is not in my power nor any man's to write down the manner of *Il Maestro* in singing. How he dwelt on the short syllables, and abridged the long—his grave face till he came to his laugh—and then the enormous mouth that flew suddenly open and the jovial peal that came ringing through two rows of teeth like white chess-pawns, and with all this his quaint, indescribable, *dulcet*, rustic twang, that made his insignificant melody ring like church bells heard from the middle of a wood, and taste like metheglin come down to us in a yew-tree cask from the Druids!

During the song, one Robert Munday and his son, rural fiddlers, who by instinct nosed festivities, appeared at the gate, each with a green bag. A shriek of welcome greeted them; they were set in a corner, with beef and ale galore, and soon the great table was carried in, the ground cleared, the couples made, and the fiddles tuning.

The Messrs. Munday made some preliminary flourishes, like hawks hovering uncertain where to pounce, and then, like the same bird, they suddenly dashed into "The Day in June."

Their style was rough, and bore a family likeness to ploughing, but it was true, clean, and spirited; the notes of the *arpeggio* danced out like starry sparks in fireworks.

Moreover, the Messrs. Munday played to the foot, which is precisely what your melted-butter-violinist always fails to do,

whether he happens to be washing out the soul of a waltz, or of a polka, or of a reel.

They also played so as to raise the spirits of all who heard them, young or old, which is an artistic effect of the very highest order, however attained, and never is and never will be attained by the melted-butter-violinist.

The fiddlers being merry, the dancers were merry; the dancers being merry, the fiddlers said to themselves "Aha! we have not missed fire," and so grew merrier still. And thus the electric fire of laughter and music darted to and fro. Dance, sons and daughters of toil! None had ever a better right to dance than you have this sunny afternoon in clear September. It was you that painfully ploughed the stiff soil; it was you that trudged up the high incommoding furrow and painfully cast abroad the equal seed. You that are women, bowed the back and painfully drilled holes in the soil, and poured in the seed; and this month past you have all bent, and, with sweating brows, cut down and housed the crops that came from the seed you planted. Dance! for those yellow ricks, trophies of your labour, say you have a right to; those barns, bursting with golden fruit, swear you have a right to. Harvest-tide comes but once a year. Dance! sons and daughters of toil.

Exult over your work, smile with the smiling year, and, in this bright hour, oh, cease my poor soul to envy the rich and great! Believe me, they are never, at any hour of their lives, so cheery as you are now. How can they be? With them dancing is tame work, an every-day business—no rarity, no treat—don't envy them—God is just, and deals the sources of content with a more equal hand than appears on the surface of things—dance, too, without fear; let no Puritan make you believe it is wrong; things are wrong out of season, and right in season; to dance in harvest is as becoming as to be grave in church. The Almighty has put it into the hearts of insects to dance in the afternoon sun, and of men and women in every age and every land to dance round the gathered crop, whether it be corn, or oil, or wine, or any other familiar miracle that springs up sixty-fold and nurtures and multiplies the life of man. More fire, fiddlers! play to the foot—play to the heart the sprightly "Day in June." Ay! foot it freely, lads and lasses; my own heart is warmer to think you are merry once or twice in your year of labour—dance, my poor brothers and sisters, sons and daughters of toil!

After several dances, Mrs. Mayfield, who had been uneasy in her mind at remaining out of the fun, could bear inaction no longer, so she pounced on Robert Hathorn and drew him into the magic square. Robert danced, but in a very listless way: so much so, that his mother, who stood by, took occasion to give him a push and say, "is that the way to dance?" at which poor Robert tried to do better, but his limbs, as well as his face, showed how far his heart was from his heels.

Now, in the middle of this dance, suddenly loud and angry sounds were heard approaching, and the voice of old Patrick was

soon distinguished, and the next moment he was seen following Mr. Hickman, and, hanging on his rear, loading him with invective. Rachael was by his side, endeavouring, in vain, to soothe him, and to end, what to her was a most terrible scene. At a gesture from Mrs. Mayfield, the fiddlers left off, and the rustics turned, all curiosity, towards the interruption. "There are bad hearts in the world," shouted Patrick to all present—vermin that steal into honest houses and * file them—bad hearts, that rob the poor of that which is before life; oh, yes, far before life! and as he uttered these words, Patrick was observed to stagger.

"The old man is drunk," said Hickman. "I don't know what he means."

Rachael coloured high and cried, "No! Master Robert, I assure you he is not drunk, but he is not himself; he has been complaining this hour past; see! look at his eye. Good people, my grandfather is ill;" and indeed, as she said these words, Patrick, who from the moment he had staggered, had stared wildly and confusedly around him, suddenly bowed his head and dropped upon his knees; he would have fallen on his face, but Rachael's arm now held him up.

In a moment several persons came round them; amongst the rest, Robert and Mrs. Mayfield. Robert loosened his neckcloth, and looking at the old man's face and eye, he said, gravely and tenderly, "Rachael, I have seen the like of this before—in harvest."

"Oh, Master Robert, what is it?"

"Rachael, it is a stroke of the sun!"—he turned to his mother. "God forgive us all, the old man was never fit for the work we have put him to."

"Come, don't stand gaping there," cried Mrs. Mayfield; "mount my mare and gallop for the doctor—don't spare her—off with you! Betsy, get a bed ready in my garret."

"Eh, dear!" said Mrs. Hathorn, "I doubt the poor thing's troubles are over," and she put up her apron and began to cry.

"Oh, no!" cried Rachael. "Grandfather—don't leave me!—don't leave me!"

Corporal Patrick's lips moved.

"I can't see ye! I can't see any of ye!" he said, half fretfully. "Ah!" he resumed, as if a light had broken in on him. "Yes!" said he, very calmly, "I think I am going;" but the next moment he cried in tones that made the bystanders thrill, so wild and piteous they were—"My daughter! my daughter!—she will miss me!"

Robert Hathorn fell on his kness, and took the old hand with one of those grasps that bring soul into contact with soul; the old soldier, who was at this moment past seeing or hearing, felt this grasp, and turned to it as an unconscious plant turns to the light. "I can't see you," said he, faintly; "but, whoever you are, take care of my child!—she is such a good child!" The hands spoke to one another still; then the old soldier almost smiled, and the anxious, frightened look of his face, began to calm. "Thank God,"

* For defile.

he faltered, "they are going to take care of my child!" And, almost with these words, he lost all sense, and lay pale, and calm, and motionless at their feet, and his hand could grasp Robert's no more. There was a moment of dead silence and inquiring looks. Robert looked into his face gravely and attentively.

When he had so inspected him a little while, he turned to them all, and he said, in a deep and almost a stern voice,

"Hats off!"

They all uncovered, and stood looking like stricken deer at the old soldier as he lay. The red jacket had nothing ridiculous now. When it was new and bright, it had been in great battles. They asked themselves now had they really sneered at this faded rag of England's glory, and at that withered hero?

"Did n't think the old man was agoing to leave us like that," said one of these rough penitents, "or I'd never ha wagged my tongue again un."

Mrs. Mayfield gave orders to have him carried up to her garret, and four stout rustics, two at his head and two at his feet, took him up the stairs, and laid him there on a decent bed. When Rachael saw the clean floor, the little carpet round the foot of the bed, the bright walls and windows, and the snowy sheets, made ready for her grandfather, she hid her face and wept, and said but two words—"too late! too late!"

As Rachael was following her grandfather up the stairs, she met Hickman: that worthy had watched this sorrowful business in silence; he had tears in his eyes, and coming to her, he whispered in her ear, "Rachael, don't fret—I will not desert you now." On the landing, a moment after, Rachael met Robert Hathorn: he said to her, "Rachael, your grandfather trusted you to me."

When Hickman said that to her, Rachael turned and looked at him.

When Robert said that to her, she lowered her eyes away from him.

CHAPTER III.

THE poor battered soldier lay some hours between life and death. Just before sunrise, Rachael, who had watched him all night, and often moistened his temples with vinegar, opened the window, and as the morning air came into the room, a change for the better was observed in the patient—a slight colour stole into his pale cheeks, and he seemed to draw a fuller breath, and his heart beat more perceptibly. Rachael kneeled and prayed for him, and then she prayed to him not to leave her alone: the sun had been up about an hour, and came fiery bright into the white-washed room; for it looked towards the East, and corporal Patrick's lips moved, but without uttering a sound. Rachael prayed for him again most fervently. About nine o'clock his lips moved, and this time he spoke.—

"—— Rear rank, right wheel!—"

— The next moment, a light shot into his eye. His looks rested upon Rachael: he smiled feebly, but contentedly, then closed his eyes, and slumbered again.

Corporal Patrick lived. But it was a near thing, a very near thing—he was saved by one of those accidents we call luck—when Mrs. Mayfield's Tom rode for the doctor, the doctor was providentially out. Had he been in, our tale would be now bidding farewell to Corporal Patrick—for this doctor was one of the pig-sticking ones. He loved to stab men and women with a tool that has slain far more than the sword in modern days; it is called "the lancet." Had he found a man insensible, he would have stabbed him, poor man; he always stabbed a fellow-creature when he caught it insensible: not very generous, was it?—now had he drawn from those old veins one table-spoonful of that red fluid which is the life of a man, the aged man would have come to his senses only to sink the next hour, and die for want of that vital stream stolen from him by rule.

As it was he breathed; and came back to life by slow degrees. At first his right arm was powerless; then he could not move the right leg, but at last he recovered the use of his limbs, but remained feeble, and his poor head was sore confused: one moment he would be quite himself; another his memory of recent events would be observed—and then he would shake his head and sigh—but Nature was strong in him; and he got better—but slowly.

As soon as he was able to walk, Rachael proposed to Mrs. Mayfield to return home, but Mrs. Hathorn interposed, and requested Rachael to take her own servant's place for another week, in order to let the servant visit her friends. On these terms, Rachael remained, and did the work of the Hathorns' house, and it was observed, that during this period more colour came to her cheek, and her listlessness and languor sensibly diminished.

She was very active and zealous in her work, and old Hathorn was so pleased with her, that he said one day to Mrs. Hathorn: "I don't care if Betsy never comes back at all; this one is worth a baker's dozen of her, this Rachael."

"Betsy will serve our turn as well in the long run," said Mrs. Hathorn, somewhat drily and thoughtfully.

"Betsy!" replied the former, contemptuously; "there is more sense in this Rachael's forefinger than in that wench's whole carcass."

It was about two days after this, that the following conversation took place between Robert Hathorn and his mother:—

"Is it true, what I hear, that Mr. Patrick talks about going next week?"

"Have not they been here long enough, Robert. I wish they may not have been here too long."

"Why too long, when you asked them to stay yourself, mother."

"Yes, I did, and I doubt I did very wrong. But it is hard for a mother to deny her son."

"I am much obliged to you, mother, but I don't remember that ever I asked you."

"No! no! I don't say that you ever spoke your mind, Robert; but you looked up in my face, and showed your wish plain enough to *my* eye; and you see a poor foolish body like me doesn't know how to say no to her boy that never vexed her. I should have been a better friend to you, if I had turned my head away, and made-believe not to see what is in your heart."

Robert paused awhile, then in a low anxious voice, he whispered.

"Don't you like her, mother?"

"Yes! I like her, my poor soul. What is there to dislike in her? But I don't know her."

"But I know her as well as if we had been seven years acquainted."

"You talk like a child! How can you know a girl that comes from a strange part."

"I'd answer for her, mother."

"I wouldn't answer for any young wench of them all! I do notice, she is very close: ten to one if she has not an acquaintance of some sort, good or bad."

"A bad acquaintance, mother! Never! If you had seen her through all the harvest-month as I did, respect herself and make others respect her, you would see that girl never could have made a trip in her life."

"Now, Robert, what makes you so sad, like, if you have no misgivings about her?"

"Because, mother, I don't think she likes me so well as I do her."

"All the better," said Mrs. Hathorn, drily, "make up your mind to that."

"Do not say so! do not say so!" said Robert, piteously.

"Well, Robert, she does not hate you, you may be sure of that. Why is she in such a hurry to go away?"

"Because she has some one in her own country she likes better than me."

"Ay! that is the way you boys read women. More likely she is afraid of liking you too well, and making mischief in a family."

"Oh, mother, do you think it is that?"

"There, I am a fool to tell you such things."

"Oh, no, no, no! There is no friend like a mother."

"There is no fool like a mother, that is my belief."

"No, no! Give me some comfort, mother; tell me you see some signs of liking in her."

"Well, then, when she is quite sure you are not looking her way, I can see her eye dwell upon you as if it was at home."

"Oh, how happy you make me; but, mother, how you must have watched her?"

"Of course, I watched her, and you, too. I've seen a long while how matters were going."

"But you never spoke to Rose, or my father?"

"If I had, she would have been turned out of the house, and a good job, too; but you would have fretted, you know," and Mrs. Hathorn sighed.

"Mother, I must kiss you. I shall have courage to speak to father about it now."

"Take a thought, Robert. His heart is set upon your marrying your cousin. It would be a bitter pill to the poor old man, and his temper is very hasty. For Heaven's sake, take a thought. I don't know what to do, I am sure."

"I must do it soon or late," said Robert, resolutely. "No time so good as now. Father is hasty, and he will be angry, no doubt; but after a while he will give in; I don't ask him favours every day. Do you consent, mother?"

"Oh, Robert, what is the use asking me whether I consent? I have only one son, and he is a good one. I am afraid I could not say no to your happiness, suppose it was my duty to say no;" but your father is not such a fool as I am, and I am main doubtful whether he will ever consent. I wish you could think better of it?"

"I will try him, mother, no later than to-day. Why, here he comes. Oh, there is Mr. Casenower with him; that is unlucky. You get him away, mother, and I'll open my mind to father."

Old Hathorn came past the window, and entered the room where Robert and Mrs. Hathorn were. The farmer stumped in, and sat down with some appearance of fatigue. Mr. Casenower sat down opposite him.

That gentleman had in his hand a cabbage. He was proving to the farmer that this plant is more nutritious than the potato. The theory was German in the first instance. "There are but three nourishing principles in all food," argued Mr. Casenower, "and of those what we call 'fibrine,' is the most effective. Now, see, I put my nail to this stalk, and it readily reduces itself to a bundle of little fibres; see, those are pure fibrine, and, taken into the stomach, make the man muscular. Can anything be clearer?"

Mr. Hathorn, who had shown symptoms of impatience, replied to this effect, "That he knew by personal experience that cabbage turns to nothing but hot water in a man's belly."

"There are words to come out of a man's mouth!" objected Mrs. Hathorn.

"Better than cabbage going into it," grunted the farmer.

"Ah, you know nothing of chemistry, my good friend."

"Well, sir, you say there is a deal of heart in a cabbage?"

"I do."

"Then I tell you what I'll do with you, sir. There is some fool has been and planted half an acre of cabbages in my barley-field——

"It was not a fool," put in Mrs. Hathorn, sharply, "it was me."

"It was not a fool, you see, sir; it was a woman," responded Hathorn, mighty drily. "Well, sir, you train on the Dame's cabbages for a month, and all that time I'll eat nothing stronger than beef and bacon, and at the end of the month I'll fight you for a pot of beer, if you are so minded."

"This is the way we reason in the country, eh, Mr. Robert?"

"Yes, sir, it would serve father right if you took him up, sir,

with his game leg; but I don't hold with cabbages for all that; a turnip is watery enough, but a cabbage and a sponge are pretty much one, it seems to me."

"Mr. Casenower," put in Mrs. Hathorn, "didn't you promise to show me a pansy in your garden, that is to win the next prize at Wallingford?"

"I did, Ma'am, but you should not call it 'Pansy'; 'Heart's-ease' is bad enough, without going back to 'Pansy.' *Viola tricolor* is the name of the flower—the scientific name."

"No," said old Hathorn, stoutly.

"No! What do you mean by no?"

"What are names for? To remember things by; then the scientificest name must be the one that it is easiest to remember. Now, pansy is a deal easier to remember than 'vile tricolour.'"

"I am at your service, Mrs. Hathorn; come along, for Heaven's sake;" and off hustled Mr. Casenower towards the garden with Mrs. Hathorn.

"Father," said Robert, after an uneasy pause, "I have something to say to you, very particular."

"Have you, though? well, out with it, my lad!"

"Father!"—

At this moment, in hustled Mr. Casenower again. "Oh, Mr. Robert, I forgot something. Let me tell you, now I think of it. I want you to find out this Rebecca Reid for me. She lives somewhere near, within a few miles. I don't exactly know how many. Can't you find her out?"

"Why, sir," said Robert, "it is like looking for one poppy in a field of standing wheat."

"No, no! When you go to market, ask all the farmers from different parishes whether they know her."

"Haw, haw, haw!" went Hathorn, senior. "Yes, do, Robert. Ho, ho!"

"Have you any idea what he is laughing at?" said Mr. Casenower, drily.

"Father thinks you will make me the laughing-stock of the market, sir," said Robert, with a faint smile; "but never mind him, sir, I shall try and oblige you."

"You are a good fellow, Robert. I must go back to Mrs. Hathorn," and off he hustled again.

"Father," began Robert; but before he could open his subject, voices were heard outside, and Mrs. Mayfield came in, followed by Richard Hickman.

"Tic! tic! tic!" said poor Robert, peevishly, for he foresaw endless interruptions.

Mr. Hickman had been for some minutes past employed in the agreeable occupation of bringing Mrs. Mayfield to the point; but, for various reasons, Mrs. Mayfield did not want to be brought to the point that forenoon. One of those reasons was, that although she liked Hickman well enough to marry him, she liked somebody else better, and she was not yet sure as to this person's intentions. She wanted, therefore, to be certain she could not have Paul,

before she committed herself to Peter. Now, certain ladies when they do not want to be brought to the point, have ways of avoiding it that a man would hardly hit upon. One of them is, to be constantly moving about; for, they argue, "if he can't pin my body to any spot, he can't pin my soul, for my soul is contained in my body," and there is a certain vulgar philosophy in this. Another is, to be so absorbed in some small matter, that just then they cannot do justice to the larger question, and so modestly postpone it.

"Will I be yours till death us do part? now, how can I tell you just now? such a question demands at least some attention; and look at this hole in my lace-collar, which I am mending; if I don't give my whole soul to it, how can I mend it properly?"

Mr. Hickman had no sooner shown Mrs. Mayfield that he wanted to bring her to the point, than he found himself in for some hard work: twice he had to cross the farmyard with her: he had to take up a sickly chicken and pronounce upon its ailment. He had to get some milk in a pail and give one of her calves a drink. He had to bring one cow from paddock to stall, and another from stall to paddock. Heaven knew why—and when all this and much more was done, the lady caught sight of our friends in the Hathorns' kitchen, and crying briskly, "come this way," led Mr. Hickman into company where she knew he could not press the inopportune topic.

"Curse her!" muttered the enamoured one, as he followed her into the Hathorns' kitchen.

After the usual greetings, the farmer observing Robert's impatience, said to Hickman, "If you will excuse me for a minute, farmer, Robert wants to speak to me; we are going towards the barn." He then beckoned Mrs. Mayfield, and whispered in her ear, "Don't let this one set you against my Robert, that is worth a hundred of him."

Mrs. Mayfield whispered in return, "and don't let your Robert shilly-shally so, because this one does not—you understand—"

"All right," replied Hathorn, "ten to one if it is not you he wants to speak to me about."

Hathorn and his son then sauntered into the farmyard, and Hickman gained what he had been trying for so long, a quiet *tête-à-tête* with Mrs. Mayfield—for all that, if a woman is one of those that have a wish, it is dangerous to drive her to the point.

"Well, Mrs. Mayfield," said he, quietly but firmly, "I am courting you this six months, and now I should be glad to have my answer. 'Yes,' or 'no,' if you please."

Mrs. Mayfield sidled towards the window: it commanded the farmyard: Robert and his father were walking slowly up and down by the side of the farmyard pond. Mrs. Mayfield watched them intently, then half turning towards Hickman, she said slowly, "Why as to that, Mr. Hickman, you have certainly come after me awhile, and I'll not deny I find you very good company; but I have been married once and made a great mistake, as you have heard, I dare say, so now I am obliged to be cautious."

"What, are you afraid of my temper, Rose? I am not reckoned a bad-tempered one, any more than yourself."

"Oh, no! I have no fault to find with you—only we have not been acquainted so very long."

"That is a fault will mend every day."

"Of course it will; well, when you are settled on Bix, we shall see you mostly every day, and then we shall know one another better; for if you have no faults, I have; and then you will know better what sort of a bargain you are making; and then—we will see about it."

"Better tell the truth," said the all-observant Hickman.

"The truth!"

"Ay! that the old man wants you to marry Bob Hathorn—Oh! I am down upon him this many a day."

"Robert Hathorn is nothing to me," replied the Mayfield, "but since you put him in my head, I confess I might do worse."

"How could you do worse than marry a lad who has nothing but his two arms?"

Mrs. Mayfield looking slyly through the window, observed Robert and his father to be in earnest conversation; this somewhat coloured her answer. She replied quickly, "Better poor and honest, than half rich and three parts of a rogue!"

"Is that for me, if you please?" said Hickman, calmly but firmly.

"No! I don't say it is," replied the lady, fearful she had gone too far; "but still I wonder at your choosing this time for pressing me."

"Why not this time, as well as another, pray?" and Hickman eyed her intently, though secretly.

"Why not!" said she, and she paused; for the dialogue between Hathorn and his son was now so animated, that the father's tones reached even to her ear.

"Ay! why not?" repeated Hickman.

The lady turned on him, and with a sudden change of manner, said very sharply, "Ask your own conscience."

"I don't know what you mean!"

"I'll tell you. This old Patrick was miscalling you, when he fell ill. They say it was a stroke of the sun—may be it was; but I should say passion had something to do with it too: the old man said words to you that none of the others noticed, but I did. He said as much as that you had robbed some one of what is before life in this world."

"Ay, and what is before life, I wonder?" said the satirical Hickman.

"Why, nothing," replied the frank Mrs. Mayfield, "if you go to that; but it is a common saying that a 'good name is before life,' and that is what the old man meant."

"I wonder you should take any notice of what that old man says, and above all his daughter."

"His daughter, Mr. Hickman! Why, I never mentioned his

daughter, for my part. You have been and put your own bricks on my foundation."

Hickman looked confused.

"You are a fool, Richard Hickman! You have told me more than I knew, and I see more than you tell me. You have led that girl astray, and deserted her likely, you little scamp!" (Hickman was five foot ten.)

"Nonsense!" put in Hickman. "That Rachael shall never come between you and me; but I'll tell you who the girl stands between: you and your Robert, that the farmer wants to put in the traces with you against his will."

"You are a liar!" cried Rose Mayfield, colouring to her temples.

Hickman answered coolly, "Thank you for the compliment, Rose. No, it is the truth. You see, when a man is wrapped up in a woman, as I am in you, he finds out everything that concerns her; and your boy, Tom, tells me that Robert is as fond of her as a cow of a calf."

"He fond of that Rachael! No!"

"Why, Rachael is a well-looking lass, if you go to that."

"And so she is," pondered Mrs. Mayfield; and in a moment many little circumstances in Robert's conduct became clear by this new light Hickman had given her. She struggled, and recovered her outward composure. "Well," said she, stoutly, "what is it to me?"

"Why, not much, I hope. Give me your hand, Rose; I don't fancy any girl but you. And name the day, if you will be so good."

"No, no!" said Rose Mayfield, nearly crying with vexation. "I won't marry any of you, a set of rogues and blockheads. And if it is true, I don't thank you for telling me. You are a sly, spiteful dog, and I don't care how often you ride past my house without hooking bridle to the gate, Dick Hickman."

Hickman bit his lips, but he kept his temper. "What! all this because Bob Hathorn's taste is not so good as mine! Ought I to suffer for his folly?"

"Oh, it is not for that, don't think it! But I don't want a lover that has ruined other women; it is not lucky, to say the least."

"What, all this, because a girl jumped into my arms one day. Why, I am not so hard upon you. I hear tales about you, you know, but I only laugh—even about Frank Fairfield and you. (Mrs. Mayfield gave a little start.) Neither you nor I are angels, you know. Why should we be hard on one another?"

Mrs. Mayfield, red as fire, interrupted him. "My faults, if I have any, have hurt me only; but yours never hurt you, and ruined others; and you say no more about me than you know, or you will get a slap in the mouth, and there's my door; you take it at a word, and I'll excuse any further visits from you, Mr. Hickman."

These words, with a finger pointing to the door, and a flashing

eye, left nothing for Hickman but to retire, which he did, boiling with indignation, mortification, and revenge. "This is all along of Rachael. She has blown me," muttered he between his teeth. "I have got the bag; you shan't gain anything by it, Rachael!"

It will be remembered that when Patrick lay dying or dead, as he supposed, this Hickman had a good impulse, and told Rachael he would never desert her: in this he was perfectly sincere at the moment. People utterly destitute of principle abound in impulses. They have good impulses, which generally come to nothing or next to nothing; and bad impulses, which they put in practice.

Mr. Hickman had time to think over his good impulse, and, accordingly, he thought better of it, and found that Rose Mayfield was too great a prize to resign. He therefore kept out of the way more than a week, (a suspicious circumstance, which Mrs. Mayfield did not fail to couple with old Patrick's words), and his pity for Rachael evaporated in all that time. "What the worse is she for me now? Hang her, I offered her money, and what not; but I suppose nothing will serve her turn but hooking me for life, or else having her spite out, and spilling my milk for me here."

It was a fixed notion in this man's mind that Rachael would do all she could to ruin his suit with Mrs. Mayfield, and when he got the "sack," or, as he vulgarly called it, "the bag," he attributed it, in spite of Rose Mayfield's denial, to some secret revelation on Rachael's part, and a furious impulse to be revenged on her took possession of him.

Now this bad impulse, unlike his good one, had no time to cool. As he went towards the stable, the devil would have it he should meet Robert Hathorn. At sight of him our worthy acted upon his impulse. Robert, who was coming hastily from his father, with his brow knit and his countenance flushed, would have passed Hickman with the usual greeting, but Hickman would not let him off so easily.

"What, so you have got my old lass here still, Master Robert?"

"Your old lass! Not that I know of."

"Rachael Wright, you know."

"Rachael Wright, your lass!"

"Ay! and a very nice lass too, till we fell out. She gave me a broad hint just now, but I am for higher game. You could not lend me a spur, could you, Mr. Robert? Mine is broken."

"No."

"Never mind; good morning! good morning!"

Hickman's looks and contemptuous tones had eked out the few words with which he had stabbed Robert, and, together with the libertine character of the man, had effectually blackened Rachael in Robert's eyes.

This done, away went the poisoner, and chuckled as he went.

Robert Hathorn stood pale as death, looking after him. To this stupefaction succeeded a feeling of sickness, and a sense of despair, and Robert sat down upon the shaft of an empty cart, and gazed with stony eye upon the ground at his feet. His feelings were inexpressibly bitter. Where was he to hope to find

a woman he could respect if this paragon was a girl of loose conduct. Then came remorse: for this Rachael he had this moment all but quarrelled with his father—their first serious misunderstanding. After a fierce struggle with himself, he forced himself to see that she must be wrenched out of his heart. He rose, pale but stern, after a silent agony, that lasted a full hour, though to him it seemed but a minute, and went and looked after his father. He found him in the barn watching the thrashers, but like one who did not see what he was looking at. His countenance was fallen and sad; the great and long-cherished wish of his heart had been shaken, and by his son; and then he had given that son bitter and angry words, and threatened him; and that son had answered respectfully, but firmly as iron, and the old man's heart began to sink.

He looked up, and there was Robert, pale and stern, looking steadfastly at him, with an expression he quite misunderstood. Old Hathorn lifted his head and said sharply and bitterly to his son,

"Well?"

"Father," said Robert, in a languid voice, "I am come to ask your pardon."

Farmer Hathorn looked astonished. Robert went on.

"I'll marry any woman you like, father—they are all one to me now."

"Why, what is the matter, Bob? that is too much the other way."

"And if I said anything to vex you, forgive me, father, if you please."

"No! no! no!" cried old Hathorn, "no more about it, Bob; there was no one to blame but my hasty temper,—no more about it. Why, if the poor chap hasn't taken it quite to heart, hasn't a morsel of colour left in his cheek!"

"Never mind my looks," gasped Robert.

"And don't you mind my words either then. Robert, you have made me happier than I have been any time this twenty years!"

"I am glad of it," gasped Robert. "I'll look to this, if you have anything else to do." He wanted to be alone.

"Thank you, Bob; I want to go into the village; keep up your heart, my lad. She is the best-looking woman I know, with the best heart I ever met, and I am older than you, and you see the worst of her the first day; her good part you are never at the bottom of; it is just the contrary with the sly ones. There, there! I'll say no more. Good bye." And away went the old farmer, radiant.

"Be happy," sobbed Robert; "I am glad there is one happy." And he sat down cold as a stone in his father's place. After awhile he rose and walked listlessly about, till at last his feet took him through habit into his father's kitchen; on entering it his whole frame took a sudden thrill, for he found Rachael there tying up her bundle for a journey. She had heard his step, and her head was turned away from the door; but near her was a small round, old-fashioned, mirror, and glancing into this Robert saw that tears were stealing down her face.

GENERAL SIR WILLIAM NOTT.*

THE history of the War in Afghanistan has been worthily written by Mr. Kaye. We there read of a great national crime, signally and promptly punished; and even the first successes we obtained only lulled us the more completely into a fatal security, and became a part of the penalty. The choice of commanders was most unfortunate, and probable victory was converted into almost certain disaster whilst Nott and Sale played subordinate parts to Keane and Elphinstone.

One of the ablest, if not the ablest man, who served in that war was William Nott, the hero of Candahar. To Pollock, Nott, and Sale, more than to any plan of the Government, were owing the restoration of *prestige* to the British arms in India, and the conversion of a long series of disgraces into honourable victory. If in any manner the history of that war, told in such animated language by its gifted author, could have been even more interesting, it would have been by the papers of Sir William Nott. Had those been forthcoming, a few more graphic pages would have been added to Kaye's admirable history; and Nott's character, which was by no means an ordinary character, and had strong contrasts of light and shade—Nott would then have been painted by one able to appreciate his manly independence. The letters of Nott are amongst the most interesting written at that stirring period. With such a theme, and with these letters, a biography might have been written which should satisfy the public, vindicate Nott from unjust criticism, and form a valuable supplement to Kaye's great history. "The business of a biographer," says Dr. Johnson, "is to give a complete account of the person whose life he is writing, and to discriminate him from all other persons, by any peculiarities of character and sentiment he may happen to have." In this latter quality, so requisite to make a biography interesting, Mr. Stocqueler is completely deficient; and though Nott was eminently possessed of qualities which distinguished him from other men, the editor has not been at any pains to point them out, and thus an opportunity is lost of impressing on the public mind the features of a lofty character. The letters, reprints from the *Hurkaru*, and general orders, are strung together, in many respects very carelessly, and sometimes without the requisite comment. Indeed, we should almost have preferred the letters by themselves, wholly unaccompanied by our cicerone. Nott himself is interesting, but Stocqueler is evidently not equal to the task he has undertaken.

We regret to have to say this; but it is impossible not to feel

* *Memoirs and Correspondence of General Sir William Nott, G.C.B.* By T. H. Stocqueler. 2 vols. Hurst and Blackett: 1854.

mortification when a noble theme like this is spoilt for other hands, and an opportunity is lost of portraying in lasting colours a singularly independent, manly, and strong character.

Nott had one great fault, not uncommonly found in alliance with military genius; he was a very obstinate, self-willed man. Moreover, he was quick to take offence, and in some instances discovered a disposition to underrate those around and about him; among these darker traits, however, there rose in relief many of the truest nobility. Nott was a fine specimen of a soldier, frank, manly, fearless; yet ever prudent, warm in his friendships, as he was strong in his antipathies, and not shrinking from responsibility under most difficult circumstances. Had the hero of Candahar had the conduct of affairs at Caubul, the whole aspect of that disastrous war would most probably have been changed, and Nott might have incurred the responsibility of putting aside Sir William McNaghten. A statesman, whose opinion has acquired a tenfold value since his death has revealed the extent of our loss, thought most highly of him. Whilst proposing a vote of thanks to the heroes who redeemed the national honour at Caubul and Ghuznee, Sir Robert Peel spoke of Sir William Nott as possessing "a noble spirit equal to any emergency." Nott came from no "long line of noble ancestors," but was himself the founder of his family. Charles Nott, his father, was a farmer, or, to use the language of the editor, singularly applied when speaking of an English yeoman, "farming was his *métier*." But the enthusiasm of his son for arms showed itself at fifteen, when he enrolled himself a member of the Carmarthenshire volunteer corps, and soon afterwards obtained a Bengal cadetship. His progress was slow and unassisted by fortune or by patronage, and when he rose to command, he was thwarted by Sir John Keane and by others who became jealous of his superiority. He had not the good fortune of the Great Duke, and no Marquess of Wellesley to feel a warm interest in his career. When honours poured in at last, he was worn out in the public service, and broken down by disease of the heart acquired in Affghanistan. His first wife was dead, and he had lost many of his children. To one so warm and strong in his affections, these repeated afflictions had made him yearn for retirement, nor could even the splendours of Lucknow, nor the income of an envoy, detain him in India. One interesting trait of character must be mentioned as showing the sterling worth of this able soldier. During his long occupation of Candahar, and amidst the horrors of a more than usually horrible war, Nott's constant companion was a volume of Scott's Commentary on the Bible. Had some of his letters been omitted, others abridged, and the whole accompanied with judicious comment, these two volumes might easily have been brought into one. Nott's character, in many respects, indeed, might have been studied with advantage by those who are training for military service. As it is, his life, with its strong moral teaching, self-reliance, and manly independence, remains yet to be written.

THE THEATRES OF LONDON.

THEIR HISTORY—PAST AND PRESENT.

BY T. P. GRINSTED.

THE WHITEFRIARS THEATRE.

THIS house appears to have been one of the most ancient erected in London, being referred to in a puritanical pamphlet published at the beginning of the seventeenth century as one of the playhouses destroyed by the "cautious citizens" in 1580. Descanting on the vices of that period, the writer says:—"Many goodly citizens and well-disposed gentlemen of London, considering that playhouses and dicing-houses were traps for young gentlemen and others, and perceiving that many inconveniences and great damage would ensue upon the long suffering of the same, acquainted some pious magistrates thereof, who thereupon made humble suite to Queene Elizabeth, and her Privy Councill, and obtained leave from Her Majesty to thrust the players out of the city, and to pull down all playhouses and dicing-houses within their liberties, which accordingly was effected, and the playhouses in Gracious Street, Bishopsgate Street, that nigh Paul's, that on Ludgate Hill, and the Whitefriars, were quite pulled down and suppressed by these religious senators." The playhouses here referred to, in addition to the Whitefriars,* were the three inn-yards of the Cross Keys in Gracechurch Street, the Bull in Bishopsgate Street, and the Belle-Sauvage on Ludgate Hill; "that nigh Paul's" was the singing school at the back of the Convocation House.

From this time there is a blank in the history of the Whitefriars Theatre until 1613, when a licence was granted by James the First to build a theatre on the spot. During the interval it was no doubt in ruins. In the office-book of the Master of the Revels there is an entry—"July 13, 1613, for a licence to erect a new playhouse in the Whitefriars, 20*l*." It is doubtful, however, whether the proposed scheme was then put into execution, as in 1629 a new theatre was erected in Salisbury Court.

Referring to the resumption of this licence, and explanatory of the number of theatres which had sprung up in the metropolis, an extract may be given from Edmund Howe's continuation of Stow's "Chronicle" (1631). After describing the destruction of the Globe by fire in 1613, and the burning of the Fortune a few years later, he alludes to the rebuilding of both houses, and the erection of "a new fair playhouse near the Whitefriars." The writer then adds:—

* The name of this locality is derived from the church and convent of the Carmelites, or White Friars, founded in this place in the year 1241, by Sir Richard Grey.

"And this is the seventeenth stage, or common playhouse, which hath been new made within the space of threescore years within London and the suburbs, viz., five inns, or common hosteleries turned to playhouses, one cockpit,* St. Paul's singing school, one on the Bankside, and one in the Whitefriars, which was built last of all, in the year one thousand six hundred and twenty-nine. All the common playhouses, besides that new-built bear-garden, which was built as well for plays and fencers' prizes as bull-baiting; besides one in former time at Newington Butts. Before the space of threescore years abovesaid I neither knew, heard, nor read of any such theatres, set stages, or playhouses, as have been purposely built within man's memory."

It is probable that the Whitefriars Theatre of 1629 was not erected on the site of the one previously situate in that locality, for Prynne speaks of it as then newly built, not rebuilt, and in the same place he mentions the rebuilding of the Fortune and the Red Bull.

The history of William Prynne who is here referred to is not unconnected with that of the stage at this period. He was a man of lofty principle and of stern integrity, and was born in Somersetshire in 1600; trained to the bar, he rose to eminence in his calling, and became a bencher and reader of Lincoln's Inn. In 1632 appeared his "Histrio-Mastix," in which the profession of the actor was severely libelled, and in which the author, in addition to his own invectives, furnished a collection of passages recorded by other writers against theatrical representations. Severe reflections upon female performers were likewise given, which were construed to be partially levelled at the Queen (who had played in a pastoral), and a prosecution was commenced. Prynne was brought to the Star Chamber on the 7th of February, 1632, and received the following sentence:—He was to pay a fine of 5,000*l.*—be expelled the University of Oxford and Lincoln's Inn—stand twice in the pillory, losing an ear each time—and remain a prisoner for life! After the degradation of the pillory he was removed to Carnarvon Castle, and subsequently to Jersey. In 1640 he regained his liberty and his station in society: elected a member for Newport, he bore a prominent part in the trial of Laud, his former persecutor, and died on the 24th of October, 1660, holding at the time an appointment under Government.

The particulars of the Whitefriars Theatre appear to be almost confined to the date of its demolition (1580) and reconstruction (1629).

The house was evidently open in 1634, being referred to in the following memorandum from the MS. book of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels to Charles the First:—

"I committed Cromes, a broker in Long-lane, the 16th of February, 1634, to the Marshalsey, for lending a church robe with the name of Jesus upon it, to the players in Salisbury-court, to represent a Flamen, a priest of the heathens. Upon his peti-

* Drury Lane.

tion of submission and acknowledgment of his fault, I released him the 17th of February, 1634."

The Whitefriars Theatre probably shared the fate of the Blackfriars and the Globe, and was finally removed at the commencement of the Commonwealth.

THE FORTUNE THEATRE.

Of this house—which was situated between Whitecross Street and Golden Lane—information is less barren than that of some of its contemporary structures. It was the largest and best of the theatres that had been raised in England. The contract for its erection is still preserved. It is dated the 8th day of January, 1599, and the engagement is entered into on the one part by Philip Henslowe and Edward Alleyn, and on the other by Peter Streete, a builder, "for the erectinge, buildinge, and setting up of a new house and stage for a playhouse, in and uppon a certaine plotte or peece of grounde appoynted oute for that purpose, seituat and being near Golding-lane, in the parish of Saint Giles without Cripplegate of London." From this indenture we learn that the house had three tiers, consisting of boxes, rooms, and galleries; that the width of the stage was forty-three feet, and the depth thirty-nine and a half, which included, probably, the "tiring-house" at the back. In the construction of this house, the plan previously adopted at the Globe (with the exception of the shape) appears to have been selected. The document already quoted contains the following:—"With fower convenient divisions for gentlemen's roomes * and other sufficient and convenient divisions for twoopennie roomes; with necessaire seats to be placed and sett as well in those roomes; as throughout all the rest of the galleries of the said howse; and with such like steares, conveyances, and divisions without and within, as are made and contrived in and to the late-erected playhouse on the Bancke, in the said parish of Saint Saviour, called The Globe; with a stadge and tyreing-howse to be made, erected, and sett upp within the saide frame. . . . The saide stadge to be in all other proportions contrived and fashioned like unto the stadge of the saide playhouse called The Globe." According to the terms of this indenture, the theatre was to be completed before the "five and twentieth daie of Julie next, cominge after the date hereof" (1599); and Peter Streete, for his labour and skill, was to receive "the full some of fower hundred and fortie powndes of lawfull money of Englande."

A memorandum in the handwriting of Alleyn affords an insight into the entire cost of the building, with the inheritance of the land adjoining—"So in all it cost me 1320l." Like the Globe, which it resembled in its details though not in form, it had to encounter destruction by fire. A letter in Dr. Birch's Collection in the British Museum, bearing date December 15, 1621, conveys the following intelligence:—"On Sunday night here was a great fire

* Our present boxes.

at the Fortune in Golding-lane, the first playhouse in this town. It was quite burnt downe in two hours, and all their apparell and play-books lost, whereby those poore companions are quite undone."

The Fortune was a playhouse of considerable size, at which the Lord Admiral's Servants performed. The prologue to the "Roaring Girl"—acted at this house, and printed in 1611—has the lines,—

"A roaring girl, whose notes till now ne'er were,
Shall fill with laughter our vast theatre;"

and Prynne, in his "Histrio-Mastix," says that the house on its being rebuilt was still further enlarged. The front of the theatre was adorned with either a statue or picture of Fortune, to which Heywood makes reference in his "English Traveller" (1633):—

"I'll rather stand here
Like a statue in the fore-front of your house
For ever; like the picture of dame Fortune
Before the Fortune playhouse."

The managers of this theatre were favoured with the smiles of the goddess who adorned their temple, and "made money." Of Henslowe we have an occasional notice when Ben Jonson, or an equally unfortunate brother playwright—whose name would now call up a mingled feeling of reverence and respect—sought of him the loan of a few shillings, to be repaid by the labour of the brain. In Henslowe's diary of July, 1597—he being then a theatrical manager—he records a loan of four pounds to "Benjamin Jonson, player;" and on the 3rd of December of the same year he further advances him twenty shillings, "upon a book which he was to write for us before Christmas next." Such were the straits of genius. Jonson, in anticipation of his "Comedy of Humours," produced at the Rose, received an advance of five shillings, and ten shillings, and "once a pound."

Of Edward Alleyn we have a more grateful remembrance. He was born on the 1st of September, 1562, and was endowed with the most essential requisites which compose a good actor. Baker, in his "Chronicles," says, "He was such an actor as no age must ever look to see the like;" whilst Heywood observes that he was "Proteus for shape and Roscius for a tongue." As chief proprietor of the Fortune, he applied his wealth to a noble purpose. On the 21st of June, 1619, a licence was granted him by James the First to found and establish a college at Dulwich for one master, one warden, four fellows, six poor brethren, six poor sisters, and twelve poor scholars, "to be maintained, sustained, educated, guided, governed, and ruled according to such statutes as should be ordained by Mr. Alleyn himself in his lifetime, or by other persons after his death." The "College of God's Gift" at Dulwich was thus founded. At first there was a surplus of 200*l.* per year, which has since increased to some thousands.

Edward Alleyn died on the 25th of November, 1626, but the good work had been accomplished. In 1811 the master,

warden, and fellows of Dulwich College were bequeathed the pictures of Sir Francis Bourgeois, with funds for building a gallery and defraying the expenses of the preservation of the pictures. The paintings in this collection were collected by Mr. Noel Desenfans, a picture-dealer in London, for Stanislaus, King of Poland; but in consequence of the dismemberment of that kingdom, many of these pictures remained in the hands of Mr. Desenfans, who, in 1807, bequeathed them to his friend, Sir Francis, at whose death (January 8, 1811) they became connected with the institution of Edward Alleyn.

The glories of the Fortune Theatre are gone, save in imagination, and the spot it occupied is difficult to be traced; but the "College of God's Gift" remains, and unceasingly speaks of a player's liberality.

There is but little to be said of the remaining theatres of this period. The Red Bull was situate near the upper end of St. John Street, Clerkenwell; and during the civil war was much reputed for the representation of Drolls. The Curtain was in the neighbourhood of Shoreditch, the original sign of which, hung outside, was a striped curtain. The date of its erection is not clearly defined, but it is mentioned in Heath's Epigrams as being open in 1610. The performers at this house were called the Prince's servant still the accession of Charles the First, soon after which it appears to have been used principally by prizefighters. The locality has still its Curtain-road. The Swan, the Rose, and the Hope were situate on the Bankside. The two latter houses brought forward the works of some of the first dramatists: the Rose, for instance, produced Marlowe's "Jew of Malta" in 1591; whilst Ben Jonson gave his "Bartholomew Fair" to the Hope in 1614. These theatres fell into decay in the reign of James the First, and the Hope was ultimately used as a bear-garden.

At the close of Shakspeare's career (1616) the theatre had reached its height of reputation; and such was the passion for show and representation, that not only at Court, but in the houses of the nobility, days of rejoicing were celebrated by masques. This species of entertainment was produced at great expense. In the reign of Elizabeth the masques were little more than the old pageants, in which heathen deities walked in procession amidst loud music; but those produced in the reign of James were conceived in the spirit of a high literature, and such men as Ben Jonson and Fletcher were engaged in their composition, whilst Inigo Jones supplied much of their decoration and effect. From 1606 to 1633 these masques were produced at Court by Jonson, whose prose descriptions of the pageantry are written with great elegance. Even the City was anxious to participate in these entertainments, for the records of the Merchant Tailors' Company inform us that "Sir John Swynnerton is entreated to confer with Master Benjamin Jonson, the poet, about a speech to be made to welcome His Majesty, and about music and other inventions which may give liking and delight; by reason that the Company doubt that their schoolmaster and scholars be not acquainted with

such kind of entertainments." One of the latest of Jonson's masques—"Time Vindicated"—was performed at Whitehall on Sunday, the 6th of January, 1623. A storm was even then gathering in the distance, and of its anticipated approach this production gently whispered. It ultimately came in its fearful reality, and upon the very spot on which this pageant had been represented was a portion of its fury exhausted. Puritanism, from various concurrent causes, increased its strength, and the civil warfare was fatal alike to the Monarchy and to the Stage.

SUPPRESSION OF THE THEATRES.

In 1642 there appeared an ordinance of the Long Parliament, commanding the cessation of plays, on the plea that "public sports do not well agree with public calamities." The actors, for a time, obeyed this injunction, though their means of support were thereby destroyed; but gradually theatres again began to open, when the Long Parliament issued its second mandate. This was dated September 2, 1647, and stated that "the distressed estate of Ireland, steeped in her own blood, and the distressed estate of England, threatened with a cloud of blood by a civil war, call for all possible means to appease and avert the wrath of God." This decree not having the desired effect, a far more stringent one was issued on the 11th of February, 1648, commanding the immediate and total suppression of the theatres under great penalties. Those who presumed to follow their profession were considered as rogues and vagabonds;* and, being convicted, were to be publicly whipped; every spectator was to forfeit five shillings to the poor; and, lastly, the Lord Mayor and magistrates were authorised to pull down and destroy all boxes, galleries, seats, &c., used for stage exhibitions. These orders were strictly enforced—the theatres were demolished—the actors dispersed.

Charles the First passed from an apartment in Whitehall to the scaffold; but the "poor player," though ruined in his avocation, was true to his sovereign, and this loyalty furnishes a bright page in the actor's history. On the 14th of September, 1655, the performers at the Red Bull, and at Southwark fair, enlisted themselves into the army in the cause of royalty. Most of the players (except Lowin, Taylor, and Pollard, who were superannuated) likewise took part with their sovereign. Mohun became a captain, and whilst serving in Flanders received the pay of a major; Hart was a lieutenant in Prince's Rupert's regiment; Burt was a cornet in the same troop, and Shatterel a quarter-master. Allen, of the Cockpit, became a major, and quarter-master-general at

* By the Act 5 Geo. IV. c. 83, the members of the profession were no longer classed with "rogues and vagabonds," those opprobrious terms, as applied to them (and which originated in the days of dark fanaticism), being then erased from the statute books.

Oxford; whilst Swanston (of the Blackfriars) was the only player of note who sided with the opposing party.

Music appears to have had its troubles in these perilous times as well as the drama. In the "Actor's Remonstrance," published in 1648, the following complaint is made, in reference to the closing of the theatres, and the little patronage given to the musician:—"Our music, that was held so delicate and precious that they scorned to come to a tavern under twenty shillings for two hours' salary, now wander with their instruments under their cloak—I mean such as have any—into all houses of good fellowship, saluting any room where there is company with—'Will you have any music, gentlemen?'"

Before the promulgation of the severe ordinances referred to, the performances of the stage had been frequently interrupted, even from the commencement of hostilities between the King and his Parliament. When the fate of their royal master was sealed, the surviving dependants on the drama were obliged to return to the exercise of their profession. In the winter of 1648 they ventured to act a few plays at the Cockpit, but were interrupted and silenced by some soldiers, who conveyed them to prison. After a few similar attempts in their own proper quarter, no public exhibitions are recorded for some time. Performances, however, were occasionally given at the houses of the nobility in the country, and likewise in the vicinity of London. One of the places of shelter for the prostrate drama was Holland House. The fury of religious zeal threatened the complete extinction of the art; but its entire overthrow was happily prevented. In 1656, Sir William Davenant—to whom the stage is considerably indebted—gave "entertainments of declamation and music, after the manner of the Ancients," at Rutland House, Charter-House-square; two years later he opened the Cockpit, where he performed without molestation. Charles the Second ultimately returned from exile—patents were granted—and the Restoration saw a new era opening for the drama. The theatres that subsequently sprung into existence remain to be described.

SHORT NOTES ON A FEW RECENT NOVELS.

WHEN the patriarch of Uz exclaimed in agony of spirit, "Oh that mine adversary had written a book," he did not mean (although such an interpretation has been given to his words), that the crime of writing carries the punishment along with it; but he might have had a mental foreshadowing of the "calamities of authors," with an anticipation of hundreds of thousands of prospective volumes, many of which might be spared. The wise King of Israel spoke more explicitly, and from positive experience, some six hundred years later, for he says, "Of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness of the flesh." But neither Job nor Solomon appears to have thought of the race of "reviewers," a necessary evil arising from the superabundance of lore; condemned to labours nearly as onerous as those of Hercules, and whose duties, if conscientiously discharged, are as agreeable and satisfactory as those of the physician to a fever-hospital, who finds himself compelled to pronounce sentence of death on more than half the patients submitted to his care. The lash of criticism is sometimes as unmerciful as the knout of the Russians, and immolates more victims than a campaign on the banks of the Danube. One morning, after a stout literary contest at a convivial party on the preceding evening, Boswell, seated by Dr. Johnson's bed, observed, "A pleasant meeting last night, sir." "Very," growled Lexiphanes, "we had some capital talk, had not we?" "Yes, sir," rejoined the shadow, "you tossed and gored a good many people." It may be pastime to the bull to butt, but he should use discretion in his strength (unless under very great provocation), and, remember, that it is not pleasant to be hurled into the air.

The poet Gray, writing to a friend above ninety years ago, said that life had no enjoyment equal to lying on a sofa and reading perpetual new novels by Crebillon and Marivaux. He spoke like an indolent voluptuary with very questionable taste. The anecdote reminds us of the beggar who asked charity of the latter writer. "My good friend," said Marivaux, "strong and stout as you are, it is a shame that you do not go to work." "Ah, master," cried the beggar, "if you did but know how lazy I am!" "Well, well," replied Marivaux, "I see thou art an honest fellow, here is half-a-crown for you." Gray was quite as lazy as the sturdy mendicant, but he had no occasion to work, and read novels instead. Since his days, the love of light literature has increased with the spread of education, but the style which pleased then has few advocates now. Marivaux was metaphysical, and Crebillon grossly indecent, while both were as dull as these two distinguishing qualities could render them. The novelist who hopes to please, and obtain popularity in 1854, must study from very different models.

Writing may be compared to cookery. Start not, fastidious reader—there is nothing either sensual or degrading in the association. The two noble arts require enthusiasm and genius, without which, nothing great will be achieved in either. A master of his science will extract a palatable dish from the scantiest materials, while a bungler can do nothing with the most costly condiments. A late ingenious author said he would undertake to write an amusing tour round a broomstick. Ude would have compounded a piquant potage with an onion, a pepper-box, and a jug of hot water. In the handling of the ingredients lies all the mystery. We have never calculated the exact amount of novels, tales, and romances published annually in England. They are many, but are far outnumbered on the Continent. Of the sixty thousand literary contributions to the great fair of Leipsic, one-third are said to be works of fiction. It is needless, therefore, to dispute that the tide of public taste, whether for good or evil, runs with an overwhelming current in this direction. Dr. Johnson, who looked into everything, declared that he never met with a book so utterly valueless, but that something profitable might be extracted from it. Yet, as Bassanio says, it is scarcely worth sifting whole bushels of chaff for the chance of discovering a single grain or two of indifferent wheat. Life and leisure seldom suffice for this tedious operation. The anxious inquirer will find reviews useful sign-posts, which direct him in the best course, while they point out high-roads, and how to avoid labyrinths.

Novels continue to be written, and the luxurious world still looks for its ordinary amusement, although taxes increase, the war lingers, and the Emperor of Russia is not yet beaten to his knees. "Hide and Seek,"* the first that presents itself on our well-replenished table, is from the pen of an author who has previously won favour with the public by "Antonina" and "Basil." Both his former works have been liberally praised, but we consider this, by several degrees, the best of the three. It has more power of conception, greater distinctness, and a sustained purpose, wrought out with superior effect. The opening chapter, descriptive of the childhood and early training of young Zachariah Thorpe, reminds us of Dickens, whom Mr. Wilkie Collins emulates rather than imitates, and with good success. Mrs. Peckover, the spouse of the strolling clown, Valentine Blyth, the eccentric, but kind-hearted painter, his invalid wife, and their adopted Madonna, or Mary, the little deaf and dumb heroine, are well-drawn portraits. The idea of the latter is conceived with skill, and has several traits of originality, though she cannot play a very prominent part, from her position and physical deficiencies. The account of her infancy, childhood, and the accident which occasioned her loss of hearing and consequent inability to speak, is the most touching and attractive portion of the book. Few characters are introduced, whether principal or subordinate; but they are ingeniously contrasted, and each seems necessary to the progress of the story. Mr. Mathew

* "Hide and Seek." By W. Wilkie Collins, author of "Antonina," "Basil," &c. 3 vols. 1854.

Marksman (or rather, Grice), reminds us of some old acquaintances, with his features and dress considerably changed. He is not altogether agreeable, and, from the nature of his life and adventures, his perceptions of moral propriety are neither very rigid nor delicate, but he acts an important part throughout, and makes his final exit in perfect keeping. "Zach," the hero of the tale, is a high-spirited youth, wilful from a mistaken plan of education, and driven into irregularities by the obstinate, ill-planned discipline of the paternal roof; not viciously inclined, but easily led astray, and yielding to impulse from lack of judgment rather than absence of principle. There is a want of refinement in his thoughts and actions, perfectly natural under the circumstances in which he is placed, and suited to the scenes in which he is engaged. The story might have been more condensed, and is somewhat elaborated towards the end, but the interest and mystery are well preserved, and we are really grateful to Mr. Collins for sparing us the usual wind-up of a happy marriage. This he renders impossible, as the hero and heroine are discovered at last to be brother and sister, and no other parties are introduced with whom they can be respectively joined in the bands of holy wedlock. Thorpe senior, the bad man of the tale, and the originator of all the mischief, is treated more indulgently than he deserves, allowed to die in the course of nature, with time for penitence, and an affectionate wife to attend him in his seclusion from the world. Zach returns home from travelling in the wilds of America (on hearing of his father's death), a wiser and steadier man than he was when he departed, and the curtain drops on the family group, re-united in the painter's drawing-room. These scenes and incidents which are confined to every-day life and homely position, are rendered extremely exciting by the artistic skill of the author, who borders on romance without sacrificing probability.

Of a different character is the next book which falls under our observation—"The Heir of Vallis."* Here we soar into a higher walk of life, and become entangled in wild flights of melodramatic adventure. The characters and incidents shift as rapidly as the views in a diorama; they change from England to France, and Italy, and back again, with the rapidity of the electric telegraph, and the plot is so complicated that two or three attentive perusals are required, before we can satisfy ourselves that we understand it clearly. It is almost as puzzling as that of *Corneille's* "Heraclius," which no reader or spectator could ever thoroughly comprehend, and the author himself was unable to explain five years after it was composed. At the same time, there are passages of great power and pathos, vigorous writing and animated description; but no relief from eccentric or humorous delineations. This is a great fault in the novelist, who should never forget that the mass of readers like to be amused, while they are excited or instructed; and in this artful blending of serious and comic interest, the great masters of modern fiction, Scott, Cooper, Bulwer, and Dickens, most conspicuously exhibit their skill and

* "The Heir of Vallis." By William Mathews. In 3 vols. 1854.

superior workmanship. Martial lays down the canon, and the reason for it very satisfactorily, when he says,—

“Seria cum possim, quod delectantia malim
Scribere, tu causa es, lector.”

The taste of the public should be carefully studied by the author who hopes to achieve current popularity. Many very clever, useful, and elaborate works, with a good sound moral at the end, are laid aside before they are half finished, and never opened again, because the impatient reader remembers only his headache, and the utter want of variety by which he was wearied out. Without incident, a novel will soon become an irresistible opiate; but, as Hamlet says of his praises to Horatio's face, there may be “something too much of this.” The incidents in the “Heir of Vallis” are so crowded one on the other, that they confuse by their rapid succession, while there is a want of dramatic coherence in the order in which they occur. Neither does the conclusion appear to us to be in strict accordance with poetical justice. The death of the arch-villain Wilton is too sudden and summary. He deserves to be executed by instalments, while poor Inez might have been spared, after her long suffering, for a short interval of restored happiness. The “Heir of Vallis” is pre-eminently a book of action. The next that follows, “Counterparts, or the Cross of Love,”* is one of dissertation. The object is expressed in the motto, which we confess to be rather beyond our comprehension, and is taken from a manuscript by Coleridge: “Two forms that differ in order to correspond: this is the true sense of the word Counterpart.” What does this mean? “Mass! I cannot tell.” The author applies the definition to the state conjugal, and considers happiness in marriage the produce of opposites. Not, as Mrs. Malaprop says, “that it is safest to begin with a little aversion,” but that it is quite unnecessary for domestic harmony that taste or disposition should commingle. The condition sounds like a paradox, but nothing is impossible to æsthetical, syncretistic, or idiosyncratical reasoners. The reader of this work must be prepared to think, deeply enough; and to receive opinions, very extreme ones too. He will stare a little, and perhaps add a start, when he is told that “‘Zanoni’ is a book for boys, though the subject is perhaps the highest, except revealed religion;” and that “Mr. Disraeli knows more than all the rest of the world put together, and dares not reveal the half of what he knows.” If this be so, the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer must walk through the world, a very uncomfortable, overloaded individual, bending under the weight of his unimparted wisdom, as the late Lord A—— did under the oppressive knowledge of a ghost story, so appalling that no listener was ever found brave enough to endure the end of it. The lovers of the mystical and obscure may positively revel in the pages of “Counterparts,” some of which ascend to the high sublime of incomprehensibility.

* “Counterparts, or the Cross of Love.” By the author of “Charles Auchester.” 3 vols. 1854.

Carlyle is clear and easy of solution in comparison. Everybody now-a-days has a theory, on which he mounts and rides away at a furious gallop, and this author's theory is, that everything depends upon temperament, and that Reichenbach is the greatest philosopher that ever lived, much too profound to be translated. There is also a great deal about what is called "Odyle," "specific influences," "electro-magnetism," "the law of compensation," and other sublimities, such, for instance, as that marriage is a greater mystery than death. Of the latter casualty, he says, "They talk about dying in the newspapers. Can they remember they have to die? That's the question. What is death? And strangely enough, it's a question one would never put, if there were the slightest chance of its being answered." This is scarcely good English, rather foggy in meaning, and might be called incoherent rhapsody; but many may think it very clever and sublime, notwithstanding. To become popular, it is by no means necessary to be intelligible. Not long ago, being in conversation with a literary lady of more than average pretension, she vehemently lauded a recently published poem of a very wild and questionable character. On our asking her reason, she replied, with great *naïveté*, "Because I don't understand a word of it." We may venture to take this sample as the representative type of a numerous family.

"Nanette and her Lovers!"* Thank Heaven, we here return to sublunary earth, and leave metaphysics for actual humanity. Mr. Gwynne, whose former works have acquired for him a just reputation, is, as an author, the very antipodes of German transcendentalism and occult philosophy. He deals with a working-day world, and studies and represents man as he is. He indulges in no recondite lucubrations, but carries out a plain and wholesome moral from the simplest materials. His scene lies at the obscure village of St. Eloy, in remote and rustic Normandy, during the early fury of the first French Revolution. It is more than difficult to strike out anything palpably new or original from a subject and an epoch which have been so repeatedly made the theme of the imaginative writer, and the terrible realities of which exceed the wildest fictions of romance. We have at the beginning a murdered curé, a ransacked church, a burnt château, and a guillotined marquis. Then there are Nanette, the village beauty, with her brace of devoted lovers: the accepted and affianced Antoine Charpentier, a selfish roué,—and the rejected, Arsène Potier, a true heart, worth a hundred of his successful rival. There is also a revolutionary petit-mâitre, Jean François Daridolle, called Citizen Mucius, in conformity with the jargon of the day. Nanette is simple, loving, and confiding, but has plain common sense and sound notions of propriety. She refuses to be married by civil contract only; and although extremely in love, rejects the pressing solicitations of her suitor, and determines to postpone giving her hand to Antoine until religion is restored in France. The two lovers are drawn as conscripts. Both prove gallant soldiers; but

* "Nanette and her Lovers." By Talbot Gwynne, author of the "School for Fathers," "The Life and Death of Silas Barnstarke," &c. 1854.

Arsène is steady, while Antoine is gay and dissipated. Arsène is disabled in his first battle at Montenotte, and retires from the service with a mutilated hand and the rank of sergeant. Antoine becomes a captain; his heart is inflated with vanity; he now considers Nanette and her humble connections infinitely below him; he relieves her from her engagement, and pursues his career of promotion; he becomes a gamester, an infidel, and a debauchee. Nanette marries Arsène, and their lives pass as happily as competence, earned by honest labour, mutual love, and obscurity, can render them. Antoine marries the daughter of General Langeval, becomes a colonel for his gallantry at Austerlitz, but soon dissipates his wife's fortune, is separated from her, falls into disgrace and abject poverty, and dies a beggar in the mill of Nanette and Arsène, where he had been received through common charity, without their knowing him, and worn out by premature decay, brought on by drunkenness. From these slender ingredients, Mr. Gwynne has compounded a pleasant and profitable story; short, well expressed, and hastening on to the development, without tedious episodes or wearisome digressions. The whole is comprised in one small, widely-printed volume, and contains more matter than is often expanded over three goodly octavos. He is a writer who studies brevity, and appears to have a constitutional horror of tiring his readers by circumlocution. All his works are short, and partake of this character; he has one defined purpose in view, and never deviates from it. There is wholesome satire combined with the instruction, but unmingled with gall or bitterness. A good moral is received with additional welcome when thus conveyed. We take leave of this book, convinced with Nanette, in her concluding reflection, even if we had any doubts before, that "everything is for the best to the righteous, if not in this world, at least in that which is to come." Mr. Gwynne is gifted with a clear head, a sound understanding, a just appreciation of right and wrong; and he never suffers the fervour or exuberance of language to obtain an undue influence over his judgment, or to mystify his ideas. It is refreshing to stumble on a writer with such true English honesty of thought, propriety of feeling, and clearness of expression, when our national literature is in danger of being emasculated, not so much by the introduction of foreign idiom, as by adopting the laxity of continental opinions on the most serious subjects.

"Ambrose the Sculptor,"* by Mrs. Robert Cartwright, is a work of higher pretension than the last we have noticed, and more studiously elaborated. The artist tells his own story, and speaking always of himself in the first person, rather detracts from the general interest and effect. The authoress, by thus circumscribing the circle of composition, has increased the difficulties of her task. But she has executed it well and gracefully, and has added much to her former reputation. There are too many French and Italian interpolations which disfigure the work, while they exhibit an

* "Ambrose the Sculptor; an Autobiography of Artist Life." By Mrs. Robert Cartwright, author of "Christabelle," &c. 2 vols. 1854.

eagerness to display a knowledge of foreign languages, equally unnecessary and ostentatious. This is a besetting sin of many writers of the present day, by no means confined to novelists, and cannot be too much condemned, as tending to corrupt our pure Saxon vernacular, if not to supersede it entirely. The point and moral of this story is to show the fatal consequences of unfounded jealousy, but the jealousy being in this case so utterly baseless, and resting upon such unfeasible suppositions, considerably destroys our sympathy for the principal sufferer and victim, who is hurried into suicide upon the slightest grounds which fiction has ever devised. Mrs. Cartwright, it is true, has contrived an apology for the blinded weakness of her heroine by giving her Spanish blood, engraved on an Italian stock, just as Shakspeare makes Othello a Moor to account for his inflammable temperament. But the situations are totally dissimilar, and the machinery handled with very different gradations of skill. Bating the slight blemishes named above, there is a purity and feminine elegance in the style of writing which cannot be too much commended, while there is no absence of strength in composition, when strength is required. But, again, there is no relief, and no light, joyous characters introduced to enliven the sombre features of the tale. Ambrose, the Sculptor himself, vindicates throughout, in every action of his life, the high moral supremacy of true genius, and supports the principle laid down by the authoress in her preface, "in favour of a class whose talents and attainments entitle them to a degree of social distinction to which they have not as yet been admitted in some of the most liberal countries of Europe." England, with a few honorable exceptions, is behindhand in this liberal patronage. With us the accidental aristocracy of rank and wealth still takes place of the more genuine nobility of education and talent.

"Clara Morison"* reads tamely after the strong excitement of "Ambrose the Sculptor." This work is of the epicene class which it is difficult to determine. There is nothing positively to condemn, and little to praise. The staple consists of dull, matter-of-fact letters, long, prosy conversations, and almost a total absence of incident or adventure. It appears that the writer embodies her own story. An orphan, dispatched by a cold, calculating uncle, to seek a livelihood at Adelaide, in South Australia, as a governess, for which she has been competently educated. Disappointments and vexations fall upon her, and she is reduced to the condition of a servant-of-all-work, but finally marries a settler with sufficient means, and re-ascends to the station to which she has been accustomed. The epoch goes back to 1851, and describes the manners and society of the colony at that time. In a place where everything gallops, and of which so much has been more recently written, three years constitute a very respectable antiquity. To those who desire to read all that appears in print concerning the newest El Dorado, and who are satisfied with innocuous gossip, these little volumes may prove acceptable.

* "Clara Morison: a Tale of South Australia during the Gold Fever." 2 vols. 1854.

MY AVIARY.

THE BLACKBIRD.

It is not a little curious to observe what amount of liberty may with impunity be allowed to the "feathered tribe" in their domesticated state. My blackbird was, however, indebted, in the first instance, to chance for the freedom he enjoyed. Upon opening his cage one morning to change his bath, he stepped forth, and before it was possible to arrest him, he was on the highest point of the frame of the large open window, looking down for the first time in his life on the broad expanse of nature, with no barrier between him and its enjoyment. Heaven knows it is in no spirit of mockery or disrespect that I say it, but never does his image, at that moment, recur to my memory without bringing with it that of Pope Pius the Sixth, who, after having served all his preceding life a lowly, unambitious, monk, on hearing that he was elected Pope, drew himself up to a height which no one had suspected him to possess, and feeling at last scope and power for his immense and noble talents, looking round with a flashing, all-anticipating eye, upon the assembled crowds, gave out his aspirations in the two little words "Sono Papa." Leo did not utter words, but his glancing eye, his arching neck, now turned to the right, now to the left, now up to heaven, now down into the far-stretching valley beneath him, spoke as clearly as words could have done, "and this, all this, is mine!" I was afraid to move or speak, lest I should precipitate his flight, which I supposed, unworthy that I was, would be final: therefore there was no disobedience or treachery in his conduct; on the contrary, so unconscious was he of doing wrong, that he paused at least five minutes on his pinnacle, as if slowly, luxuriously inhaling the first consciousness of perfect freedom.

If the truth *must* be told, I believe that, for those five minutes he lost all memory of the past; of rules, of discipline, of "*beatole*,"* even of me! For that short time he lived in the present, his being was in what he saw, in what he felt; his original nature had resumed its sway. I *know* this was so, for when at last I ventured to pronounce his name, he heeded, nay, I am sure he *heard* me not; but, as if recovering a little from his proud ecstasy, he arched his neck two or three times more rapidly, more boldly, as it were; fixed his eyes upon one high tree between us and the garden; flapped his wings two or three times, as if to try their strength, found it sufficient; and in another moment was on the top of that tree. The household went in pursuit of him, the only effect of which was to drive him to another tree, which was within the garden—there he remained several hours without food, without motion, and without answering when called. It seemed as if the sense of liberty were

* The Italian name for the favourite worm which the blackbirds eat.

still all-sufficient for him ; but after some time, as I believe is not unfrequently the case, more substantial wants began to make themselves felt. Liberty is no doubt delightful to those who are independent of all other beings for every want and every wish ; but, alas ! who is ? Leo, at least, was not, although his wild nature enjoyed it for a moment ; he became soon convinced that it was no longer suited to him nor he to it. He first began to answer to the well-known call, then to hop down from branch to branch, again to ascend as if the point whence he could see his former house was the safest, and finally he flapped his wings once more, and flew into the window whence he had flown out in the morning. Another accidental escape, and speedy return, proved his matured judgment and appreciation of civilised life, and he had ever after his reward in all its comforts, in addition to a moderate and rational degree of liberty.

As the first duty of a biographer, however, is impartiality, I must confess that if Leo had all the virtues, he was not free from some of the weaknesses of human nature. He was haughty, jealous, and somewhat tyrannical. The solitary sparrow and the nightingale were the chief objects of his jealousy. I know not why, for there certainly was one canary, at least, which I loved better even than them. It might have been that as she was a lady he considered her privileged, for I do not like to admit that another circumstance could have had any influence, namely, that the canary's food was different from, while that of the nightingale and the solitary sparrow was the same, as his ; but, even between these he made some distinction. The nightingale being so much smaller than himself, and light, active, and expert—partly from generosity, I hope, and partly from the prudent determination of making a merit of necessity, generally submitted, with a tolerable share of philosophy, to his having his portion of the favourite worms in peace ; but my poor Azim, my solitary sparrow, whose coyly-yielded and ever doubted affection—doubted, at least, until came the last sad proof—I prized, for that reason, more than all the rest, he being about the same size as Leo, and infinitely more timid, reserved, and retiring by nature ; indeed, more so, I believe, than any other European bird, was less favoured. What a victim was he during his short, unnatural life, to the jealousy and tyranny of his more worldly companion, whenever he dared to make any advances of intimacy towards me ! What rendered this the more distressing was that every such effort on Azim's part was a violence done to his misanthropic nature, or, to his well-founded horror of our race.

My very first occupation in the morning was to feed my birds. The blackbird, nightingale, solitary sparrow, and blackcap, all ate worms of various kinds—the cistole, already mentioned, a little maggot, found in chestnuts, and called in Italian *gian-nello*, and many others—and raw meat ; but they so much preferred the worms, that only Leo ate the raw meat willingly. The great contest, then, was always for the worms, which I kept in a piece of hollow cane, in order to dole them out with due

economy myself, because they were not always easily obtained; while of all other food the birds had *ad libitum*. Before proceeding, I must mention that every bird in my aviary knew its own individual name as well as household dogs do. The names of the blackbird and solitary sparrow I have already mentioned; the nightingale's name was Peri, that of the blackcap, Pio, &c., and when I called one, the others would no more attempt to come forward, than the one called would fail to come. The arrangements of their morning repast were invariably as follows:—Leo took his place on the floor, at one side of my chair; Azim at the other; Peri always at some distance, as much out of sight as was consistent with the keenest and most accurate observance on his part of all that passed, with the rapid and never-missing seizure of the worm intended for him, and, I fear, the mental feasting upon those of the others. Now, my great financial scheme was to give two or three worms to Azim and Peri for every one to Leo; not for loving them better, but because he suffered less in eating meat, although I do not at all know that he did not also enjoy more eating worms, poor strongly-organised bird; but as our best aim in this world should be to lessen pain, rather than to increase enjoyment, so my object was to enlist Leo's robust stomach into the equalisation which nature loves. And now it is that I can scarcely expect to be believed by those who have not aviaries themselves, —and it is precisely for them that I do *not* write—if I attempt to describe the difficulty I had in eluding his vigilance, and consequent jealousy and resentment upon these occasions.

My usual plan was, first, to give a worm to each, then, while he was eager to snatch the second, to give him a piece of meat instead, and while he was occupied with it, to slip another worm to my poor expecting Azim on the other side; but seldom was my sliding scale crowned with success. Leo generally seized the meat, indeed, but it was with that ungracious snatch that marked his already excited suspicion; and, although having taken warning by the dog and the shadow, he held it firmly in his beak, until, rushing round my chair, and causing my poor terrified Azim to drop his prize, he succeeded in securing it for himself, thereupon raising his haughty head, with the unmistakeable expression of "*Veni, vidi, vici.*" Upon other occasions, however, when worms were so scarce as to sharpen my ingenuity by necessity, and when I had succeeded, not in deceiving, but in being too quick for him, and when on rushing round he has found himself fairly over-reached, I yet beheld what to others would seem the ludicrous, but to my partial and investigating eyes, the interesting and almost startling air of offended pride and wounded feeling with which he would turn and hop away at a quicker pace than usual, to quit our unworthy presence. Although sometimes he turned his head and came back at my earnest entreaty and reiteration of the word "*beatole,*" which he understood as well as his own name, and always became excited on hearing it, far oftener did the moral feeling overcome the physical appetite; and, persisting in his withdrawal, as if he

heard me not, for many hours he would remain so resentful as not even to accept anything I could offer him.

The nightingale, as I have said, he seldom meddled with. I always put *his* portion on my open hand, and, holding it high up, called "Peri," upon which he would instantly fly forth from his concealment, light upon my hand, eat his worm, and retire until again summoned forth. One day, however, Leo showed that, if he was too noble to hurt a creature so small, gentle, and aristocratic, it was not because he viewed with indifference his intimacy with me. Leo's place, while I breakfasted, was on my left shoulder, whence he ate of my bread, and drank of my coffee from my lips. If I let too much time pass between his supplies, what indignant and enquiring eyes did he not fix on mine, while ducking his beak repeatedly towards my mouth, he left no room for affecting to misunderstand his meaning. At *breakfast time* also, I always placed some little delicacy on my lap for Peri, in order to preserve our delightful intimacy, where he regularly came to eat it, while my canaries, one in particular, were on the table, disputing with me my egg, and pecking my fingers to reprove their slowness in opening it. On one occasion, I suppose I remained bending forwards longer than usual caressing and talking to Peri, for, presently, I felt my ear laid hold of, though with perfect gentleness, and my head drawn back into its natural position. It was by the beak of Leo. When he relinquished his hold, his eye, not altogether as assured as usual, fixed itself on mine, to ask if I had not deserved it. This fact I give, as all others I have related or shall relate, upon my veracity, although it does not depend on that. And now, why do I speak of my Leo as having been? Alas! alas! he exists, at least, no more for me. Desiring to visit my friends in England, I was obliged to disperse my dear birds amongst the kind friends around me, who invited them. Leo fell to the lot of one whose lovely villa, embowered in trees, and whose amiable family made me only fear that his affections might be weaned from me. Ah, my poor Leo! how unjust was I to measure thy constancy by ours! He was sent in his own cage, and with a supply of all his own sorts of food, especially of his favorite "*beatole*," and the lady who took charge of him had even endeavoured to modulate the tones of her own most musical voice upon those of mine, in order to beguile his ear in pronouncing his name: but it was all in vain. Never, from the moment he left me, could he be induced to eat one single morsel of any kind; and, although the lady wrote to me that he had escaped from his cage to join the feathered songsters around him, I shudder to think that it was not his body which escaped, but I have never had courage to enquire, and I never wish to be informed.

THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST RUSSIA, AND THE NEGOTIATIONS PENDING.

IN the month which has just elapsed, very great progress has been made, if not in actual war, at least in dispelling the delusions which hung like clouds upon it, and prevented either foresight or free action. One of the truths, which from the first we plainly demonstrated and strenuously asserted, has been now rendered manifest beyond the possibility of questioning. This is the utter indifference of Prussia to the object of the war, and its intervention in conferences and negotiations with the mere view of befriending Russia and rendering active or strenuous measures impossible. The "Times" itself, which so long clung to the idea that Prussia must be urged, and might be relied on, for the coercion of the Czar, has at length abandoned it, and frankly devotes the Prussian monarch to the infernal Gods, nay, goes so far as to threaten him with the leviathans of Napier and Parseval Duchesne.

We have now still more cause than ever to regret that Prussia was not left to her natural state of neutrality. By forcing Prussia into the European conferences on the state of the Levant, we have thrown Austria and Prussia together, and so linked them, that one can no longer take a step without the other. And as one of the Siamese twins was predetermined from the first not to move in hostile advance, Austria finds herself equally arrested in her warlike operations, or supplied with the most convenient pretext for backwardness and hesitation. What exultation was not indulged in, when the treaty of four articles was to be signed between the German powers! Prussia was to mobilize her landwehr, and Austria, secure in Prussian support, would be at liberty to pour forth her legions on the Lower Danube. We said at the time that all this was moonshine, and that a treaty between Prussia and Austria, by which each guaranteed the existing territories of the other, and stipulated to march to each other's aid in case of attack, could have no other result than to tie the small portion of spirit and forwardness that was in the one, to all the pusillanimity and insincerity of the other.

Circumstances have shown how fully we were right. Although Austria's march to occupy the Principalities was certainly meant and arranged in a manner to be really useful to Russia, and as little hostile to her as possible, still, at the word of the Czar, signified through Berlin to Vienna, the advance of the Austrian armies has been suspended, and we are still left to the perplexity of determining whether the armies of the young Emperor are really to be for us or against us.

At the same time it must be admitted, that the overtures of the

Czar now for the first time contain very important concessions, and that if these concessions are frankly made on one side, developed and rendered efficient on the other, they offer possibilities of peace more worthy of consideration than the ambiguous advances of Russia at any previous time.

It is said now, that Russia offers to concede, what previously she never would listen to, the admission of a joint protectorate of all the European powers, for causing the lives, liberties, and interests of the Christian *Rayahs* of Turkey to be respected. There are some who recoil at the very mention of a protectorate as injurious and menacing to Turkey. Let us, however, not stick at names, or quarrel about them. The attention of Europe is now so fully fixed upon Turkey, and our commercial and political relations with that country are not only now so many and so universal, but certain to augment daily, that the interest borne by the Christians of the West to the Christian races in Turkey, is something that cannot be effaced. Blot the word protectorate from every treaty, and even omit the use of it in every negotiation, the protecting hand of the Christian countries and governments of Europe will not less be felt; and any grave outrage upon the Christians of the Levant, every act of oppression and oblivion of their rights, will infallably arouse public opinion to demand remedy and reparation. In this state of things to banish the word protectorate from treaties will be of no avail. The feeling and the necessity will always exist. It is for the Turks to leave this sympathy and protecting feeling no object, by at last treating their former *Rayahs* as brethren and as equals. If they do not advance towards this, Europeans will interfere, if not by arms, at least by agitation and expostulation, and in the end, perhaps, by material sympathy, or an imitation of American filibustery. It is better far to obviate all this by a common treaty between all the powers of Europe, to which Turkey itself need be no party. This treaty may provide, that no one power apart from, or independent of the other, shall interfere or demand either reparation or amendment with regard to the treatment of the Christian subjects of the Porte.

Some doubt, however, exists as to the fulness of the concessions on the part of Russia, which, it is said, excepts the rights of the Russo-Greek Church at Jerusalem. As Russia is alone of this persuasion, it repudiates the idea of Roman Catholic or Protestant governments interfering in negotiations with regard to a subject to which their ideas must be foreign, and their interests opposed. Such a demand, if made, is not admissible; and whatever specious reason Russia may have for alleging that this question regards merely her and the Porte, it is plain that the exclusive protectorate or interference of Russia can in no case be admitted, as it would reopen the door for all those quarrels and embarrassments that have occurred. If, however, Russia has made in good faith the concession of establishing a joint, instead of an exclusive protectorate, over the *Rayahs* of Turkey, it is plain that she must abandon any similar claim with respect to the

Patriarch, and even the Christians, who will be much safer under the general guarantee of Europe, than under temporary stipulations, drawn up under the pressure and in the precipitation of war.

The other point which Russia is represented as willing to cede, is the complete freedom and opening of the Danube. If Russia be sincere in this offer, she must be prepared to abandon her quarantine and vexatious establishments and batteries at the different outlets of that great river. Its stream must become really, as well as nominally, free. And no Russian colours, guns, sanitary or other authorities, must be seen upon the Danube.

If these two concessions be frankly and fully made, and at the same time the speedy evacuation of the Principalities promised, it then becomes a question whether such concessions ought not to satisfy the belligerent powers, and whether they might not be made the basis of future peace. We must confess here, as an opinion, that such offers are not to be despised or scouted. They ought not, indeed, to be allowed to interrupt military operations, until we have proofs that the offers are real and sincere, and will be allowed to be extended to the full satisfaction of the two great complaints and dangers which they meet. But, at the same time, we are decidedly of the opinion, that such offers ought not to be lightly rejected without a hearing on the ground that they are insufficient, and that the allies had not yet acquired either the guarantees or the glory, which would warrant their putting an end to the war.

The objections to entertaining even a thought of peace at this moment—objections but too general—are, first, that we have not had glory enough, and that we have not struck a good blow with either fleet or army. Moreover a guarantee is to be obtained along with glory—a material guarantee, such as Lord Lyndhurst insisted on. Let it be Bessarabia or the Crimea; a conquest, in fact, of some kind, to exist as a proof that Russia was humbled. There are others who do not press so much for permanent conquest as for a great achievement—the capture of Sebastopol, the destruction of the Russian fleet. And many would fain follow this up by stipulating that Russia shall never again be allowed to have an overgrown fleet on the Black Sea menacing to Constantinople and to Europe.

Such sentiments and demands are certainly very natural, and by no means unjust. But are they prudent to entertain? We shall be much delighted to hear that Sebastopol is destroyed, and that Cronstadt is taken. We should be even still more pleased to learn, that Omer Pacha, Lord Raglan, and the Marshal St. Arnaud had advanced, and defeated the Russians in a pitched battle. But the "Edinburgh Review," the organ of the Whigs, assures us, that an advance of the English army is impossible until it can collect means of transport from Asia, Europe affording none. The "Times," another ministerial organ, though, we admit, a very independent one, presses for a Sebastopol expedition, on the very ground, that an advance beyond the Danube is impossible, and that a battle or even strategic manœuvres are not to be

expected from armies so destitute of cavalry as ours, and so far short of the immense masses to which the east of Europe is accustomed.

We do not believe in these obstacles; and we deprecate such dissuasions, for reasons that we shall show by and by. War should never stand still, and we do not see insurmountable obstruction to any of these achievements. But, after all, their success is not certain; and we should think what we might ask of Russia even after their successful accomplishment, in order to arrive at a fair conception of what we ought to demand previous to incurring the risk, the loss of life, the expenditure of resources, strength, and means, which must be the result of all great naval and military enterprises.

First of all, what is meant by material guarantees? that portentous word, invented by Lord Lyndhurst, or, indeed, taken by him from the Czar's own vocabulary. The capture of the Crimea, and its permanent retention from Russia, or restoration to the Turks, would, indeed, deprive the Russians of a seaport, and incapacitate them for some time from lording it on the Black Sea. But the restoration of the Crimea to the Turks, or its retention by us, could be inserted in no treaty of peace that was not preceded by a campaign, or campaigns, overrunning Russia, and threatening it with permanent occupation. Napoleon demanded little more of Alexander than that he should proscribe English merchandise, and make war upon English policy. Rather than submit to this, Alexander allowed his capital to be burned, his country ravaged and occupied by 400,000 men. Nicholas must resort to a similar extremity rather than abandon the Crimea; and unless we are prepared to emulate the French expedition of 1812, we had better not demand that which Russia cannot grant without signal dishonour and deep humiliation. If we cannot take the Crimea permanently from Russia, what material guarantee can we have that she shall never menace the Porte? To deprive her of Bessarabia would give no such guarantee. Had we not better be contented with other than a material guarantee? Turkey and its position and its independence make no part of the general law of Europe. They were excluded at the congress of Vienna. Let it now become a law of European policy, that no existing power shall extend its territories nearer to Constantinople. Let the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus be tabooed to the ambition of any and of every state. Let the Danube be declared free, and the Principalities neutral. Let all future relations of European nations with the Porte be managed by a general commission, not individual claims or efforts. Let Russia solemnly accept such terms; and Europe, we think, need not require any other or more material guarantee.

There are, however, some politicians in both Whig and Tory ranks, who think that the present war ought not to be allowed to pass away without compelling Russia to recede from her advanced positions south of the Caucasus. They recommend the taking of the Crimea, the destruction of all Russian domination over the Circassians, and their expulsion from Georgia. The "Edinburgh

Review" even recommends that Omer Pacha and his army should be transferred to Erzerum to effect the latter object, leaving the Danubian provinces, with the aid of Austria, to take care of themselves.

It would, indeed, have been most desirable to have maintained the independence of Georgia and Armenia—a great object, which ought to have been looked to from the commencement of the reign of Nicholas. Unfortunately we have allowed Russia to assume in this region the character of the only Christian protecting power. Menaced and maltreated by the two great Mahomedan sects and empires, the Christians of these regions have found an avenger and a guardian in Russia. We, in order to tear them from Russia, have no other way of doing so than of allying with the Mussulman tribes and empires, and restoring their domination. We may make it plain in Europe, that in supporting for the moment, and for the maintenance of the existing empire, the Crescent against the Cross, we by no means wish permanently to degrade the Cross. But how are we to convince the Georgians of this? English officers lead the Turkish armies in Armenia. Our naval officers and our diplomatic agents have fraternised with the prophet Schamyl and the Circassian Mahomedans. But this is far more menacing than encouraging to the Georgian Christians, who seem to serve the Czar with enthusiasm, and who have no reason to regard the English as liberators. Supposing that Georgia were rescued from the Czar, what is to be its fate? Is it to be restored to Persian sovereignty or suzerainty? How is it to be protected from the mountain tribes which seek to dominate over and plunder the inhabitants of the lower regions and valleys? We may get over the difficulty of having Greeks and Slavons against us in Thessaly and in Bulgaria; but, in Georgia, we can neither bring the same forces nor the same arguments against the Russians. We cannot march to the liberation of a people who do not wish to be liberated, and who prefer a Christian to a Mahomedan sovereign.*

In the programme, however, of the requirements which we should insist upon in making peace with Russia, was the independence of the Circassians. We cannot, it is said, abandon a people with whom we have opened communication, to whom we sent officers and arms. Lord Lyndhurst insisted upon this, and no doubt there is a general feeling throughout the country and in Parliament in favour of the Circassians. Their indulgence in their own peculiar, but not cruel, slave-trade, does not destroy their popularity with us. We are not inclined to quarrel with them on account of their patriarchal habits. But we must say, that to stipulate in a treaty for the independence of the Circassians, is to establish the causes of eternal war. Could we send 100,000 men from India, move them from Bassora to Tiflis, and drive the Russians from Transcaucasia altogether, then we might

* See in Haxthausen's *Transcaucasia*, the sentiments of the Armenians towards Russia.


pretend and hope to establish the Caucasus itself as independent. But to tell Russia that Georgia and Armenia shall be left her, but that the very road to both shall be blocked up against her, is to aim at what is impracticable. Were Russia to stipulate that she would respect Circassian independence, she could never observe such stipulation; the feuds would be eternal, the causes of quarrel daily. We have no doubt that this very question of the independence of the Circassians forms one of the chief considerations of the Cabinet, called as it is at present to weigh the offers of Russia, which are known to content the Prussians, and which has not been stamped by the disapprobation of Austria. The Vienna Conference is, no doubt, to meet again to discuss and answer them. But they are too grave to be even discussed at Vienna before reference is made to each court, and a decisive opinion obtained. This decisive opinion is a very difficult matter to arrive at and be agreed about in the British Cabinet. Austria and Prussia are, of course, averse to any tenderness for Circassia standing in the way of peace. Austria's anxieties are for the Danube, not the Kouban; and if we are to continue the war for Circassia, it is quite evident that the succour of the German powers is not to be counted upon. Whether France is likely to prolong the war for the sake of the Circassians, is another point. But it is much to be feared that, however we may count upon the staunch alliance of France, and the wretched vacillating support of Austria, for the European question of rendering Constantinople, the Danube, and the Principalities independent of Russia, we cannot count upon their support and alliance for the purpose of any Asiatic policy.

But to come to any conclusion respecting the justice or expediency of conditions of peace, we must consider the actual state, and prospects, and possibilities of the war. Looking to them, it must be admitted that the Russians have egregiously failed in their offensive operations, and have not obtained any one single object proposed by them at the outset. Never had a great military monarch fairer opportunities. He had seized the Principalities, turned to the use of his armies its resources, and had months to prepare in Bucharest for any plan of offensive operations that military talent and experience could devise. The Turks had never more than 80,000 men, of which a great portion were irregulars. Of these men 15,000 were in the Dobrudscha, 30,000 in Widdien or at Sophia. The Danubian fortresses required their garrisons, and Omer Pacha had seldom more than 30,000 men at Shumla. If the Russians were at all equal to their reputation, here were ample opportunities of victory. But no use was made of them. The Russian soldiers showed a want of courage at Oltenitza, and faltered when called on to march to the assault of even a ditch. At Cetate they were equally worsted when on the defensive. Gortschakoff was paralysed by the vicinity of our fleets, whose steamers, it was thought, would penetrate the mouth of the Danube, and disturb operations on its southern side. Paskewitch overruled this hesitation, and pushed Luders over the river quite needlessly:

for we never dreamed of penetrating into the Danube, interfering with the enemy's operations, or advancing behind Bucharest. But all the Russian caution and preliminary movements lost for them precious time; and when they did form the siege of Silistria, it was too late to make regular approaches to it, menaced as were the besiegers with the allies from Varna. The Russian general, therefore, precipitated the operations of the siege, risked premature attacks, which failed and disheartened the soldiery. The example and daring of officers and general could not supply or restore their spirits; and Paskewitch was obliged, for the first time in his career, to abandon a military enterprise.

This failure has had its effect upon the Czar. If, with the Anglo-French but looming in the distance, he was unable to beat the Turks, to win a fortified passage over the Danube, or strike a blow at Schumla, how should he hope for any equal success when the allied troops advanced, and even Austria was bound to march to their aid unless Russia retired from the Danube? The Czar has avowed himself sensible of this by the offer of these terms of peace which we have been discussing. They contain certainly much greater concessions than he was willing to make at the commencement of the campaign; so that the war so far, however marked by no very astounding trait of heroism or military genius, cannot be said to have been unproductive.

It is, however, not fair to calculate or sum up the military results of a campaign in the month of July, by which time the preliminaries for striking a great blow may only have been completed. We happen to have good sources of intelligence from the Baltic, and we believe the conviction of the naval commanders there is, that Cronstadt may be reduced. There has hitherto been shown the utmost caution in making known to the enemy even the power of attack, lest they might be induced to alter and improve their mode of defence. The new mortars and the spherical shells have not been ever tried, except at Woolwich, so that their employ and their destructive results at Cronstadt will probably be their introduction to the world. These mortars can throw their shells a distance of between three and four miles, and with such precision as to fall within a space of twenty yards square. The action of these shells, thrown from the anchorage lately explored, and which is completely without the range of the guns of either the fortress or its forts, is such as to render certain the destruction of every wooden construction within the town, and harbour, and forts of Cronstadt, including, of course, the twenty sail of the line. The latter feat achieved, or even half achieved, the admirals would brave the forts with their line-of-battle ships, and follow each other close to the chief batteries of Cronstadt itself. It has been said of late, even in Parliament, that a vessel of war cannot engage in a contest with a stone battery. This opinion has been a subject of derision in the fleet. Of the casemated batteries in tiers, it is well known that it is only the first discharges that are formidable, so blinding is the smoke. It is Sir Charles Napier's opinion, that there is no battery in existence that could hold out twenty



minutes before the broadsides of the Duke of Wellington poured forth at the rate of three rounds in two minutes. Our line-of-battle ships have not yet during the war been placed in front of a battery; when they are they will blow, not only the stone batteries, but the piles of theory built upon them, into the air. Soldiers, however, are requisite to complete the work which sailors have commenced. The capture of Cronstadt renders the destruction of St. Petersburg feasible—how or why, it is for the present premature to explain. But whenever the results of war have been achieved, and when it is desirable for our fleets and troops to retire from Cronstadt, it is quite possible to restore the island on which the fortress is built to its original state; that is to a mere sand-bank, over which the waters flow whenever the prevalence of certain winds causes them to rise, as it does, in a kind of tide.

The conquest of Cronstadt, with the subsequent operations for the destruction of St. Petersburg, must not be supposed conclusive of the Czar's submission. He never pretended to compete with England in naval power, much less with England and France. And his fortresses and even his capital being knocked about by the most powerful alliance and mightiest fleet that the world ever saw, may make the Czar still more determined to wear out his opponents, and defy them, as Alexander did Napoleon, from his vast solitudes. What the capture of Cronstadt would not do, could the capture of Sebastopol effect? The conquest of Sebastopol is admitted on all hands to be a military more than a naval operation. It is a fortress completely dependent on the land. It is commanded by higher grounds, and from those higher grounds it is even supplied by water, which is not to be had otherwise within the town. Sebastopol must therefore be reduced by a land force, and that land force must be an army equal to the conquest of the Crimea.

At present the tide of public opinion sets strongly for an expedition to the Crimea. This is a craving for something tangible, and most doctors deprecate a prosecution of the war on the banks of the Sereth or the Pruth. The "Edinburgh Review" even recommends the transference of Omer Pasha and of his army to Armenia and Georgia. It is, however, upon the Danube, the Dniester, the Theiss, and the Pruth, that the fate of empires in the south and east of Europe have always been decided. We have said before, that fleets do not decide the fate of kingdoms. We might add, neither do sieges. Napoleon, though an artillery officer who first rose to eminence in the conduct of a siege, still had a horror of sieges. He never undertook one when he could help it. He knew it to be one of great difficulty, time, and loss, with no proportionate result. That, which in war, is productive of most results, is the winning of a battle, or victory in the field. An army that takes a town or fort, may not take another. It may be considered an isolated exploit. But a general that beats the armies of a potentate in the field, will be presumed able to beat other armies. The battles of Jena, of Austerlitz, of Wagram, were decisive. The beaten monarch came

to the feet of his vanquisher. No siege, no blockade, no capture of a town, or even of a capital, can have the same result. If, therefore, we are bent on decidedly humbling the Czar; if we are not to be contented with the freedom of the Danube, or the joint protectorate of the Turkish Rayahs—if we must have material guarantees, such as Finland, or the Crimea, or Georgia,—and if we pretend seriously to drive Russia from the Black Sea—we must make up our mind and our strength to beat her in the field. There is no other way of doing it. Sebastopol, Cronstadt, Georgia, all these are false scents. The field of battle and of conquest lies before our armies at the present moment. The Russians are in Moldavia to the north of the Danube, whilst the Turks and the Anglo-French are encamped upon it. March upon the Russians and beat them—that would be Napoleon's plan. If we cannot do that, we had better make peace. There is no use, nor dignity, in blustering against Russia, and not attacking her armies where they are to be found. To go aside from them, to run to the Crimea, whilst they are in Moldavia; to plead that we have no mules to carry officers' portmanteaus, that we cannot move without the means of transport, that we have not cavalry to meet the squadrons of Russia, that the country is too vast to enter upon, too low to be healthy, too rude, and depopulated, and sterile, for occupation—all these are but excuses to evade and escape the true brunt of the war. They betray fear, and a disinclination to meet even a discomfited enemy, which can but embolden that enemy, and allow him to recover strength and courage. We know the difficulties to be contended with, the risks to be run. The army which attacks Russia is no homogeneous one, obedient to a single command, moved by a genius and a will. There are several commanders, who have to connect and to combine. War has not proved or developed the talents of any general, or given him the only true right to command, the only claim to be listened to and obeyed without demur.

It matters not. Great things have been done, and great characters achieved at first by men who had very defective materials. Look at Napoleon entering upon his first Italian campaigns. Did he write to the Directory that he could not move because he wanted means of transport? Did he hesitate to march his shoeless troops through the snows and rocks of the Alps? Did he wait to discipline his revolutionary bands? No—he merely sought out the nearest and surest way to reach the enemy. Napoleon, with 30,000 men, and less, attacked double the number of foes. We do not expect to see such wonders or such military genius repeated. But the 100,000 Anglo-French are alone, unsupported by either Turks or Austrians, a full match for the force which the Russians have really in the Principalities. The gallant Turks are ready to support them. A bold and instantaneous advance of so spirited and ample a force, would, we will be bound to say, terminate the war in one campaign by the utter rout

and discomfiture of those soldiers who fought at Silistria and Cetate.

Talk of guarantees, material ones! there is no guarantee equal to that of beating one's enemy in the field, and humbling his military reputation. This is what we ought to expect and aim at, but which certainly our war-office will not enjoin. It is sufficient to peruse those organs which have access to ministerial thoughts to see that every man in authority shrinks from a bold campaign, or a decisive battle, as something far too full of risk to be contemplated. Accordingly one recommends us to run to Armenia, another would send the troops under cover of the fleet to Sebastopol. Any road is good that leads away from the camp and the main body of the foe. This is the system of making war without risk and without result, taking the longest time about it, and incurring the largest expense. Thus did we make war until the Duke of Wellington arose; and thus shall we make war until we get a general who has earned a reputation, and can impose his will upon a war-office at home, instead of being the puppet of its feeble pulling of the strings.

There are no politicians, or no people, more fitted to wage a strenuous war, than those whose mind is quite clear as to what is to be desired as the end of that war. Nothing is to be so deprecated or combated as a vague and indefinite desire for glory or vengeance, stirred by calumnies against the Czar, vilifying his every act, or caricaturing him in the shops as Satan. All this is puerile, unworthy of a great nation. Our enemy wanted to conquer and subdue his neighbour. At his age we ourselves had no other desire as a nation. He has employed some cunning and much falsehood to attain his purposes. We have seen through this, unmasked it, and have already defeated his purposes and discomfited his ambition. But we must go further, not with a view to punish him—vengeance may be heroic in romance, it is puerile in the present age of history—but with a determination to preclude any such attempt for the future.

There are two ways of attempting this. One is, to show him that his aim at conquering Turkey is impossible; that Europe will never admit it; and that two powers, or even one, are sufficient to prevent it: compel him to submit to, and join in, a general European treaty, to the effect of rendering Turkey, as much as France, or Germany, or Spain, a country, which, whatever its internal revolutions, no other power or powers can despoil, or subdue, or partition. If Russia will not consent to this, make war upon her till she does; not to conquer or to humiliate Russia, or deprive her of conquests such as make a natural portion of her empire, but merely to bring her in to the common law of the civilised world.

The other way of attacking and seeking to render Russia harmless, leads to nothing less than her conquest, the beating her armies one after the other, and advancing into her country, and dictating terms at Moscow and St. Petersburg; which terms might be

to restore Finland to Sweden, Bessarabia to Turkey, the shores of the Black Sea to a Tartar prince.

We do not say but that the extreme obstinacy of Russia, and the determination of the Czar to involve all Europe in a sanguinary and inveterate war, rather than abandon his designs upon Turkey—we do not say that he might not provoke Europe to treat him as Europe treated Napoleon in 1815. But for the present, it would appear to us sufficient to compel Russia to make these fair terms, without inflicting any very severe or sensible blow upon her national power. There is, we believe, no medium between the two lines of policy. We must either reduce Russia to enter into recognizances, and into a common bond with Europe, without wounding her national pride; or we must proceed to such extreme war as can only be terminated at Moscow, or, if needs be, at Tobolsk.

There is no medium between these alternatives: for if we humiliate and control Russia without absolutely crushing her, she will surely brood over vengeance, await her time, and run-a-muck at Europe when an opportunity offers. When we join to this consideration the impossibility of expecting that the German powers will go any length at all in reducing Russia, and the doubt that France would be inclined to embark in a long war with the prospect of going to Moscow again, must induce every rational person to desire to stop at the first alternative—that is, to grant Russia such terms as will not radically humiliate, or irritate, or hurt, whilst they effectually guarantee the future integrity of Turkey, with the freedom of both the Danube and the Black Sea.

The most serious obstacles to an early and moderate accommodation are presented by the tortuous and ambiguous style of the Russian Chancery; and this by the tone of superiority which Russia for the last half century has been allowed to assume, and the language of adulation in which she has been universally addressed. We do think that the late terms sent from St. Petersburg, addressed to Prussia and to Austria, contain the principal concessions desired. But they have been so ambiguously stated, and accompanied with such wordy exceptions about the rights of the church *ab antiquo*, and so on, that to a plain English eye the Russian offer appears dictated by a mere wish to deceive.

In the statement of ministerial views made by Lord John Russell to his supporters, at the meeting which he convened of them on the 17th, he treated the offers of Russia as trifling, and not worth a moment's consideration. He did not deny that they met all the wishes of Prussia, and that the Austrians did not think them insufficient in themselves, but not calculated to satisfy the awakened susceptibilities and increased exigencies of the Western powers. This was preliminary to fresh demands of money, which of course have been freely granted. And England determines prosecuting the war, as, indeed, ought to be done, even if the minds of the public and of ministers were made up to accept moderate terms.

What renders Lord John Russell doubly right is, that the attitude assumed by Austria renders it imperative on the other allies

to prove their superiority to Russia unaided by that power. We are rejoiced that Austria has held back, for by marching into Wallachia she would have separated the two great armies, instead of showing the inferiority of one or other, by which a settlement can be soonest arrived at. Taking post between them, a moral and also a physical arbiter, Austria, in occupying the Principalities, might have spun out negotiation *ad infinitum*. Difference of opinion seems to have prevailed between the French and English—one, perhaps, for going to Sebastopol, another for marching upon tardy Austria. Now, however, things have assumed an aspect which renders doubt and difference impossible.

Russia, finding that the offers which she made were not likely to be accepted, and that much more would be asked of her, has summoned Austria not to aid the allies in obtaining that more, and has asserted her ability of herself and alone to keep the allies in check. To accomplish this her armies have been recalled from their retreat towards the Sereth, and called back into Wallachia to dispute it. This is brave; and it has the advantage that it will bring the war to a speedy decision. The Turks not only will, but have passed the Danube. They have taken Giurgevo by the skill of Omer Pacha and their own bravery. They are determined to maintain themselves, and the Anglo-French must march to their succour. To all appearance the Russians are determined to stand on the defensive around Bucharest, and to offer battle in the vicinity of the capital of Wallachia.

Gortschakoff is evidently a commander who has no objection to an extended line; he kept his troops spread over the whole breadth of Wallachia. Paskewitch is, on the contrary, a commander who concentrates his forces. He seems to have had the right instinct, but not the judicious vigour to act upon it. Paskewitch lost a month before attacking Silistria, solely to give time to the corps of Luders to occupy the Dobrudscha, and advance upon Silistria, so as to cover it on the side of Varna. It turned out that there was not the least use in the movement; for the Russians very easily threw bridges across the islands below Silistria, and established a communication in a few hours, which it took Luders weeks to do. And after all, the Russian army was stopped by a redoubt, such as the French cuirassiers took at Borodino with a charge. There was not even a stone-facing to the redoubt of Arab Tabia, nothing but grass, which a child could run up and down. There was never more than 400 Turks in this redoubt. The Russians directed a division of 6,000 men against it. It was not that the Russian soldier could not take Arab Tabia, but that they would not. The generals and officers sacrificed themselves in vain. There is evidently something wrong with the Russian soldier. He will fight when he must, and when flight is impossible. But the enthusiasm necessary for a daring hand-to-hand fight the Russian wants, while the Turks possess it. A continuance of the war would, no doubt, equalise this; for the Russian cannot want natural courage. But the few encounters that have taken place ought to encourage the general of the Euro-

pean armies to press on, and fight a general battle this campaign rather than next.

The Russian commanders are not the only ones of the present war who do in June and July what they might have done in April and May. It is only now, for example, that the British have destroyed the Russian forts at the Sulina mouth of the Danube, and taken possession of them. Immediately upon news of this, the Russians are abandoning Isaktcha, Toultsch, and Matchin. Would they have ever taken them had we been in possession of the Sulina forts? It may be considered that they would not.

To separate the Russians from the Danube altogether, take their flotilla, and isolate them from the sea, will be a great point gained, and would, indeed, of itself totally preclude the possibility of their staying in Wallachia. Meantime Omer Pacha has passed the Danube at Giurgevo, and he has a division of the French army to support him. We should hope that the English will not go so far westward. Were they to pass at Silistria, and march by Slobodzie upon Galatz, of course supported by a simultaneous advance of French and Turks, Gortschakoff must either abandon Bucharest, or, in defending it, expose himself to be attacked on two sides. There are but two roads from Wallachia into Moldavia, that by Galatz and that by Foksan. By occupying the former, and clearing the Danube from Silistria to Galatz, and from Galatz to the sea, all want of commissariat or transport would be avoided, and supplies of every kind could be received from up and from down the stream. It appears that the Russians are abandoning the fortresses below Galatz on the two southern mouths of the river. Ismail, which is above, they will find it impossible to retain long.

To fight a decisive action is, however, an object superior to all others, and to which all others should give way. When one considers the stamina and high *morale* of the British and French, with the soldier-like qualities of which the Turks have shown themselves possessed, not to bring them in line against the Russians, and compel the latter to an engagement, would be an enormous dereliction of duty and of skill on the part of the leaders. Success achieved without Austria will deprive the Court of Vienna of the pretext and the power of either retarding negotiations or rendering less effectual and final the conditions of the peace. As Russia, therefore, thinks fit to take advantage of the month's respite which Austria has given, so ought we by an immediate advance of our armies. We may depend upon it, that to beat the Russians in the fields of Wallachia and Moldavia, supported by the French and Turks, will be a far easier matter than to take Sebastopol. And if we are not to keep Sebastopol, or to occupy the Crimea, but merely to burn a few ships, spike a few cannon, and blow up the whole ammunition, the capture of the fortress will be of no permanent influence on the war, whereas a battle gained in the Principalities would finish it.

But ardent as we are for pressing the war, especially in that direction and in those places, where the enemies are to be come

up with, we must confess ourselves to be of the opinion, that peace ought to be made with Russia on moderate terms. It is not the task, the business, or the policy of England to reduce Russia from being a first-rate power to the rank of a secondary one. We want to say to her peremptorily that her empire is already large enough, and it shall advance no further along the coasts of that sea. In the freedom of that element we are commercially interested, and we cannot admit such agglomeration of power and monopolies of territories and of ports, which really cannot be made use of by a nation so poor and of such few resources as Russia. Constantinople must not be hers nor yet the Principalities. But having said this, we have said all. We do not seek the ruin of Russia, nor yet do we want to establish eternal rivalry with her. We do not like eternal rivalries. We paid dearly for that, which was allowed to grow up between us and France, and which has been happily put an end to. The blind multitude would very much like to supply that expiring hatred by another and a new hatred for the Russian or the Yankee. We beg to deprecate the necessity or the sentiment. We can live without inveterate foes. We must not allow either Russia or America to rough-ride their neighbours, or overrun the world. But we must avoid national hatreds, and shun the danger and expense of setting ourselves up as rivals or as foes to either Russia or America. The globe is wide enough for all; and all have their duties and their feelings. That they may fulfil these should be our desire, without making it necessary to our glory or our security to humble others. We go with Messrs. Bright and Cobden to the limits of what is sensible and Christian. We beg to stop short of the extravagant, the sheepish, the factious, and the absurd.

Strongly in favour of a vigorous war, when there is war, and of striking blows home at the armies of the enemy, instead of casting shells into their towns, or parading before their ports, we are at the same time of the opinion, that peace and its results would have far more effect in counterbalancing the power of Russia, than war can have to bring it down. Burning the tar, killing the serfs, or dismantling the batteries of Russia is but destroying what a short time must replace. Nothing that war, or at least that the present war can do, can cripple the development of Russia. But the peace, which shall follow the present war, by opening the Danube and the countries round the Black Sea to the commerce and communication of Europe, will run up a host of interests and influences, and resources, and ideas, which will act as more powerful checks to Russia than armies. Let us take, for example, the Christian provinces or kingdoms south of the Caucasus. Long oppressed by Persia, and only severed from Mahomedan tyranny by Russia, the Georgians and Armenians know no countries and no powers save those of Russia and of Turkey. Twenty years' peace and free communication with the mere efforts of the now large body of Armenian Protestants, would awaken far different dispositions in the people of those countries. Towards the close of the century Armenia and Georgia might aspire to

be independent, or to wield that influence over the regions south and east of it, for which nature seems to have intended the cradle of the finest of the human race, and where, providentially, the germs of Christianity have never been stifled or destroyed.

How vainly has it been hoped or attempted to stop Russian progress in the east of Europe during the last century! Why? Because the powers of Europe were not sufficiently alive or interested. Let there be thirty years of peace, and at the rate at which the world progresses, the European public will be as much interested in Georgia and Circassia, as it is now in the countries of the Danube. The Russians built forts, for the purpose, they say, of preventing the export of young females. Had they knocked down the castles, and facilitated the trade of the Circassian coast with Europe, the chiefs there would soon have found some other article of trade, than the sale of the one or two young females of their family in the course of a life.

People are always threatening and alarming us with the possibility of war, with the invasion and conquest of our Indian possessions, for example, by war. If it was of vital importance that England should continue for centuries to rule and to monopolise India, we should be far more alarmed at this rule and this monopoly being invaded and destroyed by peace than by war. For, whilst we utterly discredit and deride the idea of an armed Russian expedition to India, the peaceful progress of European power in Asia is most likely one day to interfere with our domination. We have the Americans in China and in Japan. We went to war with Burmah, chiefly because an American consul was about to be established in Ava. We have Russians at Khiva and Bokara, and if she is wise, Russia will occupy both places, not with her guns, but her caravans and traders; we having ourselves, with prescient liberality, opened the ports of all our colonies to foreign traders. And the great countries of Europe, France and Germany, will take advantage of it. In this we have been wise. For Asia is like Europe, if two colossal powers shared it, as England and France did Europe at the commencement of the century, they would dispute it with a quarter of a century's wasting and bootless war. Whenever, then, that quarter of the globe, like that beneath and around us, comes to be swayed by conflicting and numerous interests, the peaceful struggle may be continued and the warlike ones be few and unimportant—until Asia, either by its own regeneration, or by accepting European ideas of organisation and government, become once more a civilised portion of the globe.

But what we should bear in mind for the present, and labour to avoid for the future, would be to engage in a fierce and eternal rivalry with Russia. At the present moment our allies in Europe have far more limited aims than we. Prussia is against us. Austria is already satisfied, and whilst suspending the march of her armies, has sent to know what we mean by the guarantees required for securing the independence of Turkey and

the peace of the Levant. What France requires is, that other powers should not extend their frontiers whilst hers remain stationary. All, in fact, are more easily satisfied than we. And when they are satisfied European peace will follow. Let us not so manage, or be so inveterate, that an Asiatic struggle would then but commence as soon as the European difference was over. To a peaceful rivalry and struggle we have no objection. But we have no wish for the days of Darius and Alexander, even though we should prove to be the Macedonian, and never for a twenty years' war with the Continent, no, though it should end in a second Waterloo.

POSTSCRIPT.

The foregoing was necessarily written and printed before Lord John Russell made his disclosure of the views of the British Government. In that statement the minister made known what were now the offers of Russia, when it became aware that the Allies would not be contented with the old *status quo*, and would require such guarantees as the disarmament of Sebastopol. But Russia had made offers previous to these, in which she consented to evacuate the Principalities. Nay, she had begun to evacuate them. To represent the later and semi-defiant attitude of Russia as the only offer she had made, is not just. If she now re-occupies Wallachia, and refuses to evacuate the Principalities, it is that she is aware of her concessions being useless, and her offers being rejected.

It is plain, however, that from the moment that England had determined to demand the dismantling of Sebastopol, and the disarmament of its fleet, there could be no accommodation; equally plain, that peace is impossible, until it is dictated at the point of the sword. In order to arrive at this, we adhere to the opinion, that the defeat of the Russian armies was the shortest and the best way. The consequence of our abandoning the countries of the Danube will be, that the Austrians will not advance, and that we shall be obliged to undertake, in 1855, that expulsion of the Russians from the Principalities which might have been much more easily accomplished in 1854.

With respect to Sebastopol, the enterprise, we need not say, is rendered ten times more difficult by the full disclosure of our intentions; and that which was possible in the month of July, will become a Herculean task in August. How despotic monarchs must laugh at the unfitness of constitutional governments for war, with forces so slow to move, and plans of campaigns, which it is necessary to divulge previous to execution!

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.

BY CHARLES READE,

AUTHOR OF "CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE."

CHAPTER IV.

OLD Hathorn paced down the village with his oak stick a happy man; but for all that he was a little mystified. But two hours ago Robert had told him he loved Rachael, and had asked his leave to marry her, and in answer to his angry, or to speak more correctly, his violent refusal, had told him his heart was bound up in her, and he would rather die than marry any other woman. What could have worked such a sudden change in the young man's mind? "May be I shall find out," was his concluding reflection; and he was right; he did find out, and the information came from a most unexpected quarter. As he passed the village public-house he was hailed from the parlour window; he looked up, and at it was farmer Hickman, mug in hand. Now, to tell the truth, Hathorn was not averse to ale, especially at another man's expense, and, thought he, "Farmer is getting beery, looks pretty red in the face; however, I'll see if I can't jump something out of him about him and Rose." So he joined Hickman; and in about half an hour he also was redder in the face than at first.

If the wit is out when the wine is in, what must it be when the beer is in.

Old Hathorn and Hickman were much freer over their glass than they had ever been before, and Hathorn pumped Hickman; but inasmuch as Hickman desired to be pumped, and was rather cunninger half drunk than sober, the old farmer drew out of him nothing about Rose, but he elicited an artful and villanous mixture of truth and falsehood about Rachael Wright; it was not a vague sketch like that with which he had destroyed Robert's happiness; it was a long circumstantial history, full of discoloured truths and equivokes, and embellished with one or two good honest lies; but of these there were not many; poor Richard could not be honest even in dealing with the Devil, a great error, since that personage is not to be cheated; honesty is your only card in any little transaction with him. The symposium broke up. Hickman's horse was led round, he mounted, bade Hathorn good day, and went off. In passing the farm his red face turned black, and he shook his fist at it, and said,

"Fight it out now amongst ye." And the poisoner cantered away.

In leading Robert Hathorn and others so far, we have shot ahead of some little matters which must not be left behind, since without them the general posture which things had reached when

Robert found Rachael tying up her bundle could hardly be understood.

When Mrs. Mayfield gave Hickman "the sack," or, as that coarse young man called it, "the bag," she was in a towering passion, and not being an angel, but a female with decided virtues and abominable faults, she was just now in anything but a Christian temper, and woe to all who met her.

The first adventurer was Mr. Casenower: he saw her at a distance, for she had come out of the house, in which she found she could hardly breathe, and came towards her with a face all wreathed in smiles. Mr. Casenower had of late made many tenders of his affection to her, which she had parried, by positively refusing to see anything more than a jest in them; but Casenower, who was perfectly good-humoured and light-hearted, had taken no offence at this, nor would he consider this sort of thing a refusal; in short, he told her plainly that it gave him great pleasure to afford her merriment, even at his own expense; only he should not leave off hoping until she took his proposal into serious consideration; that done, and his fate seriously pronounced, he told her she should find he was too much of a gentleman not to respect a lady's will; only, when the final "No" was pronounced, he should leave the farm, since he could not remain in it and see its brightest attraction given to another. Here he caught her on the side of her good nature, and she replied, "Well, I am not anybody's yet." She said to herself, "the poor soul seems happy here, with his garden, and his farm of two acres, and his nonsense, and why drive the silly goose away before the time?" So she suspended the final "No," and he continued to offer admiration, and she to laugh at it.

It must be owned moreover that she began, at times, to have a sort of humorous terror of this man. A woman knows by experience that it is the fate of a woman not to do what she would like, and to do just what she would rather not, and often, though apparently free, to be fettered by sundry cobwebs, and driven into some unwelcome corner by divers whips of gossamer. One day Mesdames Hathorn and Mayfield had looked out of the parlour window into the garden, and there they saw Mr. Casenower, running wildly among the beds, with his hat in his hand.

"What is up now?" said Mrs. Mayfield, scornfully.

"I dare say it is a butterfly," was the answer; "he collects them."

"What a fool he is! Jane."

"He is a good soul for all that."

"Fools mostly are—Jane!" said Mrs. Mayfield, very solemnly.

"Yes, Rose!"

"Look at that man; look at him well, if you please. Of all the men that pester me, that is the one that is the most ridiculous in my eye. Ha! ha! the butterfly has got safe over the wall, I'm so glad!—Jane!"

"Well!"

"You mark my words—I shan't have the butterfly's luck."

"What do you mean?"

"That man is to be my husband!—that is all."

"La, Rose, how can you talk so! you know he is the last man you will ever take."

"Of course he is, and so he will take me; I feel he will; I can't bear the sight of him, so he is sure to be the man. You will see!—you will see!"—and casting on her cousin a look that was a marvellous compound of fun and bitterness, she left the room brusquely, with one savage glance flung over her shoulder into the garden.

I do not say that such misgivings were frequent; this was once in a way; still it was characteristic, and the reader is entitled to it.

Mr. Casenower then came to Mrs. Mayfield and presented her a clove pink from his garden; he took off his hat with a flourish, and said, with an innocent, but somewhat silly playfulness, "Accept this, fair lady, in token that some day you will accept the grower."

The gracious lady replied by knocking the pink out of his hand, and saying, "That is how I accept the pair."

Mr. Casenower coloured very high, and the water came into his eyes; but Mrs. Mayfield turned her back on him, and flounced into her own house. When there, she felt she had been harsh, and looking out of the window, she saw poor Casenower standing dejected on the spot where she had left him; she saw him stoop and pick up the pink; he eyed it sorrowfully, placed it in his bosom, and then moved droopingly away.

"What a brute I am!" was the Mayfield's first reflection. "I hate you!" was the second.

So then, being discontented with herself, she accumulated bitterness, and in this mood flounced into the garden, for she saw Mrs. Hathorn there. When she reached her, she found that her cousin was looking at Rachael, who was cutting spinach for dinner; while the old corporal, seated at some little distance, watched his granddaughter; and as he watched her, his dim eye lighted every now and then with affection and intelligence.

Mrs. Mayfield did not look at the picture; all she saw was Rachael; and after a few trivial words, she said to Mrs. Hathorn in an under-tone, but loud enough to be heard by Rachael, "Are these two going to live with us altogether?"

Mrs. Hathorn did not answer; she coloured and cast a deprecating look at her cousin: Rachael rose from her knees and said to Patrick in an undertone, the exact counterpart of Mrs. Mayfield's: "Grandfather, we have been here long enough, come—" and she led him into the house.

There is a dignity in silent unobtrusive sorrow, and some such dignity seemed to belong to this village girl, Rachael, and to wait upon all she said or did; and this seemed to put everybody in the wrong who did or said anything against her. When she led off her grandfather with those few firm sad words, in the utterance of which she betrayed no particle of anger or pique, Mrs. Hathorn cast a glance of timid reproach at her cousin, and she herself

turned paler directly; but she replied to Mrs. Hathorn's look only by a disdainful toss of the head, and not choosing to talk upon the subject, she flounced in again and shut herself up in her own parlour—there she walked up and down like a little hyæna. Presently she caught sight of the old farmer, standing like a statue, near the very place where Robert had left him after announcing his love for Rachael and his determination to marry no other woman. At sight of the farmer, an idea struck Mrs. Mayfield—"that Hickman is a liar after all; don't let me be too hasty in believing all this about Robert and that girl. I'll draw the farmer."

"I'll draw the farmer!" my refined reader is looking to me to explain the lady's phraseology. That which in country parlance is called "drawing," is also an art, oh, pencil!—men that have lived thirty or forty years and done business in this wicked world, learn to practise it at odd times. Women have not to wait for that; it is born with most of them an instinct, not an art. It works thus: you suspect something, but you don't know: you catch some one who does know, and you talk to him as if you knew all about it. Then, if he is not quite on his guard, he lets out what you wanted to know.

Mrs. Mayfield walked up to Hathorn with a great appearance of unpremeditated wrath, and said to him, "A fine fool you have been making of me, pretending your Robert looked my way, when he is over head and ears in love with that Rachael!"

"Oh!" cried the farmer, "what the fool has been and told you too!"

"So it is true, then?" cried the Mayfield sharply.

Machiavel, No. 2, saw his mistake too late, and tried to hark back. "No! he is not over head and ears; it is all nonsense and folly; it will pass: you set your back to mine, and we will soon bring the ninny to his senses."

"I back you to force your son my way!" cried Rose in a fury: "what do I care for your son or you either, you old fool!—let him marry his Rachael! the donkey will find whether your mock-modest ones are better or worse than the frank ones—ha! ha!"

"Rose," cried the farmer, illuminated with sudden hope; "if you know anything against her, you tell me, and I'll tell Robert."

"No!" said she, throwing up her nose into the air in a manner pretty to behold, "I am no scandal-monger—it is your affair, not mine: let him marry his Rachael, ha! ha! oh!"—and off she went laughing with malice and choking with vexation.

There now remained to insult only Robert and Mrs. Hathorn. But the virago was afraid to scold Mrs. Hathorn, who she knew would burst out crying at the first hard word, and then she would have to beg the poor soul's pardon; and Robert she could not find just then. Poor fellow, at this very moment he was writhing under Hickman's insinuations, and tearing his own heart to pieces in his efforts to tear Rachael from it.

So the Mayfield ran up stairs to her own bed-room and locked herself in, for she did not want sense, and she began to see and feel that she was hardly safe to be about.

Meantime Rachael had come to take leave of Mrs. Hathorn; that good lady remonstrated, but feebly; she felt that there would never be peace now till the poor girl was gone; but she insisted upon one thing; the old man in his weak state should not go on foot.

"You are free to go or stay for me, Rachael," said she, "but if you go, I will not have any harm come to the poor old man within ten miles of this door."

So to get away, Rachael consented to take a horse and cart of the farmer's, and this is how it came about that Robert found Rachael tying up her bundle of clothes. Her tears fell upon her little bundle as she tied it.

CHAPTER V.

ROBERT HATHORN had found in Hickman's insinuation a natural solution of all that had puzzled him in Rachael. She was the deserted mistress of a man whom she still loved—acting on this he had apologised to his father, had placed his future fate with heart-sick indifference in that father's hands, and had despaired of the female sex, and resigned all hope of heart-happiness in this world. But all this time Rachael had been out of sight. She stood now before him in person, and the sight of her, beautiful, retiring, submissive, sorrowful, smote his heart and bewildered his mind. Looking at her, he could not see the possibility of this creature having ever been Hickman's mistress. He accused himself of having been too hasty; he would have given worlds to recall the words that had made his father so happy, and was even on the point of leaving the kitchen to do so; but on second thoughts he determined to try and learn from Rachael herself whether there was any truth in Hickman's scandal—and if there was, to think of her no more.

"What are you doing, Rachael?"

"I am tying up my things to go, Master Robert."

"To go?"

"Yes! we have been a burden to your mother some time; still, as I did the work of the house, I thought my grandfather would not be so very much in the way; but I got a plain hint from Mrs. Mayfield just now."

"Confound her!"

"No, sir! we are not to forget months of kindness for a moment of ill-humour. So I am going, Mr. Robert, and now I have only to thank you for all your kindness and civility. We are very grateful, and wish we could make a return; but that is not in our power. But grandfather is an old man near his grave, and he shall pray for you by name every night, and so will I; so then, as we are very poor and have no hopes but from Heaven, it is to be thought

the Almighty will hear us and bless you sleeping and waking for being so good to the unfortunate."

Robert hid his face in his hands a moment; this was the first time she had ever spoken to him so warmly and so sweetly, and at what a moment of dark suspicion did these words come to him. Robert recovered himself and said to Rachael, "Are you sure that is the real cause of your leaving us so sudden?"

Rachael looked perplexed. "Indeed, I think so, Mr. Robert. At least I should not have gone this very day but for that."

"Ah! but you know very well you had made up your mind to go before that?"

"Of course, I looked to go, some day; we don't belong here, grandfather and I."

"That is not it, either. Rachael, there is an ill report sprung up about you."

"What is that, sir?" said Rachael, with apparent coldness.

"What is it? How can I look in your face and say anything to wound you?"

"Thank you, Mr. Robert. I am glad there is one that is inclined to show me some respect."

"Do something for me in return, dear Rachael; tell me your story, and I'll believe your way of telling it, and not another's; but if you will tell me nothing, what can I do but believe the worst, impossible as it seems. Why are you so sorrowful? Why are you so cold, like?"

"I have nothing to tell you, Mr. Robert; if any one has maligned me, may Heaven forgive them; if you believe them, forget me. I am going away. Out of sight, out of mind."

"What! can a girl like you, that has won all our respects, go away and leave scandal behind her? No! stay, and face it out, and let us put it down for ever."

"Why should I trouble myself to do that, sir?"

"Because if you do not, those who love you can love you no more."

Rachael sighed, but she wrapped herself in her coldness, and replied, "But I want no one to love me."

"You don't choose that any one should ever marry you, then?"

"No, Mr. Robert, I do not."

"You would not answer Richard Hickman so!"

"Richard Hickman!" said Rachael, turning pale.

When she turned pale Robert turned sick.

"He says as much as that you could not say 'No' to him."

"Richard Hickman speaks of me to you!" cried Rachael, opening her eyes wildly. Then in a moment she was ice again. "Well, I do not speak of him!"

"Rachael," cried Robert, "what is all this? For Heaven's sake, be frank with me. Don't make me tear the words out of you so; give me something to believe, or something to forgive. I should believe anything you told me: I am afraid I should forgive anything you had done."

"I do not ask you to do either, Sir."

"She will drive me mad!" cried Robert, frantically. "Rachael, hear me. I love you more than a woman was ever loved before! You talk of being grateful to me. I don't know why you should, but you say so. If you are, be generous, be merciful! I leave it to you. Be my wife! and then, perhaps, you will not lock your heart and your story from your husband. I cannot believe ill of you. You may have been maligned, or you may have been deceived, but you cannot be guilty. There!" cried he, wildly, "no word but one! Will you be my wife, Rachael?"

Rachael did not answer, at least in words; she wept silently.

Robert looked at her despairingly. At last he repeated his proposal almost fiercely, "I ask you, Rachael, will you be my wife?"

As he repeated this question, who should stand in the doorway but Mrs. Mayfield. She was transfixed, petrified, at these words of Robert, but, being a proud woman, her impulse was to withdraw instantly, and hear no more. Ere she was out of hearing however, Rachael replied.

"Forgive me, Mr. Robert! I must refuse you!"

"You refuse to be my wife!"

"I do, Sir!" but still she wept.

Mrs. Mayfield, as she retreated, heard the words, but did not see the tears. Robert saw the tears, but could not understand them. He gave a hasty, despairing gesture, to show Rachael that he had no more to say to her, and then he flung himself into a chair, and laid his brow on the table. Rachael glided softly away. At the door she looked back on Robert with her eyes thick with tears. She had hardly been gone a minute when Rose Mayfield returned, and came in and sat gently down opposite Robert, and watched him intently, with a countenance in which the most opposite feelings might be seen struggling for the mastery.

CHAPTER VI.

Robert lifted his head, and saw Mrs. Mayfield. He spoke to her sullenly. "So you turn away our servants?"

"Not I," replied Mrs. Mayfield sharply.

"It is not we that send away Rachael, it is you."

"I tell you no; do you believe that girl before me?"

"You affronted her. What had she done to you?"

"I only just asked her, how long she meant to stay here, or something like that. Hang me if I remember what I said to her! They are a bad breed all these girls; haughty and spiteful; you can't say a word, but they snap your head off." Mrs. Mayfield said no more, for at that moment Rachael came into the room with her grandfather and Mrs. Hathorn who appeared to be smoothing matters down.

"No, Daddy Patrick," said she in answer to some observation of the old man's, "nobody sends you away; you leave us good friends, and you are going to drink a cup of ale with us before you go."

A tray was then brought in and a jug of ale, and Patrick drank his mug of ale slowly; but Rachael put hers to her lips and set it down again.

Then Robert went and sat on the window-seat and there he saw them bringing round the waggon to carry away Rachael and her grandfather. His heart turned dead-sick within him. He looked round for help, and looking round he saw Mrs. Mayfield bending on him a look in which he seemed to read some compassion, blended with a good deal of pique. In his despair he appealed to her: "There, they are really going; is it fair to send away like that folk that have behaved so well, and were minded to go of themselves only mother asked them to stay. See how that makes us look; and you that were always so kind-hearted, Mrs. Mayfield, Rose, dear Rose!"

Mrs. Mayfield did not answer Robert, whose appeal was made to her in an under-tone, but she said to Mrs. Hathorn: "Jane, the house is yours; keep them if it suits you, I am sure it is no business of mine."

"Oh, thank you, Rose," cried Robert; but his thanks were cut short by the voice of the elder Hathorn, who had just come in from the yard. "They are going," said he, "I make no complaint against them. There is no ill-will on either side; but I say they ought to go, and go they shall."

"Go they shall!" said the old corporal with a mystified look.

The farmer spoke with a firmness and severity, and even with a certain dignity, and all felt he was not in a mood to be trifled with. Robert answered humbly,—

"Father, you are master here; no one gainsays you—but you are a just man. If you were to be cruel to the poor and honest, you would be sorry for it all your days."

Before the farmer could answer, Rose Mayfield put in hastily,

"There, bid them stay—you see your son holds to the girl, and you will have to marry them one day or other, and so best—that will put an end to all the nonsense they talk about the boy and me. I dare say Robert is fool enough to think I wanted him for myself."

"I—Mrs. Mayfield?—never.—What makes you fancy that?"

"And," cried Mrs. Mayfield, as if a sudden light broke in upon her, "what are we all doing here? we can't help folks' hearts.—Robert loves her. Are we to persecute Robert, an innocent lad, that never offended one of us, and has been a good son to you, and a good friend and brother to me ever since we could walk. I think the Devil must have got into my heart, but I shall turn him out, whether he likes, or no. I say he shall have the girl, old man; and more than that, I have got a thousand pounds loose in Wallingford Bank: they shall have it to stock a farm; it is little enough to give Robert—I owe him more than that for Uxmore, let alone years of love and good-will. There now, he is going to cry, I suppose.—Bob, don't cry for Heaven's sake; I can't abide to see a man cry."

"It is you make me, Rose, praising me just when everybody seemed to turn against me."

"You are crying yourself, Rose," whimpered Mrs. Hathorn.

"If I am, I don't feel it," replied Mrs. Mayfield.

Rachael trembled—but she said in her low firm voice, "We are going away of our own accord, Mistress Mayfield, and we thank you kindly for this, and for all—but we are going away."

"You don't love Robert, then?"

"No, Mrs. Mayfield," said Rachael, with the air of one confessing theft or sacrilege, "I don't love Mr. Robert!" and she lowered her eyes with their long lashes, and awaited her sentence.

"Tell that to the men," replied Rose, "you can't draw the wool over a sister's eye, young lady."

"The young woman is the only one among you that has a grain of sense," said old Hathorn roughly. "Why don't you let her alone—she would thank you for it."

"Can you read a woman's words, you old ass?" was the contemptuous answer.

"I am not an ass, young woman," said Hathorn gravely and sternly, and I am in my own house, which you seem to forget—"Rose coloured up to the eyes—"and I am the master of it, so long as it is your pleasure I should be here."

"John!" cried Mrs. Mayfield, with a deprecating air.

"And I am that young man's father, and it is his duty to listen to me, and mine not to let him make a fool of himself. I don't pretend to be so particular as Robert is—used to be, I mean—and I was telling him only yesterday, that suppose you have kicked over the traces a bit, as you have never broken your knees, least-ways to our knowledge, Rose, it did not much matter."

"Thank you, Daddy Hathorn, much obliged to you, I am sure."

"But there's reason in roasting of eggs: this one has been off the course altogether, and therefore I say again, she shows sense by going home, and you show no sense by trying to keep her here."

"Father," said Robert, "you go too far; we know nothing against Rachael, and till I know I won't believe anything."

"Why, Bob, I thought Hickman had told you all about it—I understood him so—ay, and he must too, or why did you come to me in the yard, and eat humble pie?"

"I don't know what you mean by telling me all about it, father: he hinted as much as that he and Rachel had been too familiar once upon a time."

"Well?"

"Well! how often has he told the same lie of a dozen others? that is a common trick of Dick Hickman's, to pretend he has been thick with a girl, that perhaps does not know his face from Adam's. Father, I can't believe a known liar's tongue, against such a face as that."

"Face as that! it is a comely one, but seems to me it does not look us so very straight in the face just now; and there's more than a liar's tongue on t'other side, there's chapter and verse as the saying is."

"I don't understand your hints, and I don't believe that black-

guard's. I am not so old as you, but I have learned that truth does not lie in hints."

"I'm older than you, and a woman's face can't make me blind and deaf to better witnesses."

"There are no better witnesses! For shame, father! Hickman is no authority with Hathorn."

"But the Parish Register is an authority," said the old man sternly, and losing all his patience.

"The Parish Register!"

"And if you look at the Parish Register of Long Compton, you will find the name of a child she is the mother of and no father to show."

"Father!"

"Ask herself!—you see she doesn't deny it."

All eyes turned and fastened upon Rachael; and those who saw her at this moment will carry her face and her look to their graves, so fearful was the anguish of a high spirit, ground into the dust and shame; her body seemed that moment to be pierced with a hundred poisoned arrows. She rose white to her very lips, and stood in the midst of them quivering like an aspen-leaf, her eyes preternaturally bright and large, and she took one uncertain step forwards, as if to fling herself on the weapons of scorn that seemed to hem her in; and she opened her mouth to speak, but her open lips trembled, and trembled, and no sound came. And all the hearts round, even the old farmer's, began now to freeze and fear at the sight of this wild agony; and at last, after many efforts, the poor soul would have said something, God knows what, but a sudden and most unexpected interruption came. Corporal Patrick was by her side, nobody saw how, and seizing her firmly by the arm, he forbade her to speak.

"Silence, girl!" cried the old soldier fiercely. "I dare you to say a word to any of them!"

Then Rachael turned and clung convulsively to his shoulder, and trembled and writhed there in silence. All this while they had not observed the old man, or they would have seen that the mist had gradually cleared away from his faculties; his mind, brightened by his deep love for Rachael, was keenly awake to all that concerned her; and so her old champion stood in a moment by her side with scarce a sign left of age or weakness, upright and firm as a tower.

"Silence, girl! I dare you to say a word to any of them!"

"There," sobbed Mrs. Hathorn, "you thought the poor old man was past understanding, and now you make him drink the bitter cup, as well as her."

"Yes! I must drink my cup too," said old Patrick. "I thought I was going to die soon, and to die in peace; but I'll live and be young again, if it is but to tell ye, ye are a pack of curs. The Parish Register! does the Parish Register tell you, the man married her with a wife living in another part? Is it wrote down along with that child's name in the Parish Register, how his father fell on his

knees to his mother, a girl of seventeen, and begged for the dear life, she wouldn't take the law of him and banish him the country? What was she to think? could she think, that when his sick wife died, he'd reward her for sparing him by flying the country, not to do her right? The Parish Register! You welcome this scoundrel to your house, and you hunt his victim out like a vagabond, ye d—d hypocrites! Come, Rachael, let us crawl away home, and die in peace."

"No! no! you must not go like that," cried Mrs. Hathorn, and Robert rose, and was coming to take his hand; but he waived his staff furiously over his head.

"Keep aloof, I bid ye all," he cried; "I have fought against Buonaparte, and I despise small blackguards,"—he seized Rachael and drew her to the door: then he came back at them again—"Tis n't guilt you have punished; you have insulted innocence and hard fortune; you have insulted your own mothers, for you have insulted me, and I fought for them before the best and oldest of you was born—no skulking before the enemy, girl!"—for Rachael was drooping and trembling—"right shoulders forward, MARCH!" and he almost tore her out of the house. He was great, and thundering, and terrible in this moment of fury; he seemed a giant and the rest but two-feet high. His white-hair streamed, and his eyes blazed defiance and scorn. He was great and terrible by his passion and his age, and his confused sense of past battles and present insult. They followed him out almost on tip-toe. He lifted Rachel into the waggon, placed her carefully on a truss of hay in the waggon, and the carter came to the horse's heads, and looked to the house to know whether he was to start now.

Robert came out and went to Rachael's side of the waggon, but she turned her head away.

"Won't you speak to me, Rachael?" said Robert.

Rachael turned her head away, and was silent.

"Very well," said Robert quietly, very quietly.

"Go on," cried old Hathorn.

The next moment there was a fearful scream from the women, and Robert was seen down among the horse's feet, and the carter was forcing them back, or the waggon would have been over him; the carter dragged him up—he was not hurt; but very pale; he told his mother, who came running to him, that he had felt suddenly faint and had fallen, and he gave a sickly smile, and bade her not be frightened, he was better.

Rose Mayfield was as white as a sheet.

"Go on," cried the farmer again, and at a word from the carter the horses drew the waggon out of the yard, and went away down the lane with Rachael and Patriok.

They were gone.

LOVE AND TIME.

LET those lament thy flight,
 Who find a new delight
 In every hour that o'er them swiftly flies;
 Whose hearts are free and strong
 As some well-carolled song,
 That charms the ear with ever fresh surprise.

To Wealth's stern devotee
 Too fast the moments flee,
 That gainful schemes to golden issues bring;
 And Fame's deluded child,
 By Glory's dream beguiled,
 To twine his laurel wreath would stay thy wing.

They who have learned to bind
 The warm and restless mind
 In soft content to Pleasure's rosy car,
 May sigh to hold thee back,
 And linger on the track
 That sends no lofty promise from afar.

But by the heart that turns
 To those celestial urns
 That with Love's dew for ever overflow,
 Uncherished are the years
 No sympathy endears,
 When all thy flowers droop beneath the snow.

What holy spell is thine
 To bless a lonely shrine,
 Or wake glad echoes where no music flows?
 Why to a barren thing
 With senseless ardor cling,
 Or gardens till that never yield a rose?

Yet when devotion pure
 Breeds courage to endure,
 And grace to hallow the career of time,
 When for another's joy
 Thy moments we employ,
 Like clouds by sunbeams lit, they grow sublime.

The tender, true and brave,
 Disdain a gift to save
 In which self only claims a weary part;
 Nor would thy course delay
 To pamper their frail clay,
 And life consume in tricks of soulless art.

Haste, then, till thou hast brought
 The good so fondly sought,
 And Love's bright harvest richly waves at last!
 Then will I call thee mine,
 And hail thee as divine,
 The present cherish, nor lament the past.

THE THEATRES OF LONDON.

THEIR HISTORY—PAST AND PRESENT.

BY T. P. GRINSTED.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

WHAT a crowd of associations is produced by the mention of this time-honoured house! The locality in which it stands became connected with the drama in the time of Shakspeare, who may have visited the structure then newly reared. The Globe and the Blackfriars at that time gave an echo to words destined to be immortal; whilst the noted old tavern in Friday-street listened to those brilliant "wit combats" between the great poet and "Rare Ben." The Globe, the Blackfriars, and the Mermaid have passed away, but Drury Lane has still its theatre.

Theatrical representations in this neighbourhood were first given at the Cockpit, so called from its having been previously used as a pit for cock-fighting. This building was situated opposite the present Castle Tavern, but was pulled down by an infuriated mob on the 4th of May, 1617. A new theatre was constructed on the same site, and was sometimes called the Phoenix, its front being ornamented with an illustration of that fabulous bird. In 1659, Rhodes, the bookseller—who had been wardrobe-keeper to the Blackfriars—fitted up the Cockpit (by which name the house appears to have been more generally distinguished), and there introduced his apprentice Betterton, who immediately gave proof of genuine merit. At the Restoration, patents were granted to Davenant and Killigrew for the formation of two companies—in consideration of services rendered by them to the Royal cause. The actors employed by Rhodes enlisted under the banners of Davenant, whilst the remnants of the old companies joined Killigrew, both parties being sworn-in as servants of the Crown. These licences were the origin of the existing patent right of Drury Lane and Covent Garden. Killigrew's company was known as the "King's," whilst Davenant's was styled the "Duke of York's." The former first played at the Red Bull, at the upper end of John-street, Clerkenwell, from whence they removed to a new-built house in a Tennis-court near Clare-market, and finally sought out the ruins of the Cockpit, upon which they erected the first structure known as Drury Lane Theatre. The following is a copy of the playbill announcing its first opening:—

"By His Majesty's Company of Comedians,
At the New Theatre in Drury Lane,
This day, being Thursday, April 8th, 1663, will be
acted a comedy called

THE HVMOVROVS LIEVTENANT.

The King .	Mr. Wintersel.	Leontine .	Major Mohun.
Demetrius .	Mr. Hart.	Lieutenant.	Mr. Clause.
Selevius . .	Mr. Burt.	Celia . .	Mrs. Marshall.

The play will begin at Three o'clock exactly.

Boxes, 4s.; Pit, 2s. 6d.; Middle Gallery, 1s. 6d.; Upper Gallery, 1s."

It will be seen by this announcement, that females had been introduced upon the stage; and that Michael Mohun, who had played at the Cockpit before the civil wars, retained the title he had gained whilst fighting in the cause of Royalty. The King's company at this time included Theophilus Bird, an actor prior to the Restoration, which he did not long survive; Charles Hart and Walter Clun, who as boys had played female characters at the Blackfriars; John Lacy, the favourite of Charles the Second; William Cartwright and William Wintersel, the first famous in Falstaff, and the latter in Master Slender; Edward Kynaston, who played female parts even after the introduction of actresses; Nicholas Burt, Robert Shatterell, Mrs. Marshall, Mrs. Hughes, &c. The additions subsequently made to this company included the then popular comedian "Joe Haines," and the still more celebrated heroine Nell Gwynn.

This theatre was destroyed by fire on the 11th of January, 1671. A collection appears to have been made throughout the kingdom for the benefit of those who suffered by this calamity. No account has been preserved of the sum gathered; but a contribution at Symonsbury, in Dorset, is recorded in the following extract from the register of that place:—

"Ann. 1673. April 27. Collected by brief for the Theatre Royal in London, being burnt, the sum of two shillings. John Way, Curate; James Moreyard and George Seal, Churchwardens."

The theatre having been rebuilt, it was again opened to the public on the 26th of March, 1674. The rival company, during this time, had been playing at the Duke's Theatre, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, under the leadership of Betterton. The public voice gave preference to the King's company; but the rivalry of these old magnates of the drama—checked for eighteen months by the fearful ravages of the plague and the great fire—was brought to a close in 1682, when the Duke's forces joined their brethren at Drury Lane.

At the close of the century the two patents had fallen into the hands of Rich, the pantomimist, whose parsimony excited so much disgust that Drury Lane was taken from him. Serious disputes existed within the theatre at this period, and which were continued for years. These disagreements eventually reached to such a height that Queen Anne, on the 6th of September, 1709, commanded the house to be closed, and the performances were suspended for some considerable time. After various changes in the

proprietorship a royal licence was granted, on the 18th of October, 1714, to Richard Steele, Robert Wilks, Colley Cibber, Barton Booth, and Thomas Doggett. The name of the latter patentee has been perpetuated by his "coat and badge."

It was reserved, however, for the advent of Garrick (1742) to attach to Drury Lane its highest state of repute and prosperity. There were rivals in the field, however, in these its palmy days, for the younger Rich, at Covent Garden, offered a strong opposition to the Roscius. In 1750 he strengthened his rivalry by the engagement of Spranger Barry, a tragedian, whose silver voice has assisted to preserve his name. Upon this acquisition to the strength of Rich the following impromptu appeared:—

" One great Goliath Gath could boast
Of Philistines of yore ;
But Covent Garden's threatening host
Boasts one Goliath more.
Yet fear not ye of Drury Lane,
By little champion led ;
Their two Goliaths roam in vain
While David's at your head."

In 1747 Garrick, with the assistance of friends, purchased (in conjunction with Mr. Lacy) the patent of Drury Lane. On the death of his copartner, in 1773, this unrivalled actor became sole manager of the theatre, which he conducted until his final retirement from the profession, June 10, 1776. A few months prior to this event he disposed of his share in the property to Dr. Ford, Mr. Ewart, Mr. Linley, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan. The latter gave to this house, on the 8th of May, 1777, his still popular comedy of the "School for Scandal."

The boards of Drury Lane, on the 29th of November, 1775, first felt the tread of the Siddons, who, during her first season, failed to attract. She returned to the provinces until October 10, 1782, when she came a second time and seized upon celebrity. Her talented brother, John Philip Kemble, was first seen in London upon the same boards, on the 30th of September, 1783; and here, two years later (October 18, 1785,) came the inimitable Jordan, a competitor for the applause of the public.

In 1791, when the theatre had been standing one hundred and seventeen years, modern enterprise led to the supposition that the old house was too small, and the sentence of demolition was passed. Regret must have been felt at this decision, for it was upon that stage that Garrick and his illustrious compeers had concentrated their rays of talent; it was in that house that Johnson thundered out his giant applause; and there, too, Churchill—"him who blazed the comet of a season"—collected materials for his celebrated "Rosciad." On the 4th of June, 1791, the house finally closed its doors, the performances on that occasion being the "Country Girl," and "No Song no Supper." At the close of the comedy Mr. Palmer thus addressed the audience:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—On the part of the proprietors, ma-

nagers, and performers, I have to express their gratitude for the unprecedented support with which you have favoured them during the past season. When next we have the honour to appear before you on this spot we trust it will be in a theatre better calculated for your accommodation, and more deserving Royal countenance, and the patronage of this great metropolis."

Upon the final closing of this house (known as "Garrick's," and which was about the size of the present Haymarket) the following pleasantry appeared:—

"On Saturday night, of a gradual decay, and in the hundred and seventeenth year of her age, died old Madame Drury, who existed through six reigns, and saw many generations pass in review before her. She remembered Betterton in his declining age—lived in intimacy with Wilks, Booth, and Cibber, and knew old Macklin when he was a stripling.

"Her hospitality exceeded that of the English character, even in its early days of festivity, having almost through the whole of her life entertained from one to two thousand persons of both sexes six nights out of seven in the week. She was an excellent poetess, could be grave and gay by turns, and yet sometimes (catching the disorder from intrusive guests) could be dull enough in all conscience.

"Her memory was most excellent, and her singing kept on in such a gradual state of improvement that it was allowed her voice was better the three or four last years of her life than when she was in her prime, at the latter end of the last century.

"She had a route of near two thousand people at her house the very night of her death; and the old lady found herself in such high spirits that she said she would give them 'No Supper,' without a 'Song,' which being complied with, she fell gently back in her chair, and expired without a groan.

"Dr. Palmer (one of her family physicians) attended her in her last moments, and announced her dissolution to the company."

The public were admitted to the new theatre on the 12th of March, 1794, when an oratorio was given; and at the termination of Lent the house regularly opened, (April 21), with the play of "Macbeth," when, to render the night long memorable, Charles Kemble was seen for the first time in London, his introductory character being Malcolm. During the evening an epilogue was delivered by Miss Farren, in the course of which a tank of water was exhibited, with an iron curtain, to which was assigned the property of exempting the audience from harm, in the event of a conflagration:—

"The hottest fire shan't singe a single feather :
No ! I assure our generous benefactors,
"Twould only burn the scenery and the actors."

HAPS AND MISHAPS OF A TOUR IN EUROPE.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

CHAPTER VIII.

EDINBURGH.—HOLYROOD.—MELROSE.—ABBOTSFORD.—DRYBURGH.—NEW-CASTLE-UPON-TYNE.—YORK.—THE MINSTER.—LONDON.—HAMPTON COURT.

WE reached Edinburgh in a rain, which proved to be the beginning of the equinoctial storm, so that, though we have spent three days in the grand old town, we have had but one day of tolerable weather for sightseeing. On that, a friend, who kindly undertook the office of cicerone, conducted us first to the Castle, through pleasant planted grounds, where not many years ago was a small loch. We found the view from the ramparts truly magnificent, though obscured somewhat by an envious mist. Looking down, the contrast between the dark, quaint, mouldering "old town," and the elegant, cheerful, prosperous new town, is the most curious and striking of conceivable sights.

Of all foreign places which I have ever seen, Edinburgh wears to me the most familiar aspect. I joyfully recognize object after object, street after street, as though "to the manor born," and only returned after a few years of wandering or weary exile. I needed no guide to point out Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Crags, St. Leonard's, the Grass Market, and the Canongate.

In the most ancient part of the Castle we were shown some rude, sombre apartments, once appropriated to Mary Stuart—the one of most historical interest being a small dressing-room, in which James VI. was born.

On descending from the Castle, we visited some interesting old places, among them the house in which Boswell lived when Johnson visited Edinburgh, the house of John Knox, and the Canongate churchyard, in which reposes the poet Ferguson, beneath a tombstone erected by Burns, and where are also the graves of Adam Smith, Dugald Stewart, and Dr. Gregory.

We went through the Parliament House, a building of no great outward elegance, but containing some magnificent halls. We unfortunately had not time to enter the fine old Cathedral of St. Giles, venerable as the scene of a tumultuous struggle for the establishment of Prelacy in the time of the first Charles, and within whose walls the Regent Murray and the Marquess of Montrose were buried. By the way, no sight which I beheld that day more startled my heart than that of the stone balcony of an old house in the Canongate, from which the brutal Argyle and the shameless Gordon bent exulting over and mocking at the great Montrose, on his way to receive his sentence.

The Tolbooth seemed no stranger to my eyes, and Holyrood

Palace was as near as possible what I looked to see—a building neither grand nor beautiful in itself, and interesting alone for its tragic and romantic memories. After visiting the picture gallery, which we soon “did,” few or none of the portraits being accounted genuine, we were shown through the apartments of Mary and the ruins of the ancient abbey. The presence chamber of the unfortunate queen, though far from being of royal dimensions, richness, and splendour, according to modern ideas, must have been a handsome apartment in Mary’s time. The roof is of oak, beautifully carved, and the walls are hung with quaint pictures and rare old prints. It is a silent, bare, and desolate room now; yet, as I stood there, vision after vision of royal magnificence, and courtly beauty, and splendid festivity passed before me—the shadows of ages fled before the gleam of jewels, and the festal lights of gay masks and nuptial rejoicings; while the drear silence of long sadness and fear was broken by rich music, the regal rustle of brocade, the soft voices and pleasant laughter of fair ladies, and the gallant words and light sword clang of noble knights, as they went down the dance. Standing in Mary’s own private apartment, looking at the bed on which her lovely limbs had once reposed, and on the mirror which had so often given back the fair reflection of her face, affected most powerfully my imagination and my sympathies. The miniature which is here shown was nothing to me—I scarcely gave it a glance, but stood gazing at that faithless glass, as though hoping, by the mere force of my passionate desire, to evoke again to its cold surface one warm vision of that rare royal beauty and stately grace it had so often imaged forth in times of gladness and grief. The little room in which the queen sat at supper with David Rizzio, on the night of his murder, and the private staircase up which the assassins came from the chapel below, were next shown us. Here I felt little wonder at Mary’s oath of vengeance, or at her relentless redemption of that oath. If she were innocent in the favour shown the Italian, the woman was vilely insulted by the black suspicion of the chief murderer, her husband; if guilty, the sovereign was outraged and defied by the ferocious deed; and, proud and passionate as she was, it is surely no marvel that she swore to avenge the murder of her favourite, by the wild death shrieks which rang through a heart which his sweet music had so often soothed, and by his fifty-six wounds, whose blood stained for ever the floor of her chamber. Standing on the very spot, brought the scene of this frightful tragedy and brutal outrage awfully near to the mind, and the passions of the time more awfully home to the heart.

The old Abbey Church is accounted a fine Gothic ruin, but is of a very lonely and dreary aspect; the atmosphere seemed to me heavy and noisome, and all the shadowy places haunted.

Our friend next conducted us to Calton Hill, from which we had a wide and beautiful view of the entire town and the surrounding country. The clouds having obligingly dispersed for a little while, the sight was truly imposing and enchanting. On this hill there are several fine monuments—the first, and by far the finest,

is that to Dugald Stewart. There is one to Burns, not very tasteful or well proportioned, and another to Professor Playfair; then there is the Nelson Tower, and the beautiful beginning of the National Monument, on the model of the Parthenon.

I had inexpressible pleasure in contemplating the Scott Monument, in Prince Street, which we next visited. This is a fair, complete, noble, and fitting erection. The style is a gorgeous Gothic, and all the elaborate detail is exquisitely wrought out. It seems to me admirably in keeping with the character and genius of Scott—a pure poetic creation, in the grace of its form and the delicate beauty of its adornments, yet magnificent and stately in its proportions—a proud and princely structure. This monument enshrines Chantrey's noble statue of the poet—sitting gracefully draped in a plaid, and with his faithful dog at his feet. On our walk home we were shown the house in which Scott lived for several years before he built Abbotsford.

Our stay in Edinburgh being so limited, and the weather so wretchedly unpleasant, I have not attempted to see much of society, have not even delivered the letters I brought, but contented myself with a dinner and an evening at the house of Mr. George Combe, with whom I had a slight personal acquaintance. I here met some people whom I felt it a rare good fortune to know. First among these I trust I may mention my kind hostess herself, the only surviving daughter of Mrs. Siddons, and strikingly like her noble and beautiful mother. It was absolutely startling to glance from the splendid portraits, by Lawrence, of the immortal *tragedienne*, which adorned the walls, to her living, speaking, smiling picture in our midst.

Mr. Combe seems to retain vivid and pleasant recollections of his visit to the United States, and to faithfully cherish his transatlantic friendships; and, what is more, he keeps his early enthusiasm for, and generous interest in, all questions of true reform and noble progress. Among other agreeable guests whom I met at Mr. Combe's table was Mrs. Stirling, a Scotch authoress of celebrity, and a very charming woman, and Mr. Robert Chambers, who astonished me at first, by being a younger man, by some twenty years, than I had expected to see, and charmed me afterwards by the kindly affability, fine humour, and generous feeling which marked his manner and conversation.

I leave Edinburgh with painful reluctance, a feeling of rebellious disappointment at having missed so many of its noble sights. Of all the cities of the world, it has long been the one which I have regarded with the most intense interest, and most eagerly desired to visit. The dark struggles of early Scottish history—the long, fierce battle storms, lit by brief splendours of heroism—the pomp of feudal power and old royal pageants—holy martyrdoms for freedom and for God—Mary Stuart's proud, sad, and tempestuous career—the romance of Scott, the poetry of Burns—all have conspired to give to this place a charm for my heart and a power over my imagination peculiar and pre eminent. Thus it is only by a desperate effort that I tore myself away, pledging myself solemnly

to my own heart to return at some "more convenient season," some golden, future day.

Blackheath Park, London, October 15.

The morning of our leaving Edinburgh, though far from brilliant, was not stormy, or chill, and we were sincerely thankful for a cessation in the pelting rain which had made "auld Reekie," with all her modern beauties, so thoroughly dismal for the days of our visitation. We stopped at the Melrose station, and, taking a carriage, drove over to Abbotsford, some three miles. The country, though exceedingly pleasant, did not strike us as remarkably picturesque; and before we dreamed of such a thing, we were at Abbotsford, which lies low, on the banks of the Tweed, hidden from the road by a thick plantation. The grounds are very beautiful, and have, need I say, a peculiar mournful charm in all their lovely lights and shades of greenery, from the recollection that he, the immortal master, planned and planted, and found his purest, richest pleasure in adorning them.

The house itself is a superb, baronial-looking residence, strikingly picturesque in effect, and wonderfully in keeping with the mind and taste of the noble builder. It is one of the most natural productions of his genius. You could almost fancy it in all its varied forms of antique beauty, quaint and strange, yet ever graceful and imposing—his light, enchanting poetry and his glorious romance resolved into stone. It is a curious pile—an odd yet not inharmonious assemblage of architectural ideas, half religious, half feudal, simple yet stately—the charming conceits and bold fancies of poetry and the spirit of olden romance, revealed in towers and turrets, arches and windows, gables and chimney tops.

The entrance hall at Abbotsford is not very large, but is beautiful, and tastefully hung with armour, antlers, weapons, and interesting relics from many lands. But after the guide pointed to a glass case, which contained the suit of clothes last worn by Sir Walter, I saw nothing beside in this apartment. These brought the picture of the grand old man, worn down and broken before his time, with wondrous vividness before me. I could see him as he tottered about his grounds, or sat in the shade of some favourite tree, with his faithful Willie Laidlaw—the great soul light in his eye dimmed with deepening mists, and his gigantic genius shrunk into a babe's bounded and bewildered capacity. I could see on his worn brow the troubled struggle of memory and thought, in his eyes the faint momentary gleaming of the old inspiration; but by the sweet, mournful smile of his wan lips, I could see—ah! nothing more, for the real tears which rained from my eyes seemed to hide the unreal picture of my fancy.

In the beautiful little study in which the great novelist wrote many of his works, I felt the air surcharged with the living magnetism of his genius. So *near* he seemed, so strangely recent his presence, so inevitable his speedy return, my mind grew bewildered, and my hear beat hurriedly and half expectantly. My very senses obeyed the strong illusion of my excited imagination. I looked towards the door by which he used to enter. I listened,

and spoke low. I dared not approach his writing table and sit in his chair, for fear he might surprise me when he should come in. But, Oh, how soon passed over my heart the chill returning wave of recollection, of reason! Gone, gone for ever—dust, dust, these twenty years!

The library, drawing and dining rooms, are very elegant apartments, commanding some charming views. There are several fine pictures, by foreign artists, collected by Sir Walter; but of more interest to me were the family portraits. Of these there are two of the poet, taken in his early boyhood, wonderfully like those painted in his manhood and old age. There is a handsome full-length likeness of the last Sir Walter, and several portraits of his sister Mrs. Lockhart, whose son is the present master of Abbotsford. Of all the weapons curious and memorable in the armory, of all the valuable relics, I was most moved by the sight of the pistols of Napoleon, Rob Roy's gun, and the sword of Montrose.

The wet state of the grass preventing our wandering about the grounds, we were obliged to return, much sooner than we would have chosen, to Melrose.

Melrose Abbey we were disappointed to find in the midst of the little town, not far from the railway station; but we soon forgot this unromantic circumstance when we found ourselves wandering under its grand pillared arches. It is a lofty, extensive ruin, retaining much of the architectural splendour and sculptural beauty of its time of pride. Glorious as it was to us, seen under a dull sky, I could not conceive of anything more majestic, more religiously beautiful than "fair Melrose," viewed "by the pale moonlight."

From Melrose we drove to Dryburgh, where the sun made ample amends for all shortcomings, by beaming upon us in mellow, golden brightness. Dryburgh Abbey lies off the public road, within a nobleman's park, deeply imbosomed in noble trees, among which are some of the grandest old yews I have ever seen. It must have been an imposing structure once, of great size, and rare architectural beauty; but is now a complete ruin—broken everywhere, desolated, and ivy-grown—the most mournful, lonely and solemn place I ever beheld. Yet is the spot lovely with a calm, still, religious loveliness. The deep silence here is not drear and awful, but reverential, prayerful; the loneliness is not sad or oppressive; you feel that the present familiar world is only shut out; that the far, strange past may be brought near; and that the presence of Him who is "from everlasting to everlasting" may be more deeply felt.

Oh, of all places in the wide world, this surely is the one most meet for the last long rest of a poet, who, in the midst of his glory, had suffered and sorrowed deeply. As I stood by the tomb of Scott, I felt that it was well he should slumber there, where the moss and ivy creep over the mouldering wall, and the winds sigh through the broken arches and sweep down the desolate aisles. Had he died in his happy and glorious days, in all the vigour and splendour of his powers, I would have said, let him lie in a gorgeous mauso-

leum in some stately minster, in the heart of a great town. But he shrank wearily away from the world in his last days ; so should his grave be lonely. With his noble intellect in ruins, and the shadow of deep sorrow on his spirit, he fell asleep. So should he rest among the ruins where the ancient shadows lie.

At Melrose my friend Mr. N—— was obliged to leave us, and from thence Miss N—— and myself pursued our way towards London in the interesting character of “unprotected females.” We spent the first night at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. On entering the town, in the evening, I had been much struck by a brief view of a sombre old castle, which towered over the railway,—built, the guard told us, in the time of William the Conqueror,—and immediately after supper, as the night was clear, I proposed to my friend a visit to an object of so much interest. The distance was trifling, and our kind landlady gave us very careful directions, yet as the streets were crooked and not very brilliantly lighted, we were obliged to arrest several errand girls in mid career, and press them into our service, as guides, before we attained to the lonely dark square, surrounding on three sides the massive and venerable old stronghold. Under a pale, uncertain moonlight, in that shadowy spot, the effect was awfully grand. The height of the great tower seemed stupendous—certainly not less than five hundred feet.

After this bit of romance and grandeur hunting, we took a fancy to see something of the better and business part of the town. For this purpose we captured a small boy and were by him safely piloted down swift Saturday-night tides, and amid cross currents of hurrying people, through several handsome streets, and past innumerable tempting shops. Our ostensible object was to obtain a print of the old castle whose black shadows yet haunted us.

On the following day, as we were leaving at a very early hour for York, we were astonished, and a little taken aback, to find that the morning light had battered down that mighty tower to about a third of the altitude which had so imposed upon us under the wan, weird light of a misty moon.

Immediately on breakfasting at York, we went up to the Minster to attend morning service. At first I was awed and bewildered by the vast height and extent, the unimagined grandeur, of this edifice, this “mountain of architecture,” and felt glad to solace my oppressed senses within the beautiful choir, listening to the divine music of the organ and the chant. The other ceremonials of the service were trifling to me, the discourse which followed nothing. I had no patience with the man for his weak sermonizing. It seemed to me an impertinence, a piece of unpardonable presumption, for any man to *preach* in this solemn, majestic temple, fit alone for music and prayer.

After service, we long wandered through and around the Minster, striving to familiarize ourselves to its exceeding grandeur. Oh for a mastery of vivid thought, for a wealth of picturing words, that I might give a clear idea of the greatness and magnificence of this wondrous structure ! But a stray bird, fluttering bewildered among its gigantic columns and richly-wrought arches, were

scarcely less capable of repeating the organ notes swelling there, than I of worthily painting the inner or outer glories of its architecture.

As the day was beautiful, my friend and I took a long walk on the old wall of the city, and an outside survey of the Castle, the most ancient portion of which is so fearfully memorable as the scene of the self-destruction of thousands of besieged and persecuted Jews in the dark days of old. After visiting the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey, we returned to the Minster for afternoon service. This time we did not enter the choir, but remained in the nave, wandering slowly through the aisles, under the glory of the stained windows, leaning against the pillars, and letting the full flood of organ music and swelling anthem sweep over our souls, as it surged along the vaulted roof and rolled down the columned distances. Music, architecture, and colouring seemed to me a beautiful one-souled trinity there, so that the sound of the first would give one blind a true ideal vision of the unseen splendors around him; and the sight of the two last triumph over the sealed sense of the deaf, and translate melody by beauty. It seemed, that, could that grand organ harmony and that glorious singing take silent shape, and pass into visible beauty,—such majestic, lofty forms, and such radiant, religious colouring they would wear,—or could those soft splendors and rich glooms fade suddenly from sight into such mellow seraphic strains, they would melt; or if those solemn arches and towering columns could dissolve into sound, in billows of such sublime music as rolled from that grand organ, they would pour themselves away.

Nowhere is the sense of antiquity so impressive as in an old Minster like this. As I gazed around me, I thought of the royal splendor, the magnificent array, of the beautiful Philippa's marriage procession, which once swept over where I now stood; and of the warlike pomp of the third Richard's coronation, when there was a silken surge of banners under these arches, and the clang of armour and tramp of mailed feet resounded through these aisles. I thought how generation after generation had wondered and worshipped here—how many centuries of suns had been glorified in those gorgeous windows—through what countless days had the full-voiced swell of holy sound been here succeeded by awe-struck silence—the ebb and flow of melodious adoration, and how, while generation after generation of men had been swept from the earth, kingdoms wasted, dynasties destroyed, religions overturned—this grand type of human aspiration towards the vastness and majesty of the divine life has endured, in almost its first sacredness and solemnity—a monument of ancient faith, a towered worship—God's praise in pillared stone.

I have been living very quietly, for the two weeks past, in one of the most pleasant suburbs of London. Yet I fear the beautiful home-life which has made my deepest happiness in health, and my sweetest consolation in illness, while here, is a poor preparation for the strange, excitable, restless life of the Continent.

One day lately we spent at Hampton Court—that famous old

palace of Wolsey. It was considered a structure of more than royal magnificence in the time of the haughty prelate, but to modern taste is neither truly grand nor highly picturesque. It is a dingy, red brick, rambling edifice, or rather a congregation of quaint edifices. The grand hall is gorgeously beautiful, and among the multitudes of pictures are many which it is a rare delight to behold. The Cartoons of Raphael are here, and Vandyke's equestrian picture of the first Charles—the grandest portrait in the world. Here are the famous Court Beauties of Charles II., by Lely and Verelst; pictures too well known through prints, and the charming descriptions of Mrs. Jameson, for me to undertake to reproduce by my very imperfect sketching. Through all those royally appointed apartments and lofty galleries there are countless heart-stirring pictures of those whose lives have been woven in threads of silver brightness, or guilty blackness, or tragical blood redness, into the splendid woof of English history. The grounds about Hampton Court and the Park are the most glorious enclosures I have seen in England. A view or a walk down the great chestnut avenue would repay one for a pilgrimage; and all the old trees of the immense demesne are more regally beautiful than one can conceive. They seem conscious of their royal estate—crowned with the glory and majesty of ages.

CHAPTER IX.

PARIS.—THE LOUVRE.—THE MADELEINE.—PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.—CHAPEL OF ST. FERDINAND.—NEUILLY.—HOTEL DES INVALIDES.—TOMB OF NAPOLEON.—NOTRE DAME.—PERE LA CHAISE.

Paris, October 22.

WE left London on the morning of the 20th for Paris, *via* Folkestone and Boulogne. The day was remarkably fine, and the long-dreaded Channel proved as smooth and tranquil as a sheltered inland lake. Boulogne is an unpicturesque town, backed by a flat, uninteresting country. The only distinctively national sights at the landing were the numbers of fierce-looking little soldiers, in ugly blue coats, and uglier pointed hats; and of peasant women performing the work of porters—bravely shouldering heavy luggage, and carrying it on shore in triumph, to the evident admiration of their lazier halves.

The examination of our passports at Boulogne was a light affair, as was the examination of our luggage at Paris, where we arrived by rail, at about 11 o'clock P.M.

Early on the morning of the 21st we all walked to the Louvre, where we spent nearly the whole of the day. After all I had heard of this magnificent palace, I was astonished by its vastness and splendour. Its architecture, while elaborate and royally gorgeous, is by no means wanting in imposing grandeur. Some of our party enjoyed most the galleries of sculpture; but I revelled among the pictures. Think what it was to wander through miles of glorious paintings and immortal statuary! Raphael and Murillo received

here, as elsewhere, my highest homage; but I was much impressed by the works of David. Their style is distinctively French, but sublimated French. In his pictures, Napoleon always appears the triumphant genius of glory, or the imperial soul of majestic power—in action, a hero—in repose, a god.

After leaving the Louvre, we drove to the Church of La Madeleine, a wondrously beautiful edifice, in the pure Greek style. It has little of religious solemnity in its outward grandeur or inward magnificence; but, as a triumphal temple of art, it is the glory of modern France. It contains some fine paintings and noble sculpture.

As I stood on the steps of this church, and looked down to the Place de la Concorde, marked by its towering Egyptian obelisk, my soul staggered under the awful thought that these peaceful streets and that quiet square were once one vast surging, raging sea of human ferocity—that near where the two ornamented fountains are playing in the pleasant sunshine, stood the guillotine, spouting blood!—that there had mad yells, and brutal howls, and low murmurs of infernal satisfaction hailed alike the murder of Louis, Marie Antoinette, the Princess Elizabeth, Charlotte Corday, and the just punishment of Danton, Robespierre, and their fiendish crew.

After leaving the Madeleine, we took a delightful survey of the noble palace and gardens of the Tuileries, and a drive through the Boulevards, which surpass in gay and animated beauty all I had imagined.

We were content with an outside survey of the gloomy prison of the Conciergerie, which frowns with dark memories and the guilt of countless unexpiated crimes.

Yesterday we began a golden day, by driving, in the glory of a lovely morning, through the Champs Elysées, past Napoleon's magnificent Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile, to the beautiful Chapel of St. Ferdinand, erected upon the scene of the death of the late Duke of Orleans. This contains an altar to the Virgin, over which is a fine group of Mary and the child Jesus, and beyond which is a Descent from the Cross, by Triquetti. On the left is an altar dedicated to St. Ferdinand, and opposite is a noble and touching statue of the dying Prince, with a lovely angel figure, sculptured by the Princess Marie, at his head, supporting him, and commending his soul to Heaven. Behind the central altar is a picture representing the scene of his death, with his family and friends about him. The grief in the bowed figure of the poor mother, hiding her face in the cushions by his side, is alone deeply affecting. In front of the chapel is a building, containing several apartments draped in black, for the accommodation of the royal family on their visits to the mournful spot which was the scene of an event fatal to their fortunes, if not to those of France.

The room we entered contained two motionless clocks, cased in black marble, one marking the hour and the moment at which the Duke was thrown from his carriage—the other, those at which he died. A touching idea, though peculiarly French.

From the scene of the Duke's death, we passed naturally, as though following up the disasters of his doomed family, to the ruins of the Palace of Neuilly, one of the most melancholy of sights. This favourite summer residence of Louis Philippe had evidently little of the royal and imposing about it, but was a quiet, lovely, home-like place, sanctified by much of domestic happiness, purity, and simplicity of life—so is its destruction, its desolation, the more touching to behold. The objects of most interest in the grounds are a monument erected on the spot where a cannon ball, fired from the Bois de Boulogne, fell at the feet of Louis Philippe in 1830, and where a few days after the crown of France was offered him; the tomb of Diana of Poitiers; and the garden of the young Comte de Paris.

From Neuilly we drove through the Bois de Boulogne to the Champs de Mars, on which grand parade ground we were so fortunate as to witness a fine display of cavalry and flying artillery. From the sight of all the animated pomp of mimic war we went to the Hotel des Invalides, to behold what real war makes of men, in the maimed, crippled, and scarred soldiers of the empire. But these brave old fighters have a noble retreat for their declining years, and seem hale, hearty, and happy, as they sit and talk together on the terrace in the genial sunshine, stroll through the fine arcades, or reverently kneel in the chapel.

In the council chamber of the hotel we saw a noble bust of Napoleon le Grand, by Bosio, and one doubly ignoble by comparison of Napoleon le Petit, by Emile Thomas. Opposite these hangs the magnificent portrait of Napoleon, in his coronation robes. Our guide, who was an old soldier, and a devout worshipper of the immortal Corsican, spoke of Louis Napoleon, as his "future Emperor," with apparent pleasure, almost enthusiasm. By the way, the Prince President displays most strikingly his keen and worldly wisdom, in repairing and adding to the palaces and churches of Paris, and vigorously carrying on all popular public works—thus, while improving and beautifying the city, employing thousands of workmen and artists, who are, of course, kept out of all mischief. There is nothing so good as bread to stop the mouths of the politically disaffected; and the true secret of this Napoleon's popularity, next to that sublimity of impudence which takes the French like an astounding *coup de théâtre*, lies in the encouragement of labour, and the security to trade, given by his government—that is, himself. But to return. In the large and handsome library founded by Napoleon, we saw the famous picture of the Emperor crossing Mount St. Bernard, by David, I believe, in which he is very sublimely represented as dashing up an awful steep on a fiery, rearing steed, in a magnificent costume, and a most dramatic attitude—a painting full of *éclat*, but in true grandeur falling far behind the real picture of the real Napoleon, in his gray surtout, quietly ascending the mountain pass on a mule, led by an Alpine guide.

We were allowed to enter the dome, where the nation is paying almost divine honours to the ashes of the Emperor, by giving him

one of the grandest burial-places and monuments which glory and poetry could devise, and art, power, and wealth could execute. It is not alone a gorgeous temple for the munificent offerings of the nation to the manes of her dead glory, but a vast *chapelle expiatoire* for the world who impiously rebelled against, and finally rejected, his majesty of majesties. When this tomb, with all its grand surroundings shall be finished, in most imperial splendour and triumphal pomp will he rest who died in hopeless exile, and reposed for so many years "on a lone, barren rock," in the far seas.

Here, for the resounding beat of waves on that drear shore, will be the billowy swell and majestic roll of grand organ music; and for the wild wailing of the ocean winds, the mighty sorrow and solemn supplication of countless masses said for the repose of his soul.

From the Hotel des Invalides we went to the Luxembourg, a noble and beautiful palace, though far smaller than the Louvre. I will not attempt to describe it. Imagine an edifice very magnificent and princely outwardly—very grand, lofty, and uncomfortable, inwardly. I thought the Salle des Séances far surpassing in beauty and dignity the English Chamber of Peers; and some of the modern French pictures in the gallery are, to my apprehension, finer than many by the old masters in the Louvre. I was especially delighted with one or two by Paul Delaroche.

From the Luxembourg to Notre Dame, which interiorly scarcely answered my expectations. Its whiteness and lightness, on that brilliant day, took much from its vastness and grandeur. Yet it is a noble old cathedral, and little needs the added grace of countless glorious associations—chief among which must live for ever the coronation of Napoleon and Josephine.

From Notre Dame to the Hotel de Cluny, a picturesque old mansion, built on the spot, or near the spot, where once stood the palace of the Emperor Julian, and of some of the earliest kings of Gaul. There are yet to be seen some curious Roman aqueducts, dungeons, and subterranean passages. The house itself now contains an immense and choice collection of antiquities, curious manuscripts, mirrors, pictures, statuary, carving, cabinets, miniatures, china furniture—all imaginable interesting and beautiful relics. There is one magnificent inlaid cabinet, once belonging to Louis XIV., which, opening, displays some exquisite paintings on ivory, which modern art could not excel; and there are innumerable objects of historic or romantic interest, making the shadowy old chateau altogether one of the most charming sights of Paris.

October 24.

Yesterday being very stormy, I could only spend a short time at the Louvre, and visit the manufactory of the Gobelins Tapestry, where I was astonished and delighted by beautiful specimens of this splendid fabric, and by observing the wondrous art, care, and patience by which they are produced.

To-day we have visited Pere la Chaise, taken a stroll in

the gardens of the Tuileries, and attended service at the Madeleine.

It was a lovely morning for the cemetery; the air had the soft, golden sunniness of Indian summer, and a sweet south wind was wooing, rather than tearing, the withered leaves from the trees along our paths. Beautiful emblems of death, they fluttered down in showers of crimson, and gold, and bronze, upon chapel and tomb, and draped the humblest grave with a gorgeous pall. Pere la Chaise, though more crowded, and with less natural beauty, than some of our cemeteries, is a cheerful and lovely city of the dead, and has a glory and a sacredness which none of ours yet possess, from enshrining the ashes, the all that could die, of many whose memories live in immortalities of love, and power, and sorrow, beating on for ever in the life currents of the heart of the world.

The first tomb to which we were conducted was that of Abelard and Heloise. This is a large, imposing monument—a small chapel, in the Saxon style, beautifully sculptured, built over the original sarcophagus of the immortal lovers, surmounted by their recumbent statues. Their figures have a dignified, sorrowful grace, and their faces a mournful beauty, which would touch and trouble one to whom their history were unknown. It is little consolation, to one remembering the long agony of their severed lives to read on this tomb that here, in death, they are reunited—to know that the eyes forbidden to look devotion and tenderness, and condemned to watching and tears, are here quenched in the same darkness—that the love-warm lips, once torn asunder, now meet, “dust to dust”—that the ardent and faithful hearts, which bled apart with one anguish, now mingle “ashes to ashes.”

It was with a shock of strange emotion that I found myself standing by the unmarked grave of Marshal Ney. A shiver ran through my frame, and my heart seemed for the moment motionless with sorrowful awe. There is here no monument, no chapel, no cross—only a railing and a few flowers about the grave. There was one crimson rose beside it, which I could but dream had drawn its deep colouring from his rich heroic blood.

At almost every step we came upon the resting-place of a great novelist or poet, a warrior, a philosopher, an orator, or a grand tragedian: Balzac, Molière, La Fontaine, Madame Cottin, De Genlis, Bernardin St. Pierre, Delavin; St. Cyr, Macdonald, Suchet, Junot, Gobert; Laplace, Sicard, Constant; De Sèze, Manuel, Foy; Mars, Duchesnois, Talma. The tomb of Bellini is also here, and those of several other celebrated composers.

As though strongly to contrast the shadowy solemnity and religious quiet of death with all the brightness, flush, and glory of life, we drove from Pere la Chaise to the gardens of the Tuileries, where we strolled for nearly an hour. I never beheld, nor do I believe the world could furnish, a more charming and splendid sight.

MR. FIXBY'S VISIT TO SKYE.

COMMUNICATED BY DALTON.

"Place your foot here—here, take this staff and cling
 A moment to that shrub—now give me your hand,
 And hold fast by my girdle—softly—well—
 The chalet will be gained within an hour.
 Come on, we'll quickly find a surer footing,
 And something like a pathway, which the torrent
 Hath marked since winter time—'t is bravely done—
 You should have been a hunter."—MANFRED.

I AM not a traveller, I have no desire to be considered one—I am not qualified for election at the highly respectable club where Travellers do congregate—I have no right to wear a beard; still having from time to time made excursions over various parts of the globe, more or less remote from Saint Paul's Church Yard, and having performed no inconsiderable portions of such wanderings on foot, I have become a sort of authority in the eyes of a number of young gentlemen who either are about to commence touring on their own account, or who have friends whom "they take the liberty of introducing to one so well able to give advice," &c. Sometimes not advice only, but a knapsack or a waterproof cape happens to be needed; once I was asked for my boots! Now, in respect of the first of these valuables I am not illiberally disposed, and it has occurred to me that by unreservedly publishing the particulars of a recent pedestrian stroll, I may be saving certain of my acquaintances the awkwardness of "begging a few minutes' conversation," and of extending the benefit of my experience, such as it is, to those who have not "the pleasure of knowing" me.

From a person who has spent the best part of three weeks in the highlands, there will, at the least, be expected a discussion of the very interesting "Scottish Grievances;" some observations on the laws, especially that of entail, prevailing in the country; a geological sketch or so, with a criticism on the late revival of Macbeth, and an inquiry into the genuineness of the poems of Ossian, together with quite an original theory of some sort, upon some subject, in some way connected with the land in question. Upon all these points I am quite prepared and "well up," but at present I restrain myself, and am content to be neither historical, nor philosophical, nor statistical, nor ethnological, nor anything else that is deep, but hope by simply jotting down certain practical matters, to give encouragement to the distrustful tyro, and to promote a mode of spending the holidays very healthful both to mind and body.

In the office in which I have the honour of occupying a conspicuous seat, it so happens that both the head of the department and his chief clerk are gentlemen of a sporting turn, the former,

accordingly, shoots grouse in August, the latter shoots partridges in September, so that the period for absence permitted to juniors is comprised within the months of June and July. It was towards the end of last June, then, that I determined to start upon a long-meditated excursion to the north of Scotland. I had entertained some thoughts of trying Wales or the Lakes, they were more accessible and required less time; but other considerations apart, one main advantage to be derived from visiting any spot or district is the distinctness with which the incidents therewith connected is presented to the mind; now nobody hears much of Cumberland and Westmoreland, and there is, positively, no such thing as Welsh history—there is not even a Welsh grievance!—few events of general interest are associated with these localities.

The case is very different with Scotland; there, mountains and lochs, clans, castles, battlefields are "familiar in our mouths as household words." A mass of information, vague and ill-managed enough, but comprising the great features in the history of the sister kingdom, is somehow or other accumulated by most persons. Everybody knows something of Mary Queen of Scots, of Wallace and the Bruce; has heard of several monarchs of the name of James; has read of Flodden Field and Bannockburn, to say nothing of the Pretender, Rob Roy, and Roderic Dhu; and it is quite surprising what an order is given to events, what an individuality to persons, by moving among the scenes associated with their fame. "Seeing is believing," so runs the proverb, and I am very much inclined to contend for the converse of the proposition,—not seeing is not believing—for my own part, I don't pretend to have believed in the murder of the Regent Murray, or in the victories of Montrose till last July. |

The field for operations being thus chosen, I met with little difficulty except in two quarters—my bootmaker and Mrs Fixby! Mrs. Fixby is an excellent woman, "above the middle height," and rather resolute in disposition.

"I have no idea," said she abruptly, on my cautiously opening the subject at breakfast, "I have no idea of men running abroad after their own pleasures and leaving their wives at home—take me with you."

"But, my dear, the money."

"Money, nonsense! take your wife and stay a fortnight instead of a month."

I endeavoured to explain, I am afraid without success, that the addition of a lady on these occasions does not double, but quadruple the expense.

"Never mind! if you go, I go too," persisted my affectionate wife.

"But the—," here I dropped my voice; it was enough, that whispered monosyllable proved the most potent oratory. Mrs. F. "abhors animals," and what graver representations might have failed to bring about, this allusion to the real caterans of the north effected forthwith. A well-timed hint respecting the possible purchase of a genuine plaid shawl clenched the argument.

I was free, unloosed, turned out for a summer's run, as the chief clerk was pleased to express it. The caitiff bootmaker was not so easily dealt with; and here arises the need of a most solemn caution to the inexperienced; whatever be your weak point, be strong in boots! Boots form the first requisite, the second, and the third! Demosthenes would have proclaimed it, had he been a pedestrian; Homer was undoubtedly awake to the fact. Your hat is blown off and you buy, or borrow, another; your dismembered coat may be replaced at the next village; you may go without—that is to say, you may adopt the kilt, but woe to the tourist who neglects the noblest boon that art has bestowed upon nature—boots! And do not suppose that you can walk flippantly into a “mart” and be supplied with a pair of “ready-made at sixteen shillings.” On the very first day of trial, the spongy counterfeits will betray their trust, and next morning will appear shrunken and soleless before their dismayed proprietor. For my own part, being provided with sundry models approaching as near perfection as sublunary shoecraft can attain, I had recourse to a young and tractable snob—the term is used advisedly—whose materials might be relied on, and eventually was put into possession of a pair of “high-lows,” which though somewhat too short, a fault to be fully appreciated on descending a mountain, were upon the whole sufficiently adapted to the purpose. The remainder of my kit consisting of three pairs of woollen socks, three merino shirts, “the only wear” for walking, a spare pair of trousers of the consistency recommended by the poet, and a pair of light shoes or slippers, together with a few minor articles, weighing in all about eight pounds, were arranged compactly in my knapsack, to the top of which was strapped a thin but roomy waterproof coat.

The only matters of perplexity now were, to obtain a good map and guide book; and, strange as it may appear, such aids to the explorer of the Highlands are to this day desiderata. Here is a real Scottish grievance! “Guides,” indeed, there are divers—the two best being Black’s and Anderson’s; of these, however, the former professes to give the whole of Scotland, and is adapted for the most part to the tastes and requirements of “carriage-folk;” while the latter, though devoted to the Highlands, is so cumbrous in size and dislocated in arrangement, as to prove a perpetual source of irritation. Both are costly. There is, surely, good opportunity for the publication of a cheap and portable volume, to be warranted free from woodcuts and extracts from the “Lady of the Lake,” and compiled expressly for the use of that deserving class which, like *Genus et species, cogitur ire pedes*. The best map is a four-and-sixpenny one of Black’s, but it is very deficient, and gives but few of the mountain paths. After due deliberation, it was determined to take the map and reject the book; a much better plan would have been to have dismembered the latter, cutting it up ruthlessly as it deserves, and pocketing the more valuable portions.

Thus provided and accoutred, we—for gentle reader I had a friend, a pure tourist, of whom more anon—we took our places

one Wednesday evening, at about 9 p. m., in a third-class carriage, bound for Edinbro'. It may be right to mention, that by the then existing arrangement, the opportunity of travelling four hundred miles for thirty shillings, was afforded only twice in the week, on the Wednesday and Saturday, and was owing to a laudable desire on the part of the company to compete with the Leith steamboat which ran in those days. And let not the reader start at the mention of a third-class carriage; if, indeed, he happens to be what my nephew—an Oxford man, and an amusing youth—terms a "real swell," one with whom "money is no object," why let him pay down his five sovereigns incontinently, purchase the last number of "the Quarterly," and doze away the fifteen hours in luxury. But if his means and notions do not entirely agree herein, let him not despise the provision which his country has made for his locomotion; let him bear in mind that it is by no means necessary for a young gentleman of two or three hundred a year to travel with the state of an Archdeacon; and further, let him observe that the carriage to which I invite him is attached to the mail train, so that the pace is good; that as respects comfort, the means and appliances are identical with those of the ordinary second class; and, lastly, that the company is much above the average of that which usually is to be met with in these compartments.

Besides, there is a great deal to be said in favour of the third class. If, indeed, a man tells you that he adopts it for the fun of the thing, or in order to see life, or because he prefers it to the first, don't believe him; he is a humbug, a humbug trying to hide his poverty or his meanness. This sort of thing was all very well in the old coaching times; an honourable gentleman might then take the cheaper place by preference, and esteem himself fortunate in the possession of the box seat. But there is nothing intrinsically pleasant in hard benches, crowded carriages, and unglazed windows; these drawbacks, however, are in a great manner counterbalanced by the humour and liveliness of the company, and by a certain natural politeness which you are not so sure of encountering in higher circles. So far as my limited experience goes, the society in the "first class" appears rather dull than otherwise. Passengers come provided with ponderous magazines, and there is commonly seated in one corner a gentleman with short black hair, sallow complexion, and white cravat fastened in an occult manner, and permitted just to peep above a rigid black waistcoat; he is probably deep in a work of Mr. Ruskin's, and is found altogether to shed around a chilling and chat-restraining influence. Besides, whether it is that the more a man pays, the more selfish he becomes, there is not, I fear, that readiness to oblige others and to submit to trifling inconvenience for their accommodation, to be met with at the hands of the first-class viator, which is cheerfully accorded by his less elegant neighbour.

It is a mistake, of this I am convinced, to consider the lower orders of the British an impolite people. Polished in manner they may not be, but in the exercise of that benevolence in trifles, in which true politeness is defined to consist, they have nothing to

fear from a comparison with any nation, continental or transatlantic. A third-class American incommodes and insults you; a Frenchman, with the utmost possible grace and a profusion of courteous gestures, avoids submitting to the least hardship, though a woman be suffering at his side. An Englishman is ever ready with his assistance in a difficulty, gives it with a hearty good humour, cracks his joke, such as it is, and strives to put his neighbour at his ease.

I remember witnessing a most characteristic instance of French politeness about a year ago in Paris. The weather was fine, and the Boulevards crowded, when a sudden shower put the promenaders to the rout; for myself, taking refuge in the entrance of one of the numerous "*passages*," I looked on, not entirely without amusement, at the general discomfiture. An unhappy girl, however, soon caught my eye; she was standing on tiptoe by the edge of the pavement—a small parasol, sole defence against the rain, was in one hand, with the other she gathered her dripping garments around her; on the opposite side of the road stood a hackney carriage; she hailed it. François, or Hippolyte, or whatever Monsieur the driver's name might be, acknowledged the summons by gracefully raising his hat, he then in a very self-possessed manner, slipped his bearing rein, gave his horse half a bucket of water and carefully threw the remainder over the animal's forelegs; he next proceeded, with equal deliberation, to arrange the cloths and cushions of his box. This completed to his satisfaction, he encased himself in an extra overcoat, buttoned it up very tight, tied a shawl round his neck and took his seat; he then crossed the road with the same composure and absence of hurry which had distinguished his movements from the first, dismounted, opened the door of the vehicle, and again raising his hat, handed in the drenched creature with the air and attitude of a *maitre de danse*.

But this by the way; meanwhile we were speeding on, plunging into tunnels, thundering over viaducts, gliding along valleys, shooting by stations, steaming, fizzing, whistling, till a screech of more than ordinary intensity betokened the approach to Carlisle. Several times during the night, I had been aroused from fitful slumber by the cramp and pains occasioned by a very confined position on a very hard seat, and more than once by the unsteadiness of my left-hand neighbour, whose spine seemed completely to have given way, and who was rolling about without any attempt at self-control, and at every check or stoppage of the train darting his head, like a battering-ram, against my ribs. It was, indeed, very amusing to note by the dim light of the lamp above us, the various changes that came over the appearance of the passengers, their far-fetched devices to attain an easy position, and the lamentable failure in which they issued. The head appeared to be the great difficulty. Nobody seemed to have any occasion for it, or to know what on earth to do with it. One gentleman had contrived to shut himself up like a turtle or a telescope, nothing was visible above the shoulders; a plump

female, too, erewhile of shapely form, had collapsed apparently into a bundle of clothes and a bonnet, while a slim individual, evidently a person of distinction, who had delighted us with his affability, was hanging, a most piteous spectacle, like a great coat over the back of his seat.

The announcement of—"Breakfast gentlemen,"—acted like a blast of the Seeker's horn: every one sprang to his feet, and was precipitated incontinently against his opposite neighbour by a last strong convulsion of the engine. Hot rolls and hotter coffee having thoroughly aroused the company, and restored them to symmetry and self-possession, we passed merrily enough across the Border. Of course there was no little joking and tittering among the damsels as we drew near the station of too celebrated Gretna. There was one lady in particular who kept popping her head in and out of the window incessantly, having been assured by the affable gentleman, whom I had not before discovered to be a wag, that "his Reverence," attired in full canonicals, was always in attendance on the platform to meet the "down train," and that a stoppage of "ten minutes, ladies and gentlemen, for marriages," was uniformly allowed.

Shortly after twelve we reached Edinburgh, and although it was raining pretty steadily, as I am told it usually does in that neighbourhood, it was with the most lively satisfaction that we permitted our legs to resume their natural functions. Our stay in Edinburgh was, I am ashamed to say, limited to a few hours, during which we contrived to run over, in a hasty and perfunctory manner, not at all becoming tourists of mature age, the principal "lions." We excused ourselves with a sort of shuffling promise to examine it more leisurely on our return. As it was, we carried away a sufficiently distinct impression of a very magnificent city sadly in want of a cathedral. Taking our places at the Prince's Street Station, we pushed on the same evening to Stirling, and arrived there in time to obtain a few glorious glimpses, by sunset, of the celebrated view from the Castle Hill.

Previously to taking our stroll, we had fixed, with discriminating eye, upon our hotel, and ordered dinner. This, as you proceed further north, becomes an extremely simple affair; you find one inn, one dinner. But in towns, the various signs and frequent invitations to "good entertainment" are apt to occasion doubt—even perplexity. For instance, as you enter, supposing there to be a "line" in the neighbourhood, your attention is first caught by a new, pale brick house, rather deficient in respect of outbuildings; a fourth-rate looking ostler is lounging about the door-way, and Mr. Bass's advertisements are put forth conspicuously in the window. A board, gorgeous with green and gold, announces this to be "The Railroad Hotel," but in spite of the smart cap ribbon which glances across your sight, there is an air of discomfort about the establishment, evidenced by a broken pane or two, a want of order among the slates, and the appearance of one solitary stream of smoke issuing feebly from its "compo" chimney-pot, to say nothing of the loose, shingly gravel spread before the entrance, so

that you are not to be allured, and move onwards. You will next pass, possibly without bestowing much attention upon it, a long, low, and extensive building, of deep red colour: it is pierced abundantly with windows, each set in its white frame. The portal is wide, but wanting in height, and above it hangs a dark unintelligible sign—a "George," or a "Rose,"—evidently the work of a very old master. The house is situated at the corner of a narrow street, leading into the market-place, and bears across its front the words "Commercial Inn," depicted in the plainest characters.

Nearly opposite stands a structure of a very different stamp. This is built of free stone, or, at least, is faced with stucco; the fenestration, as my friend, who is a bit of an ecclesiologist, terms it, is highly ornate; a sweep of steps conducts to a handsome porch, on either side of which there stands a row of dusky evergreens, in boxes; a waiter *proper*, cravatted and napkined *argent*, fills the centre, and assumes a somewhat supercilious air as you approach. He does not know whether you can have beds—he will inquire of the chambermaid. Taking advantage of the flunkey's nonchalance, you beg that he will not trouble himself, hurry back in a sort of despair, and plunge, without further hesitation, into the doorway of his less pretending rival. And you do wisely. Of all refuges for the weary traveller commend me to a snug commercial house. Prime joints, cheerful fires, general cleanliness, moderate charges, and a fixed *honorarium* for servants characterise the class. It was at some such hostelry that we put up at Stirling.

On the following morning, after partaking of a mess of pottage, and a very nasty mess it was, which we had ordered as a national dish, and which our landlady informed us had never been called for before, we entered upon the real business of the tour—knapsack on back and staff in hand, we trudged on merrily to Doune to breakfast. The ruins of a castle, the finest, it is said, in Scotland, grace the little village, which was itself of note in former times as a manufactory for highland pistols, a weapon still in some request at Scottish fêtes and Vauxhall masquerades. From Doune we proceeded to Callender, and so by Coilantogle ford, which somehow escaped recognition, to Lanrick mead and along the side of Loch Vennachar. Here our attention was especially called to the fact that the said Loch was now the sole property of a Right Honourable Lord, and that any person fishing therein, or trespassing thereon, or in any way deviating from the beaten road would be "prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law." At the Bridge of Turk we paused to cast an eager glance up the wild defile of haunted Glenfinlas; but, seeing no green maidens to lure us from our way, we bore right on some three miles further, and reached the foot of the famous Trosachs Pass.

But, oh, what a change has come over the spirit of the scene since the good old days of clan and claymore, red Macgregors and dark Roderics! Here a broad and pleasant road, travelled by "opposition" coaches, winds easily up that bristled ridge of yore to be surmounted only by a precipitous track, half path, half

ladder, constructed with the tangled roots of forest trees. Here, too, in the wild highlands, in the very centre of the country of Rob Roy, within a morning's walk of the robber's lake, for such, I grieve to say, is the true signification of Loch Katrine, a brief allusion to a forty shilling fine is sufficient to enable the gallant proprietor to keep all his fish and his fowl to himself! No wonder the green ladies have long since given up playing their tricks upon travellers. His Lordship is clearly not a man to be trifled with.

As regards the accommodation, the place is a show place, and abounds with the luxuries and the counterbalancing *désagrémens* proper to show places. There are two inns—I suspect the existence of a third—one at the Bridge of Turk, recently named the "New Trosachs," promising, and, I am told, not failing in the performance, quarters both good and cheap; another, that we were approaching, an edifice of far higher pretensions. The latter occupies the site of the old original "Trosachs," and has been built with a due regard to the ancient character of the *locale*, being strongly defended by tower and turret, in the most approved cruet-stand style of fortification. We were shown into a very lofty baronial hall, very grand and very gloomy, and very cold; two or three parties already assembled were either engaged upon a silent meal, or sat huddled up together, like small knots of conspirators, holding whispered converse. A youthful tourist, who ventured to break the silence, and give an indiscreet order for eggs, was cut down instantly by the waiter, and spake no more. There was altogether a dampness in the air—it was raining steadily—a weight upon the spirits, and a chilliness about the extremities that effectually repressed conversation. We tried toddy—it wouldn't do—and we were not sorry when the hour permitted us to retire to our chamber, at the very summit of the western pepper-box. In the morning, after disposing of a substantial breakfast, and discharging our bill, which, considering the sophistication of the place, was moderate, and partially satisfying the expectations of the attendants, which were immoderate, we sallied forth, accompanied by the young gentleman who was so severely dealt with the night before. For the information of those curious in "hotel charges," I may observe that all payments were made out of a common purse by my friend, an austere man, fully equal to the resisting extortionate demands, and impervious to the reproaches of rapacious retainers—that our invariable rule with respect to that delicate subject, the remuneration of servants, was to give, each, for every meal, threepence, and a further sum of sixpence to the chambermaid. This, with the single exception just mentioned, was always received with content, most commonly with gratitude. Once on the road our spirits rose, and our young acquaintance, though bending beneath the weight of a heavy knapsack, railway-rug, fishing-rod, and Macintosh, chirped cheerily as we went.

The picturesque approach to Loch Katrine has been described too often and too well to need any supplementary illustration at the hands of Mr. Fixby. To say the truth, our presence there at

all was rather a concession to the force of public opinion, and, with all its loveliness, rich as it is in varied beauty, it was not altogether that which we came out to see. Do I, then, imply a disappointment at the scene? By no means; at least, as the Irish gentleman observed, I was not disappointed any more than I expected to be. It struck me, perhaps, as a little too much of the lake *orné* to suit a simple taste. Viewed, however, on a bright morning, or calm summer's eve, the magic of that wondrous combination of glassy water and luxuriant foliage, sunlit heather and shadowy glen, must win the severest critic to admiration. As it was, I gazed through the Scotch mist which brought all—mountain, and forest, and lake, and sky—under one neutral tint, well pleased, indeed, but not enraptured.

Our young companion appeared to regard the scene in a very different light. The bold outline of the background, or the beautiful blending of rock and tree, and mead and stream, were nothing to him: he cared nothing about neutral tints. He had the "Lady of the Lake" in his pocket and in his heart; and each feature in the outspread of the landscape was to him as a familiar spot. This was Ellen's Isle—yon beetling crag, the look-out of Roderic Dhu—precisely in this hollow fell Fitzjames's gallant grey—the stag escaped in that direction, and here the two foemen took their rest in trustful security, side by side. It is really something more than amusing to observe the unquestioning faith with which natives and visitors alike agree to accept the particulars of that true history. No classic myth ever gained firmer hold upon the credulity of a people than the legend of the lady has secured in the Highlands. Roderic Dhu is quite as real a personage as Achilles, and fair Ellen's beauty as sincerely believed in as that of her all-but-namesake of Troy. Few spots, indeed, are regarded with more lively interest, or identified with more jealous accuracy than those on which the Magician of the North has laid his spell. And ingenious critics have discovered that Walter Scott is no poet! Of which among the *genus* can a more genuine triumph be recorded?

Taking the road by the Loch side, and parting with our companion at the ferry, we determined to make our way by a comparatively unfrequented track to the head of Loch Lomond. As far as Glengyle—the birth-place of Rob Roy—the road was good enough. Here, however, at a farm-house, it terminated. Following the directions of a shepherd, we kept straight up the glen, till, at the foot of a bold and somewhat lofty hill, it split into two branches, the larger of which bore towards the right, and along this should run the path as laid down in the map; while the other turned abruptly, and with a rapid ascent, to the left. The latter was the course recommended by our informant; following, therefore, a noisy burn almost to its source, we wheeled to the right as we approached the head of the ravine, scaled the ridge at its most practicable point, and soon found ourselves on that rocky barrier which separates the two lakes.

For some little time a mist hung upon the mountain, shutting

out all view; then came a stirring of the heavy vapours, the huge masses rolled aside and were borne slowly upwards, gleams of sunshine poured in, and the grandeur of the scenery was by degrees disclosed. To the right and behind rose the craggy peaks of the Braes of Balwidder, and we became aware, though it was never fully unveiled, of the gloomy presence of Ben Lomond on our left; below us, and stretching southward, as far as the eye could reach, lay the lake of islands. Having gazed our fill, a small white house at the head of the loch, which turned out to be the new inn at Ardluie, attracted our attention; towards this we set our faces. And now, for the first of many times, did I miss my trusty alpon-steck, the best of all aids in getting down in the world; I should decidedly advise every thorough-going pedestrian to provide himself with something of the kind; it should be a pole about six feet and a half in length, armed at one end with an iron spike, light but strong enough to bear his weight in steep descents, to the great and constant relief of joint and muscle. At Ardluie we ferried across the river, and gained the main road at a distance of two miles from Inverarchan.

Here we were received by the most accomplished and accommodating of waiters that ever gave man welcome at an inn. Could we have dinner immediately? We could have dinner immediately—there would be soup and fish of course, a small joint and pastry—it would be served by the time we were dressed—and it was!—He was a wonderful man that waiter, unapproached and unapproachable in his craft! as Ariosto and afterwards, Byron, observes —“Nature formed him, and broke the die.” Rapid and noiseless was he in his movements, flexible of wrist, firm of purpose, of never-failing readiness, unbounded information, inexhaustible patience, possessed of a sort of second-sight as regarded our wants and wishes, and a supernatural celerity in presenting them—his mission was to make glad the hearts of tourists. We naturally consulted so accomplished an attendant as to our future plans. All difficulties were made to disappear on the instant—we could go anywhere, do anything, with a guide or without one—there was no danger, no risk—no possibility of error. Could we make a cross-country cut to Dalmally? Nothing more easy. Should we be likely to miss our road in penetrating the Braes of Balwidder?—Such a misadventure could by no chance happen. Should we be certain of finding accommodation among the mountains? Without the least doubt—and all this was delivered in a low modulated tone, at once deferential and encouraging, and with a demeanour the gravity of which was happily relieved by its grace. His smile was rare, but very persuasive. My austere friend seemed to doubt the authority of the information so complacently delivered, and the unfavourable state of the weather prevented, to my secret satisfaction, our ever putting it to the test. I have a great faith in that waiter, which I would by no means wish disturbed.

Up Strathfillan we bent our steps, staying a while to revel in the rush of the great fall which, fed by a hundred streams all swollen and turbid with the rains, was thundering and foaming

by the roadside. The remainder of our walk that day presents nothing worthy of note, if I may except a pleasant deviation from the common route made on crossing the bridge about four miles from the Inn at Inveroran, which we reached by an old and almost obliterated mountain road.

Our next day's journey took us through the heart of the Marquess of Breadalbane's deer forest, a wild and picturesque district, where our eyes were first greeted with the sight of snow. It can be hardly necessary to remind even the most juvenile tourist, that in a Scotch forest he must not expect to find any resemblance to those he has seen described in the works of Mrs. Radcliffe or Mr. James; the forests he will meet with in the Highlands are vast uncultivated tracts, comprising moor and mountain, morass and loch, unadorned, probably, by a single tree of noble girth, and devoted to the support of deer, and a few sheep. It was through one of the most celebrated of these that we approached Glencoe; and desolate, indeed, is the entrance to this, the finest pass in Scotland. Far away to the right hand for miles, and bounded by the dim and distant hills, extends a broad plateau of peat bog, with its dark stagnant pools and spots of suspicious green, and relieving, by its vast extent, that sense of confinement which is apt to press unpleasantly on the mind, amid the magnificence of mountain scenery. In front, and forming, as it were, the portals of the glen, stand boldly forth three dark and craggy cliffs, the size of which you find you have a little underrated, as you toil round their base. Passing forward, you are excited, bewildered, and enchanted by the ever-varying prospect. Every turn in the sinuous path introduces a fresh picture, presenting fresh combinations of light and shade, disclosing fresh arrangements of peak and precipice; till, at length, a little sated with the wonders of nature, a little wearied with hard walking, and a little stiff in the neck from gazing so perpetually upwards, you bethink yourself of seeking some memorial of that savage deed which has rendered Glencoe a byword and a shame.

The narrow gorge has opened into a fair valley; a rich and close-cropped meadow rests between the receding hills; a small burn, glittering in the sun, occupies the centre, and, by its side, a few trees attracting attention to the spot, the remains of foundation walls are distinctly to be traced; you conclude very naturally that here stood the desolated home of the Macdonalds. Tradition, however, assigns another *locale* to the bloody deed. Passing the loch, you arrive at a particularly unprepossessing public house, at the back of which is seen another branch of the Glen, stretching away to the left; and in this, according to the shepherds of the neighbourhood, the whereabouts being indicated by a small hut, the ill-fated village was situated. Not far from the inn alluded to, there is also said to be a very remarkable ascent, termed in the guide books, by what logicians would call a confusion of particulars and universals, "*the dangerous step*:" the truth, however, is, that very perilous portions of any of these tracts are denominated by some Gaelic gutturation, which is thus

translated : we encountered several such. The peculiarity of that of Glencoe consists in the having to crawl for some distance along the summit of a lofty ridge, presenting an edge so narrow that footing must be sought on both sides, and a view down either of the glens agreeable or the reverse, according to the state of the traveller's nerve, is the reward of the feat. I experienced, I must confess, a strong desire, of which I am now not a little ashamed, to discover and clamber up this precipice ; my cautious friend, however, whose maxim is, never to seek a peril, nor shun it when it comes, gave me no encouragement. Notwithstanding many insidious hints, founded on a pretty complete knowledge of his idiosyncrasy, I was unable to communicate a spark of the ardour which had attained a rather unpleasant degree of intensity in my own breast. My friend objected nothing, but shrugged his shoulders, and walked on. It was well he did so, for by the time we reached Balahulish tenderness in the feet, and a little general irritation of the system, gave evidence of a sufficiently fatiguing day's work. We had been recommended, and had every reason to be grateful for the recommendation, to a most respectable inn, on this side the ferry, where, notwithstanding the arrival of a noble lord and the excitement consequent thereon, we were well cared for, and well lodged.

A glance at the map will show a very direct cut to be made from Balahulish to Fort William, and though there is neither path nor track for a great portion of the way, we determined to attempt it. Passing over the ferry, we made straight across an intervening peat-field to the opposite hills, and having marked an inviting hollow in the range, speedily effected the ascent ; a sort of track, indeed, exists, starting from the back of a row of cottages, and conducts through the brushwood to the top. Here we found every inducement to repose, the softest heather, a seaward view, a cooling breeze, and a little stiffness about what our chief clerk calls the suspensory ligaments. Before us lay a true and complete highland valley, bare and desolate, with its heathery sides, peaty bottom, brawling stream, and small loch. One or two hovels, scarcely to be distinguished from the grey rocks around, rested on the hill slope, and at a considerable distance on our right, a building of greater pretensions gleaming among the trees that overhung the lake, was just visible. That was our point ; from that house a road, very trying, as we should suppose, to the nerves of the proprietor, to say nothing of his gig-springs, led into the highway which, skirting the outer ramparts of Ben Nevis, dips down at last into the town of Fort William.

For three hundred and sixty two days in the year Fort William is one of the dullest and dirtiest little towns in Scotland ; during the remaining three, on the occasion of the great wool fair, it is one of the noisiest and dirtiest. It was at the close of this annual merry-making and money-making, the hubbub at its height, the place crowded with shepherds, drovers, merchants, and farmers—the odour of whisky predominant above all others, and they were many and strong—that we arrived.

LAMARTINE'S HISTORICAL CHARACTERS.

WHEN he who has held a conspicuous place in a great revolution, and swayed the passions of a national council through a season of convulsion, abandons the political arena, either from choice or necessity, and goes into the exile of his library to write books for the people, the world is inclined, with justice, to suspect that he had originally mistaken his vocation, and that, in forsaking the field of action for the calmer region of inquiry and reflection, he has at last hit upon the course for which he is best qualified. It is not given to every man, under such circumstances, to be followed into his retirement, like Cincinnatus, and besought to return to the rescue of his country. If mankind agree that he shall be left there to meditate on the past, and shape the results of his experience into lessons of instruction for the future,—if it be found that his writings excite more interest, and command a wider influence than his acts,—we may reasonably conclude that he has exchanged a career in which success was unattainable for the cultivation of a pursuit in which he is likely to excel most of his contemporaries. The very causes of his failure in the one—the delicacy of his moral organisation, or the impetuous ardour of a sanguine temperament, or perhaps an excess of the imaginative over the philosophical element—may contribute materially to the achievement of distinction in the other. Thus it was with Clarendon, whose venal life is redeemed by his books; thus, too, with Bacon, whose hands were never so well employed as in the labours of the pen; thus also with Guizot; and thus with Alphonse de Lamartine, the author of the *History of the Girondins*, and of a work of historical portraiture, now before us in an excellent English translation,*—a book which will be hereafter referred to as one of the most remarkable publications of our time.

The character of Lamartine's mind, and the direction of his occupations and studies during the last seven or eight years, are peculiarly calculated to impress a special value upon his literary labours. Few living writers possess in so high a degree the power of investing historical subjects with that dramatic and picturesque interest which distinguish the modern authorship of France. In all those qualities of vivid colouring, artistic grouping, and striking characterisation, which are estimated by French critics amongst the highest merits of the historian, Lamartine's wonderful narrative of the Girondists leaves all competition at an immeasurable distance behind. Combining force and perspicuity of statement with brilliancy of style, and a striking disposition and development of incidents, there was thrown over the whole a certain charm of sentiment which is always attractive in France, and which, incom-

* "Memoirs of Celebrated Characters." By Alphonse de Lamartine. 2 vols.

patible as it appears to us, with the graver and more responsible claims of history, exercises, nevertheless, a secret influence over our judgment. The sentiment of Lamartine is not to be confounded with that vanity of phrase and finesse of expression which are so curiously assisted by the genius of the language, and which the popular taste has erected into a kind of established mode. In him it is the wild flower that springs up out of a rich poetical soil; while the sentiment of most other French writers may be compared, by way of completing the analogy, to the artificial flowers of a fashionable *magazin*. The union of the poet and the politician has seldom been productive of satisfactory results; yet there seems to be a special propriety in their combination in the historical works of Lamartine. It enables him to bring his full powers into play upon subjects that admit of animated treatment; and he has seldom chosen any other. His instinct carries him safely through the perils that beset him on both sides; he rarely overlays his descriptions with extraneous embellishments, or sacrifices facts to the suggestions of fancy; there is always a distinct purpose kept in view; there is matter as well as beauty in his most gorgeous passages; and if he sometimes converts history into romance, it is in the form rather than the substance.

There is doubt that the art of writing history in the way in which it ought to be written, as an appeal to the universal comprehension, is a modern discovery. It seems never to have entered into the scheme of the standard authors who flourished in the last generation, that it was necessary to enlist the sympathies of the multitude, or to reflect the spirit of the age in their elaborate and formal chapters. State papers thrown into dreary narratives comprised the whole scope of their labours. The life of the toiling classes; customs and manners acted upon by events, and reacting upon institutions; the humanity of kings and conquerors, of heroes and sufferers; and the growth of opinions, of sects and parties, of reforms and revolutions swelling up out of the deep convictions of the multitude, ascending gradually to high places, and finally controlling legislation or overturning dynasties, were never taken into consideration as matters requiring to be traced out with fidelity, as containing within themselves the true exposition of the progress of nations. That system of writing history is already extinct; and Macaulay in England, and Lamartine in France may be regarded as the pioneers upon the new track of enquiry, which, instead of stopping short in archives and palaces, conducts us out into the open air, and introduces us to the homes and haunts of the people. There is a marked difference between them, but it is a difference of climate, and not of aims. Their means are similar, and their object is identical. The whole philosophy of the question is admirably expressed by Lamartine, in his eloquent introduction to the volumes on our table. "What is it in history," he asks, "that moves or excites the masses? It is men—men only. You cannot excite yourself over a chart, or be moved by a chronology. These abridged and analytic processes are the algebra of history, freezing while they

instruct. This algebra of memory must be left to the learned; who, amidst their dusty books, after reading all their lives, and crowding their repertories with millions of facts, names, and dates, desire to make a synoptical table of their science, in order to be able at any moment to lay their fingers on the date of a year, or the name of a dynasty. Popular reading is not like this; it is not erudite, but impassioned. "Adapting this view of the true functions of history to his own work, he goes on to show that the mass of readers seize upon a few dominant facts, and connecting them with the lives of a small number of distinguished men, are thus led to penetrate the heart and spirit of the times, and to feel and understand the action of events. "History was dead," he exclaims, "because it had become a book, but returns to life because it has again become a living man." The illustration is an argument on behalf of that method of dealing with historical materials which endows them with living, human interest; and is specially intended to point out the advantages of biography as a key to historical knowledge.

The biographies he has selected for the purpose of exhibiting practically what may be done in this way, for the instruction of the million, by a writer who is conversant with their wants, and who knows now to awaken their sympathies, embrace a wide range of time and character, and are designedly disconnected and independent of each other, but so comprehensive upon the whole as to leave a clear impression of isolated facts, which, in the end, will drop into their right places, and assume something of a continuous relation to each other in the mind of the reader. The reason assigned for scattering a collection of historical portraits up and down, with a premeditated disregard of chronological order, throws a light upon the plan of cheap popular literature M. de Lamartine is endeavouring, with indefatigable industry, to establish in France. Had he been delivering a series of lectures, he tells us, he would have proceeded systematically in the order of time; but he was writing a book, and the first condition of a book designed for popular circulation is variety. Attention must be stimulated; the feelings must be excited; the scene of the drama must be shifted; monotony and the appearance of study, must, above all things, be avoided. A glance at his table of biographies will show how effectually he has secured for his readers the attraction he considers indispensable. The first name on his list is Nelson, and the next Heloise, who is succeeded by Christopher Columbus, Palissy the potter, Roostam and Cicero. These strongly-contrasted individualities occupy his first volume. The second is no less striking in the versatility of its selections. Socrates and Jaquard, Joan of Arc and Cromwell, Homer, Guttenberg and Fenelon. We need not pause over their names to indicate the distant ages they typify, or to point out the ultimate connection that exists amongst them, by which the reader, who has mastered their details, may be enabled to draw from the entire collection, not merely detailed fragments of information, but to eliminate elementary principles and the leading characteristics of different periods.

The topics traversed and the individuals portrayed, are replete with suggestive materials. The old Greek age of poetry, illustrated through the life of Homer; the rage of faction, with an unmistakable application to later times, exhibited in the death of Socrates; love expiated by misfortune, sanctified by religion, and rendered famous by genius, displayed in the history of Heloise; the spread of civilisation, in the discovery of new races, and the completion of the physical unity of the globe, traced through the career of Columbus; the true greatness, the dignity, and the high mission of the workman, exemplified through the labours of Palissy; and the wonders of that art of printing, by which the man of to-day is made contemporaneous with Cæsar and Praxiteles, and in turn, is destined to become the contemporary of the men of a remote posterity, brought to light in the story and the processes of Gutenberg, are amongst the subjects chosen by M. de Lamartine, with a sound judgment, and discussed with a vivacity and intellectual appreciation that cannot fail to convey instruction and delight.

In estimating the value, and judging truly of the execution of a work that ascends to higher purposes than that of mere amusement, it is necessary to ascertain clearly, in the first instance, what are the aims of the author. If he has written with a special object in view, it is indispensable that we should inform ourselves as to the nature of that object, before we venture to express an opinion upon his labours. He must not be tried by a standard of our own, or by a comparison with other writers, or by arbitrary canons of any kind. He must be tested by the fitness of his means in reference to his end—and by that alone. When Dr. Johnson reproves Dryden for the incompleteness of the “Absalom and Achitophel,” and, with a marvellous waste of critical acumen, compares it to an enchanted castle which melts into air the moment a trumpet is blown at the gates, disappointing the reader at the very climax of expectation, he applies to one form of composition a test that belongs to another of a wholly different character, and falsifies at once the work of the poet and his own judgment. To arrive at a just and practical conclusion, we must accept a work for what it is, and for what it is intended to be; not for what we desire to find it, or for what we think it ought to be. The author of a *drame* at the Porte St. Martin is not to be tried by the same laws of art that are properly put in force at the Français or the Odéon; still less is the writer who addresses particular classes, adapting himself in form, diction and spirit, to the audience he has chosen, to be tried by conventional principles or abstract theories. Whether he has chosen wisely—whether his design is restricted within objectionable limitations—and whether the final design is commendable or otherwise, are legitimate topics for criticism. But these are independent questions, which, although fairly within the range of animadversion, are external to the actual question involved in the estimate of the book itself.

The application of this measure of criticism to Lamartine, as he appears in his book of “Celebrated Characters,” is sufficiently obvious. He avows his object plainly. He, who in the happy

time of his youth enjoyed a brilliant popularity amongst the most eminent men of his age, the applause of the most beautiful and accomplished women, and the intimate friendship of princes, has gathered wisdom from his reverses, and now seeks to penetrate, not the salons of the palace or the boudoirs of the aristocracy, but the cottages of the peasantry, the fishing-boats of the coast population, the *atelier* of the workman, the canvas bag of the solitary shepherd as he watches over his flocks on the heights of the Alps or the Pyrenees. Instead of exciting the curiosity and receiving the incense of the great and the learned, he desires to accomplish the nobler ambition of instructing the poor and the ignorant, and of being rewarded by the universality, rather than the exclusiveness of his reputation. To be read by the evening light of the household lamp, to be repeated in fragments on the Sunday walk amongst the cornfields and vineyards, to pitch about with the earthen crocks and cooking utensils of the fisherman, and to become, in short, a part of the furniture of the people in all their varied occupations, rural, pastoral, maritime or sedentary—constitute the end he proposes to himself in this publication, and clearly exhibit the objects for which it was composed. So far from considering his literary position compromised by sitting down to write expressly for the masses, he regards such an undertaking as a moral elevation. "This ambition," he says, "seems, at first sight, to aspire to sink, but, in reality, its aspiration is upwards, for there is nothing more lofty than the soul of a nation." He puts the contrast between the fashionable author, and the writer who appeals to the intellectual wants of the population still more forcibly in a single phrase: "To be admired you must rise; to be useful, you must descend." The illustration by which he exhibits the working of this principle is happy and characteristic. "Gold," he observes, "is gold under all shapes—in the ingot as in the coin. But the question to be determined is, whether you would prefer being the gilding that glares uselessly on the steps of the throne, or the ingot that lies in fairest splendour in the cellars of the bank, or the little coin which is constantly passing from hand to hand in the perpetual traffic of the crowd. The coin is worth less to one man, but it is inestimable to the multitude. Multiply its value by the values it is momentarily acquiring in its rapid exchanges, and you will see how infinitely it outweighs the ingot in the amount and extent of the social benefits its represents. This," he adds, "is the whole secret of popular literature, and it is also the leading object and sole merit of the present publication."

It is a grave mistake to suppose that in order to attain this object, it is necessary to write down to the capacity of the multitude, an expression that has obtained currency like many other fallacies, without examination. It would be difficult to put together a more vague, loose, and misleading collocation of words, apparently conveying a specific meaning, but in reality, having none at all. Who can supply us with the foot-rule by which we are to measure the capacity of the multitude? Where is the line to be drawn, beyond which this capacity is supposed to be unable

to seek information with advantage? What are the boundaries of this ignorance? What are the natural impediments, if any, that must for ever be presumed to bar out the working classes from the pursuit and attainment, not merely of the useful parts of knowledge, but of its graces and refinements? The annals of a country, are the annals of progress and acquisition. That which was true of its intellectual condition ten years ago, is utterly untrue now. It is changing and advancing every hour; sometimes slowly, sometimes in mighty and rapid strides. To understand this onward and upward movement, we must ourselves participate in the impulse. If we would appeal to the enlarged and enlarging capacity of the people of the present day, we must dismiss these comfortable axioms of literary absolutism which time and events have rendered obsolete, and look abroad into the world of action for the living facts by which we are to be guided. The depths of the popular mind are to be sounded only in popular institutions, and their palpable results. Examine them attentively, and we suspect it will be found that in writing for the people, the highest intellects will find it necessary, not, indeed, to shape their discourses as if they were addressing children or clowns, but to pour into their books the full tide of their knowledge. The manner, no doubt, is of importance. It should not be artificial or affected—for the popular appetite is an honest one, and craves substantial fare. It should not be remote or strange, for it is intended for household use, and ought to be easy and familiar. It should not be erudite or grand, for the intelligence of the people is practical, and not scholarly. The manner is important, and difficult in proportion. It should be perspicuous, and everywhere appropriate—always to the purpose—always accurate and distinct—never clouded by fantastical speculations, or the false glitter of verbal conceits. But this is not writing down to the multitude. It is the highest writing of all—the style which it has been the ambition of the greatest authors to achieve, and in which few have succeeded. As to the matter, it may embrace the widest range of inquiry. There is no science or philosophy the people are not able to derive improvement from, provided the exposition be plain and rational. If the author fail to interest his readers, he may take it for granted the fault is in him, not in them.

That Lamartine thoroughly understands the conditions upon which popular literature should be formed, is evinced in every page of these volumes. The English taste, it should be remembered, is more sober and subdued than that of the French, and rejects the figurative and sentimental cast of expression which may be regarded as the common language of our neighbours. We must make allowances for this complexional difference, which, after all, does not materially affect the substantive aims of the writer. Lamartine's mode of treating his topics throws a glow over them, which renders them additionally fascinating, without interfering with their symmetry, or reducing their value. His style is fervid and imagerial, and carries prosaic things into the region of imagination, where he bathes them in rich and vivid

colours. But the responsibility of the prosaic fact is never lost sight of. His poetical tendency, although it pervades the work, is everywhere subservient to accuracy of statement. He sacrifices no truth, no principle, no necessary detail to the exuberance of his fancy. The biographies are comprehensive and luminous—the salient points of history are seized with precision, and displayed in a focal light—there is not a line of superfluous authorship—no exhibition of literary vanity—the whole is compact yet full, profound yet obvious, clear, animated and brilliant. The work will be read with profit by the most educated readers, and there is nothing in it that the least educated cannot at once understand.

The plan upon which it is constructed affords abundant scope for embracing a considerable extent of information, without making excursions in search of it beyond the strict boundary of the immediate subject. Each character illustrates an era or an art—an historical, moral, or a social problem. Thus, in the biography of Gutenberg, we have a history of the discovery of printing, introducing a masterly view of the previously existing means of “transposing speech from the ear to the eye,” which passage occupies only a page or two; but it contains in that brief compass all that is necessary to impress upon the mind of the reader the nature of the change introduced into the world by the invention of types. How finely, too, is all this expressed; how pure and elevating the religious sentiment it awakens! “When language,” exclaims the eloquent Lamartine, “had been given, found, or invented, there were still many centuries to elapse before reaching the other phenomenon, of confining invisible and immaterial thought in visible and material signs, engraven on a palpable substance. This phenomenon was that of writing: writing transfers thought from one sense to another. Speech communicates the thought from the mouth to the ear, through the medium of sound; writing seizes the impalpable sound on its progress, transforms it into signs or letters, and thus communicates thought from the hand to the eyes. The eyes communicate it to the mind, by that ever mysterious relation which exists between our intellect and our senses, and behold speech become visible and palpable, instead of invisible and immaterial as it was before. Is any miracle comparable to this?” Then, when writing came at last, it did not meet the world-wide want. It was slow and expensive. It could not be sufficiently multiplied to answer the requirements of an unlimited number of readers. Rich men alone could have libraries. “The enlightenment of the mind,” he proceeds, “was the privilege of the clergy, of princes, and courts, and of the great men of the earth; it did not descend to the lower classes of the people. The head of society was in the sunshine, its feet in shadow.” In such passages as these, the true secret of writing for the masses is revealed. The subject is strikingly developed by the happy disposition and contrast of the materials, and while the reason is occupied upon the facts, the imagination is captivated by the manner in which they are presented.

We looked with some curiosity to see how Lamartine had dealt with the character of Nelson,—a name which could not be expected to obtain much sympathy or indulgence even from the most liberal French writers. In this biography the two dark spots on Nelson's career are brought out in broad relief—the death of Caraccioli, and the connection with Lady Hamilton. The latter, perhaps, might have been spared something of the severity with which it is dwelt upon, and which is heightened by the rapturous description of the charms of the lady. It is at least an open question how far historical biography is justified in exploring such incidents farther than they are actually necessary to throw light upon public events; and in this instance, we think Lamartine has not taken counsel of that high and chivalrous feeling which governs the rest of the work, and which is nowhere more prominent than in other parts of this very biography. Apart from the considerations suggested by the domestic life of Nelson, the sketch which is here given of him will be perused with unmixed satisfaction in England. It is full to overflowing with his glory; it recognises his great qualities with enthusiasm; and it pronounces an eulogium upon him which reflects infinite honour on the magnanimity of the writer. What can be nobler than the passage in which he introduces his panegyric upon an old enemy to the attention of the thousands amongst the fishermen, peasants, and workmen to whom his book is dedicated? “The hero whose history we are now about to narrate is an Englishman; he has gained the most memorable naval victories of modern times over our allies and ourselves; nevertheless we shall render ample justice to his valour and distinguished actions. The individual historian may be a patriot, but universal history admits no personal feeling. Precisely because it is universal, it ought to be equally impartial in awarding the merit and glory which celebrated men of different nations have won for themselves throughout all ages. It acknowledges neither cause, birth, nor country, and bows only to genius, heroism, and virtue.” Here is another admirable sample of teaching for the people—wise, honest, and enlightened.

It may be easily anticipated, remembering the antecedents of the writer, that those historical portraits have a bearing, more or less, upon recent and present occurrences in France, and that M. de Lamartine, in drawing pictures of former celebrities, has not failed to give them an indirect application to his contemporaries. This is the feature which, beyond all others, has excited most curiosity in France; and it will, probably, attract hardly less notice in England. The allusions are masked with consummate skill and adroitness; and the reader should not suffer them to escape him. But an English journalist would scarcely be justified in reopening the questions they suggest for discussion.

It would be an injustice in this hasty notice to omit a tribute to the translator, who has executed his undertaking very ably. The style is clear, fresh, and nervous.

HISTORY OF CRICKET.

BY EDWARD JESSE.

"Her was the prettiest fellow
 At foot-ball or at cricket,
 At hunting chase, or nimble race,
 How greatly her would prick it."

NOBLE RACE OF SHENKIN.

It is curious that we should know so little of the origin and history of the interesting game of cricket. Its name is probably derived from an old Saxon word signifying a stick, from the sticks or wickets set up, against which a ball is bowled. In Strutt's charming work on "Antient Sports and Pastimes," but little mention is made of the game, and there is no drawing of it. It has, therefore, been supposed, and probably with reason, that it is a gradual improvement of the old play of club and ball. Pope, indeed, mentions it when he says:—

"And senators at *cricket* urge the ball;"

but until the last one hundred and fifty years little or no notice can be found of this game. Unlike Genius, the rules of which have remained permanently fixed for a long period of time, the game of cricket has, even in the time of the writer, undergone many alterations. The round bowling has been superseded by the present style of bowling; the shape of the bats has been altered; and we never now hear of a man making hundreds of runs, as was the case when the celebrated William Ward was a player some fifty years ago. Indeed, the *under-handed* bowling must have afforded great and frequent opportunities of making long and splendid *swipes*, especially as soon as the eye got accustomed to the bat. This gave occasion to Mr. Ward's long scores, one of them 278, and which may be found duly registered in the Archives of Lord's Cricket Ground. With the present style of *bias* bowling, if it may be called so, these long scores are seldom attained, fifty or sixty runs form a good player, being generally considered a fair innings. The bowling also is much swifter than it used to be in the olden times.

One cannot, however, but look back with pleasure, and perhaps, without some degree of regret, at those by-gone times when Lord Frederick Beauclerk, Mr. Ward, and others of that stamp, used to astonish us with their play at Lord's ground in our younger days; but then we had no wicket-keeper like Box, with an eye like that of an eagle, and a paw like a tiger's; or such batters as Redgate, Lillywhite, Pilch, or Wenman. Still, however, I liked the game as it was formerly played, and the style of which may be seen represented in two old pictures still preserved in Lord's Cricket Ground.

Cricket appears to be exclusively an English game, enjoyed equally by rich and poor, old and young. What village has not its cricket ground! and what sight is more pleasing than to see the players on a fine summer's evening enjoying the sport, and taking the greatest interest in the success of each player, as a good hit or a good stop is made! Then there are the shouts of the opposite side when the wicket falls and the ball is seen ascending high in the air to announce the triumph, and then passes from hand to hand in rapid succession till the next player takes his place at the wicket. And then to see the little urchins in the remote parts of the field with their penny balls and bats set up for wickets—playing, shouting, running, and imitating their fathers, uncles, and brothers, in following the rules of the game, clapping their tiny hands, and seizing the miniature bat from some culprit who has been declared to have transgressed them.

I like a village green, with its well-cropped turf, and surrounded with furze bushes, stunted broom and hare bells in blossom, with here and there patches of fern and brambles. There is the little white tent in which the elders may be seen seated with their pipes in their mouths, and a pitcher of ale before them, discussing the merits of the player, and boasting of their own former exploits. I like to see all this, and the fine manly countrymen, with their open countenances, muscular arms and broad shoulders, such as few other countries can produce.

Buckinghamshire used to be a celebrated county for good cricketers, and can boast of Beddam, the two Walkers, Robinson and Harris, with many others. Nottinghamshire, where I have lately been staying, is now, perhaps, what Buckinghamshire formerly was, the nursery of good players. Clark, who is, I believe, still living, had few equals in his day, and he had besides many contemporaries nearly equal to him. Kent and Suffolk can also boast of many good players. The mention of this latter county reminds me of a circumstance which occurred in it a few years ago. A match was being played between the men of two villages, neither of which could boast of a Fuller, Pilch, or Wenman, or such bowlers as Lillywhite, or Redgate. Still there were some good players amongst them, one of whom was the worthy clergyman of one of the villages, and whose tithes were supposed to be more regularly paid than those of any of the neighbouring clergy, in consequence of his encouraging this manly game, and joining with his parishioners in the innocent amusement it offered. We therefore confidently recommend his receipt to those clergymen whose tithes are in arrear.

It was on a fine summer's afternoon that the match referred to was being played. The reader may imagine to himself the centre of a large common, which had been cleared of furze or grass for a considerable space round, the turf being soft, fine, and elastic, cropped so closely by sheep, that it might be compared to a beautiful velvet carpet. The scenery was beautiful, and an old picturesque windmill, such as Rembrandt would have etched, added to its interest.

It was during one of the pauses of the game, that an old man was perceived walking slowly towards the ground. He was grey, round-shouldered, weather-beaten, and shabbily dressed, with his hands behind his back. At length he stopped, and remained silently looking at the game, keeping his eye on it with a grave undeviating attention. It was however easy to see that he was a cricketer, and he was soon recognised by one of the players to be old Fennex, once a very celebrated one. On being accosted, he said that he was going round the country to teach any clubs that might want his assistance, and bearing of the present match, he had stopped to see the play. When it was over he was asked to give a few balls. Now, for the first time, the club perceived how ignorant they were of the art of bowling. Wicket after wicket went down, and it was evident that the players had not only to learn but to unlearn. They were in fact mere Tyros in the art. Fennex was taken home to supper by three kind-hearted brothers among the players. The carousal was prolonged till midnight; the subject of cricket was discussed, and at length it was agreed that the old man should be taken into the house of the brothers and remain the season with them. The effect of this judicious measure was soon visible, but acquired only at the expense of lacerated fingers and bruised legs. The whole style of the play was altered—no more slashing play, no more long swipes over the common—no hitting across wicket. All was now steady, scientific, and secure; a reason, and a good one was assigned for every movement, and by the end of the season the members of the club, if not all good players, were at least put in the right method, and secure of improvement. Old Fennex is now no more. He was nearly blind before he died, and incapable of muscular exertion, but he loved to wander about the beautiful common, the scene of his former glory. It is a pleasure to be able to mention that he was housed under the hospitable and charitable roof of the elder of the three brothers I have mentioned, who protected him from want during his declining years.

Fennex was born and brought up at Gerard's Cross near Uxbridge, and at the age of nineteen had become the first cricketer in Buckinghamshire. He was contemporary with Beddam, Harris, the two Walkers, Robinson and others, and Sir Horace Mann was at that time the enthusiastic patron of the art. Having mentioned Harris, it may be remarked that such was his skill in bowling, that while crippled with the gout, he was allowed a *chair*. Among the great performances of Fennex, was his having, when alone and unassisted, beat on Mitcham Common, at single wicket, the three greatest cricketers of their day. As a proof also of the strength and self-denial of this veteran, it may be mentioned, that at the age of seventy-five, he walked ninety miles in three days, carrying an umbrella, a bundle of clothes, and three cricket bats; and spent in that time but three shillings. How few men in their prime could perform such a journey, in such a manner? When he arrived at the end of his journey, all he complained of was that the bats had bruised his side. When he died his hands

should have been preserved, like Galileo's at Florence, as trophies of his sufferings and glories. Broken, distorted, mutilated, half-naillless, they resembled the hoof of a rhinoceros, almost as much as a human hand; but what feats have they not performed? It ought to be mentioned that Fennex raised himself to such eminence by his skill, that he was enabled once to keep his three hunters—that he was the bosom friend of Oldacre, the illustrious huntsman of the Berkeley pack—that he lived with Lord Winchelsea and the Tuftons, but that he found in the house of a friendly village apothecary that hospitable shelter and security for his old age, which none of his former noble and titled patrons would deign to bestow.

But it is time now to look in at Lord's Cricket Ground, during the matches between the Eton, Harrow, and Winchester schools. The reader may fancy the writer of this seated on one of the benches in front of the stand, surrounded by old cricketers, amateurs, and a host of boys belonging to the schools in question, who take a lively interest in the successes of their various school-fellows. This is evinced by the vociferous shouts and clapping of hands when a good strike has been made, or a dangerous ball scientifically stopped—and then the cheers when the board is put up showing a good score from the last player. I delight in witnessing this scene, and the fine manly bearing and gentlemanlike appearance of the young aspirants for fame in the senate and the bar—the army and navy—diplomacy or the church. What a promise do they seem to afford of doing credit to their schools, and of upholding the glory of their country. Nor are the carriages without their interest, for in them may be seen the mothers and sisters of some of the players, watching the performances of their sons and brothers with no small degree of satisfaction and delight. The masters and tutors, also, of the several schools take no small interest in the game, and as they walk about, are occasionally *capped* by their scholars and pupils. Such is a scene that may be witnessed annually in Lord's Cricket Ground soon after the commencement of the summer holidays, and it is a scene well worth going to. Those, also, who want to see fine play, should be at Lord's during some of the club matches, when they cannot fail to be gratified by the performances and skill shown on those occasions.

But let us now go to the upper playing fields at Eton. There, seated on a circular bench under one of the noble elms at that place, we see the two elevens in full play, while some two or three hundred boys are silently looking on. Not quite silently, however, for every now and then a cheer is heard for a good batter or bowler. And what a wicket-keeper as I remember there a few years ago! There was but little occasion for a long stop, for no sooner had the ball passed the wicket, however swift it might have been bowled, if it came but tolerably straight, it was sure to be in his hand. He was a short, wiry boy, but I have never seen his equal either before or since. And then Harding's celebrated swipe! He sent the ball from the wicket in the

upper playing fields over the elms on the Poet's walk. Old Etonians know the spot.

The Hambledon Club, in Hampshire, was once the most celebrated one in England, and could boast of some of the finest players. There was also a Club at White Conduit House, from which the present Marylebone Club has descended. Kent, also, has turned out some fine players, as well as Sussex, which latter county may boast of Mr. Charles Taylor, one of the best gentleman cricketers as well as tennis players in England. Indeed it was only a few days ago that we saw him play a most extraordinary match at the last mentioned game, at the Brighton tennis-court. He played that fine veteran player, Tomkins, giving him half the court, and receiving half—fifteen and a bisque. Mr. Taylor's play, considering the size of the court and the force of his adversary, showed such skill, energy and activity, that I was perfectly astonished as well as delighted. Tomkins, to be sure, is not so young as he was, though he quotes his favourite author, Shakespeare, as fluently as ever; but as he had only half the court to play from, he had an opportunity of showing all his science, and yet Mr. Taylor stood up well to him, and the match I believe was ended on nearly equal terms.

But to return from this short digression, to cricket. In whatever part of the world Englishmen congregate, there this favourite game is sure to be played. In the hot plains of India—in the softer clime of Italy—in France and Germany, matches are made. Even during the progress of our army through Spain, both officers and soldiers amused themselves with cricket. It is altogether exclusively an English game, for we never yet heard that any foreigner has been seen to enter into the merits of it, or to partake in the sport. That it keeps the young men in our various villages out of mischief, and out of ale-houses, cannot be doubted, besides contributing to their health and muscular exertions. It forms also a link between landlord and tenant, and between the squire and clergyman of the parish, and their poorer neighbours, thus helping to cement kindlier feelings, and to produce a friendly intercourse which cannot fail to be useful both to the one and the other. I know a gentleman of fortune, in the north of England, who has a tent or two pitched in one of his fields—invites his tenants to make up a match of cricket—plays with and regales them, and leaves the ground in the evening with the good wishes and blessings of his more humble neighbours. His popularity amongst them is very great, and while this friendly intercourse is being carried on, all disaffection and discontent are far removed from his doors. We wish that this practice was very generally adopted, for it cannot fail of being productive of beneficial results.

But to return to our remarks on the game of cricket. And here we may be allowed to quote an account of a match played in 1819, and described in a clever and entertaining work called "The Cricket Field." It was between Hants and England. It was related by Fennex, and certainly gives some idea of what the celebrated Beddham could do. "Mr. Osbaldeston, with his tremen-

donsly fast bowling, was defying every one at single wicket, and he and Lambert were defying every one at single wicket, and amongst others they challenged Mr. E. H. Budd, with three others. Just then, I (Fennex) had seen Browne of Brighton's swift bowling, and a hint from me settled the match. Browne was engaged, and Mr. Osbaldeston was beaten with his own weapons." It was then determined to give Browne a fair trial. "We were having a social glass," said Fennex, "and talking over with Beddham the match of the morrow at the Green Man, when Browne came in, and told Beddham, with as much sincerity as good humour, that he should soon send his stumps a-flying. 'Hold there,' said Beddham, fingering his bat, 'you will be good enough to allow me this bit of wood, wont you?' 'Certainly,' said Browne. 'Quite satisfied,' answered Beddham, 'so to-morrow you shall see.' Seventy-two runs," said Fennex, and the score book attests his accuracy, "was Beddham's first and only winnings." There never was a more complete triumph of a batsman over a bowler; nearly every ball was cut or slipped away, till Browne hardly dared to bowl within his reach. Wisden, however, once bowled ten wickets in one innings. Eleven men were once out for a run each, and a whole side of Etonians were put out by Mr. G. Yonge for only six runs.

THE SHORES OF THE BALTIC.*

WE are beginning to know the Admiralty Square at St. Petersburg as well as Charing Cross; and the Nevski Perspective, high mart of Russian commerce, is nearly as familiar to us as Bond Street or the Strand. Book after book succeeds one another, till every bay and creek of the Gulf of Finland, from Revel to Cronstadt, is far better known to a Londoner than the coast from Yarmouth to the Nore.

The Northern countries, however, have not been equally fortunate with the South of Europe in their travellers. They have had no Beckford, with vivid imagination and playful wit, to throw the charm of his genius over their forbidding coasts; and it is probable that if Byron, Beckford, or De Staël had visited these countries, even their imagination would not have warmed in the lukewarm sunshine of a northern summer.

To compensate for the absence of poetical treatment, we have had the acute letters of Custine, whose egregious personal vanity did not cloud his keen perception of what was going on around him. Maxwell, too, with an alliance of shrewdness and fidelity, has given us Dutch pictures of Russia without Dutch coarseness; and Dr. Lee, by a few well-chosen anecdotes, culled from his

* "Travels on the Shores of the Baltic, extended to Moscow." By S. S. HILL.

valuable Diary, has indicated what was going on beneath the cold glassy surface of Russian society.

To this list we have now to add another work, which, though inferior to the above, contains some new information, conveyed in a plain, unaffected manner. Mr. Hill, the writer of these "Travels on the Shores of the Baltic," has recorded his genuine impressions during a short tour in Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Russia. After the broad colours of Custine, and the homely brush of Maxwell, we have sometimes to regret a faintness and haziness in Mr. Hill's pictures, yet we have occasional views, transferred from no foreign canvass, and exhibiting some powers of delineation.

Of considerable interest just now is the description of Sveaborg, which we wish had been fuller. That Gibraltar of the North, as it has been called from its joining natural defences with all the resources of art, shelters from attacks some of the best vessels of the Czar, the celebrated gun-boat flotilla, and the yellow and green painted city of Helsingfors, with all its docks and war-like stores.

From Sveaborg Mr. Hill steamed for Revel, a point purposely neglected, it is said, by our fleets, on account of the absence of docks and stores. There is no doubt that Revel is easily assailable, as the defences there are not comparable to those at Sveaborg; and nothing but the desire to spare private interests, and to render the war worthy of the age in which it is waged, can have deterred Napier from the bombardment of this city.

The description of St. Petersburg conveys little new information, if we except a very entertaining account of the Vospitalenoi Dom. This vast Foundling Hospital is conducted on such a plan, as takes it out of the category of hospitals generally. It provides for, at the present time, 30,000 patients, at the expense of five million roubles a year. The building covers twenty acres of ground, and the most admirable contrivances are in use for the rearing of delicate and prematurely born children. Altogether we regard this institution as one of the few bright spots in Russian social history, and the only objection we can offer is the often urged one, that the greater the facility afforded to crime to young people, the greater becomes the amount of crime. Still, when we see the barbarous murders of many of the illegitimate children in this country, we are not sure that this single objection is not fully silenced.

We next come to Mr. Hill's entertaining account of Cronstadt, the fullest, if we except a very able article a few months back in an English periodical, which we have had.

Cronstadt stands nearly equi-distant between the coast of Finland and the shores of Ingria. Peter the Great, variously described as the Father and the Enslaver of his country, found the Isle of Cronstadt a swamp, and commenced that system of fortifications which has been rigorously followed out by all his successors. The town of Cronstadt has risen from this morass, till it has become a capital sea-port town.

Upon the rocks commanding the entrance of the Bay, have been constructed those gigantic forts which, if we are to trust to Russian accounts, studiously circulated for a quarter of a century, are impregnable. The names of these forts, and the guns they are said to mount, according to the most recent and the most reliable accounts, are as follows:—

Fort Menzikoff	44	guns.
Fort Cronslott	85	"
Fort Alexander	116	"
Fort Risbank	57	"
Fort Peter	76	"
Fort Constantine	25	"

Besides these there are a number of land fortifications, (the island itself being well defended,) and the guns at the mole head. If our fleet were to make even a partially successful attack on these forts, and to get much damage in the action, there would await the remainder of the Russian fleet (some say twenty, some thirty), at present screened by these fortifications.

The account of Moscow, though very brief, is interesting; and Mr. Hill's anecdotes, if not purposely selected with that view, discover a pleasanter spirit amongst the Muscovites than, after reading other accounts, we had given them credit for. The good tea comes in for its just meed of praise, and seems the most seductive allurement of Russia.

Moscow is the Mecca of the Muscovite, and claims his especial reverence. We believe that even the ancient Crusaders regarded the City of Jerusalem with less reverence than the modern Muscovite looks upon the Holy Gate of the Kremlin. This, of course, is, in a great measure, owing to that superstition carefully fostered by the present Czar, and lately skilfully turned to his own political ends. The answer of one of the guides to Mr. Hill indicates the desire to worship something which is felt, even by the lowest of mankind. "The Russians pray everywhere, and on all occasions." The manner in which the Emperor Nicholas has directed this idolatry to himself, though it may serve him politically, must eventually entirely demoralize the nation.

The work closes with an account of a Russian wedding, which, if it had been a little shorter, we might have extracted. Mr. Hill saw little or nothing of society in Russia, but this matters less in that empire than in other kingdoms, for all travellers, who have mixed much in the society of the Russian capital, agree in speaking of the mask universally worn, and the set nature of the topics discussed. We have been pleased with this volume, as we are with every work which is genuine and unaffected, and even after the many on Russia, to which the present war has given rise, we would recommend to the perusal of our readers these pleasant sketches.

VAN DE VELDE'S ASSUMED REFUTATION OF DE SAULCY.

THE usual methods adopted by those who desire to extend or correct our knowledge of places with which we are imperfectly acquainted, are either to make new discoveries, or to deny the discoveries already made. The latter process is the easiest and most popular. The world is constitutionally pugnacious, and an intrepid assertion gains many advocates by the imposing boldness which often stands in the place of sound argument. Travellers in Syria and Palestine are particularly given to contest each other's theories; nor is this to be wondered at, when we consider the remote antiquity to which they refer, and the difficulty of a unanimous verdict on any given point of archæological discussion. The sites of Biblical towns and strongholds which flourished in the early ages of the Old Testament, will be laid down many times before they are universally recognised. In spite of evidence which seems convincing to its special supporters, these will continue to be open questions, as long as man is constituted as he is at present, and remains the tenant of the earth he examines and inhabits.

Last year we were startled by the publication of M. De Saulcy's narrative of his Travels in the East, containing accounts of the still visible ruins of the condemned cities in the neighbourhood of the Dead Sea, an identification of the Tombs of the Kings of the dynasty of David at Jerusalem, with many other particulars no less extraordinary than novel and interesting. Before the appearance of his work he read papers on his discoveries to the learned French Institute of which he is a member; whereupon a war commenced in pamphlets and periodicals, leading to a lavish expenditure of ink, argument, and temper. De Saulcy wound up his replies to his excited opponents by saying, "it is easy to sit at home in an arm-chair and write contradictions of everything; go to the spot, and with your own eyes verify or disprove what I have stated." Mr. Van de Velde, then on his way to the Holy Land, happened to be in Paris and present at two of these stormy meetings. His piety was shocked at the indecent clamour, and his mind reverted to the text which says, "in much wisdom is much grief, and he that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow." He thought the reasoning of De Saulcy so anti-scriptural and absurd, that he wondered how he was listened to with patience. But he received from him a copy of his manuscript maps, with considerable personal kindness and much general information. At the same time it is quite evident he had adopted an impression that the French traveller was not a man of veracity and little to be relied on. This bias, as he proceeds, ripens into a conviction that De Saulcy is a credulous enthusiast, a shallow scholar, a questionable quoter, a perverter of holy writ to suit his own mistaken views,

never right even by accident, and always wrong through ignorance or design. This is the substance of his charges against De Saulcy, expressed in very unceremonious terms. "What," says he, "has that traveller not seen?" The accusations are heavy, and ought not to be set forward without the clearest accompanying proof. We shall see presently how far Mr. Van de Velde is to be considered an unprejudiced investigator, and the amount of testimony by which his own allegations are supported.

The ostensible object of Mr. Van de Velde's visit to the Holy Land* was to lay down trigonometrical surveys, but he seems also to have been in close co-operation with the Missionary societies, and to have watched and enquired into their proceedings with paramount interest. This tendency gives to his chapters the prevailing feature of a lengthened homily, or a sermon in two volumes. Some readers may object to the constant recurrence of scriptural extracts and reflections, however admirable and orthodox in themselves, as being a little overloaded, in a work which purports to be secular rather than exclusively theological. The author, however, informs us on two important points, which we receive with the greatest satisfaction, supposing the statement to be authentic: the Jews, according to his account, are being rapidly converted; and even the Moslemites are beginning to listen to the Gospel. These asserted facts, if true, are more valuable as regards the present and future welfare of the human family, than long and erudite disquisitions on disputed ruins.

Mr. Van de Velde landed at Beirout, and proceeded on to Sidon, whence he made an excursion across Mount Lebanon to Hâsbeiya, where he was robbed and left nearly in a state of destitution, stripped of piastres, without which the "highways and byways" of Palestine are hermetically sealed against the adventurous explorer; as the honest and patriarchal Bedouins regulate their hospitality to intruding Europeans by the extent and weight of their purses. On his way to Tyre, from the village of Kefr-Burreim, he tells us he discovered the old Hazor mentioned in Joshua, and that the ruins are very extensive; but he gives no description, enters into no details, and produces no evidence. "Its exact site," he says, "seems to have been lost for the last three hundred years, and not to have been sought for again in the right place. Perhaps an inaccurate expression of Josephus may have been the cause of this. He describes Hazor as situated about Lake Merom." Why does Mr. Van de Velde not show how this locality of Josephus, with which Dr. Robinson quotes and accords, is incorrect? De Saulcy came unexpectedly upon the ruins of a very large city, in a different situation, considerably more to the north-east, and nearer the lake, agreeing with the site named by Josephus, and which he determined to be the Hazor of Joshua, on a long and clear investigation of the texts, scriptural and profane, which bear

* "Narrative of a Journey through Syria and Palestine in 1851 and 1852." By C. W. M. Van de Velde, late Lieutenant Dutch Navy, Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. Translated under the Author's superintendence. In two volumes. Edinburgh and London, 1854.

upon the subject. He also gives general drawings of the ruins, and a minute ground-plan of a remarkable building of Cyclopean construction, very much resembling the ancient temple on Mount Gerizim, and another edifice which he supposes to be a remnant of Gomorrha, on the north-east point of the Dead Sea: yet Mr. Van de Velde passes all this over without allusion or comment, as if no such discovery had ever been made by a preceding traveller. The reader who compares the two accounts will easily decide whether this is fair dealing. Van de Velde here, as in other places, admits that it is impossible to find ruins in Palestine without assistance from the natives, and places much reliance on the similarity of modern and ancient names, when it suits his purpose to do so; but whenever De Saulcy adopts the same guides, he accuses the French savant of weak credulity and defective judgment.

Mr. Van de Velde visited Samaria, now Sebastieh, and Mount Gerizim, but he says very little of the remarkable ruins still remaining at both these places, and again has no allusion to De Saulcy's previous examinations, or the very elaborate plan, which he was the first to give, of the great Samaritan Temple, built by Sanballat under permission of Alexander the Great. Either this survey and appropriation are authentic or imaginative, and in neither case ought to be passed over in silence by one who professes as a leading object of enquiry, to examine closely the statements of a predecessor. After a considerable halt at Jerusalem, our author proceeds towards the Dead Sea by Bethlehem, Hebron, and a part of the route followed by De Saulcy on his return. He declares that the French party had spoiled the Bedouins by imprudent liberality, and thereby increased the difficulties of future travellers. His own caravan contained no European besides himself, and was limited altogether to nine persons, the greater proportion unprovided with arms. His escort consisted of four Djabalins of the tribe of Abu Daouk; but that renowned scheikh, who accompanied De Saulcy, and according to Van de Velde, crammed the enthusiastic Frenchman with all manner of unfounded inventions, declined his personal service on this occasion, as the limited "backshish" comported not with his dignity and overweening expectations.

Van de Velde approached the Dead Sea in the neighbourhood of Masada, and ascended that far-famed rock on the 31st of March, 1852. He accuses De Saulcy of having added a few flourishes of his own to the already exaggerated description of Josephus respecting the perilous pathway by which the platform must be scaled; but he admits, at the same time, that the undertaking was most formidable, that he had to drag himself up almost perpendicular stones by the hands and feet, and that he was only preserved from a fall that would infallibly have killed him, by the timely relief of a bottle of eau-de-cologne, which fortified his nerves and dispelled giddiness. He saw there what others have seen before him, the ruins of the fortress of Herod, as destroyed by the Romans under Flavius Silva, in the reign of the Emperor Vespasian. He says, "It seems not known that Masada was ever

after inhabited. Yet I surmise that it must have been so, from the evident remains of a small church, with a round chancel turned to the east, just as in the case with the Christian churches met everywhere else in Palestine. I am surprised that neither Wolcott nor De Saulcy observed it." According to Van de Velde, De Saulcy sees too much at one time, and too little at another. But he has made a most unguarded assertion, and has read De Saulcy's book very carelessly, or he would have found that the French author not only mentions the building in question, but has given in his accompanying atlas of plates, a drawing, and two very minute ground-plans of the same. This is what he says of it:—"Before us, within a hundred yards, is a ruin, which *resembles* a church with a circular apsis. Our Bedouins inform me that this is the Qasr, or Palace. I hasten to examine it. The principal chamber is terminated by this oven-like apsis, with one small round window." Now, to decide that an ancient edifice is a comparatively modern church because it resembles one in form and position, is to jump at a desired conclusion with the same baseless precipitancy which the writer charges against his literary brother. As reasonably might we assert that the Buddhist crosses, scattered over Hindostan and elsewhere, are vestiges of the more recent faith, because they present the symbol of Christianity.* But Mr. Van de Velde passes without notice the gate of Masada and its pointed arch (of which De Saulcy has also given a drawing and plan); this, by a strange inconsistency, Wolcott pronounces a modern ruin, while he refers all the other remains at Masada to the epoch of King Herod. We must, on the contrary, decide that this form of arch is thus carried back some ten centuries behind the period usually assigned for its invention. There are the lines of Silva as clearly defined as when he left them; there are the crumbling ruins of the buildings he found when he stormed the ramparts on the self-immolation of Eleazar and his Sicarii. If anything can be pronounced certain, of which we have no direct proof, it is that Masada has never been disturbed by human inhabitants since that eventful period.

Up to this point of his journey, Van de Velde has either ignored De Saulcy, or scratched him gently; but he now prepares to close with him in a death-struggle, and finish him outright, even as Hercules strangled the giant Antæus. Zoar, he says, could never have stood on the site which De Saulcy has fixed for it,—namely, Es-Zuweirah. The similarity of names goes for nothing. He adds, "The travels of Irby and Mangles, De Bertou, Robinson and Smith, and not long ago of the American investigators under Lieutenant Lynch, might have sufficiently convinced that gentleman; while the Scriptures, too, show in the clearest manner that Zoar did not lie here, but on the Moabitish or east side of the Dead Sea." In proof of this, Van de Velde refers to Gen. xix. 30-38; Isa. xv. 5; and Jer. xlviii. 34. These verses most certainly do not show anything of the kind, as all will see who

* It will be remembered that, according to Eastern tradition, Buddha was crucified.

examine them, and De Saulcy has challenged his adversary to produce any other Biblical texts that do. Moreover he tells him that he cannot read the Scriptures in the original Hebrew, and is utterly ignorant of Arabic, while he, De Saulcy, is well versed in both languages, which gives him a great advantage in the dispute. A defective scholar like Van de Velde, should be more cautious in accusing another of a want of learning. De Saulcy of course differs from Robinson, Irby and Mangles, as to the site of Zoar, and we think unprejudiced readers will admit his arguments to be sounder than theirs. The opinion of Captain Lynch is of little value in the matter, for he coincides with the idea that Zoar is to be found at El Mezráah on the eastern side of the Dead Sea, while he believes that he saw the pillar of salt into which Lot's wife was transformed at a great distance from that locality, very far to the west, under the salt mountain of Esdoun. If this pillar existed at all, which it clearly does not, it could only be close to Zoar; and if Zoar is at El Mezráah, let any one look at the map and say why it should of necessity follow, or how it even appears possible that the other cities are hidden under the sea, according to the popular delusion. Mr. Van de Velde affirms that he traversed the entire plain between the salt mountains and the sea, and that no vestiges whatever are there of the extensive ruins which De Saulcy and his companions declare to be those of Sodom. He says that the rows of large stones standing generally in parallel lines, which do exist, are nothing more than *débris* from the mountain washed down by the winter torrents, and that they were never placed or fashioned by the hand of man. The ruins, he declares, exist only in the excited imagination which describes them. But Van de Velde was unaccompanied by Europeans, and his single testimony stands against the united opinion of De Saulcy, and four intelligent well-educated French gentlemen who were with him, and corroborate his description. The weight of evidence is unquestionably in favour of the French travellers. Mr. Van de Velde goes on to say:—

“That M. de Saulcy should have found here not only the remains of buildings and cities, but positively those of Sodom, I declare I cannot attribute to any other source than the creation of his fancy.—The public seems to be charmed with his pseudo-discoveries. I have perused both the French and English editions with great care, hoping to find something to justify M. de Saulcy's conclusions. *This is not the place to enter into a critical review of his work.* I must also say, that contradictions, erroneous quotations, and false hypotheses are so numerous in it, that to repeat them all would require a book as large as that of M. de Saulcy himself. So far as regards his quotations from Scripture and profane writers, I leave it to any one who feels anxious to know the truth to form an opinion for himself.”

Now all this appears to us equally illogical, suspicious, and ungenerous. No time and place can be so well fitted to receive evidence as those in which the accusation is made. It matters not to what bulk this evidence might extend; the *contradictions, errone-*

ous quotations, and false hypotheses, require to be demonstrated, and until they are, the whole charge evaporates into mere assertion, unsupported by proof. "Feeling satisfied," concludes M. Van de Velde, "with having found out the error with regard to Sodom and Zoar, I have not given myself any further trouble in looking for the three other cities, and indeed, one need not undertake the difficult and dangerous journey to the Dead Sea to perceive the absurdity upon which M. de Saulcy bases the discovery of the pentapolic cities." Why then did he undertake it, if his mind was previously satisfied that it was a work of supererogation? Having demolished, as he supposes, the theory of the French traveller, he proceeds to give us his own; which is, that these condemned cities, Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah, and Zeboim stood in close neighbourhood to each other, in the middle of the valley of Siddim; and that the valley of Siddim occupied what is now the southern portion of the Dead Sea, inundated by the sinking of the ground at or after the destruction of the cities, by the water which poured in from an upper lake formed long before, and comprising about three-fourths of the sea as it exists at present. This southern portion has an extreme depth never exceeding thirteen feet, and is in some places so shallow that it can be forded.

A reference to Scripture refutes this theory in a moment. There is no mention in any part of the Bible of water ever having been used as an agent in the destruction, or supposed consequent submersion of the cities. Moses tells us (Gen. xiv. 2, 3), that the five kings of Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah, Zeboim, and Bela (*which is Zoar*) joined their forces together in the Vale of Siddim, *which is the Salt Sea*. This verse clearly implies that what was once the *Vale of Siddim*, had become the *Salt Sea*, when Moses wrote, about 450 years after the circumstance he narrates. But he neither says nor implies that the cities of the five kings were in the Vale of Siddim, or near it. It is much more likely that they were at a considerable distance, the kings having selected the Vale of Siddim as a convenient central spot for joining their armies; and this is still further corroborated by verse 10 of the same chapter, which says:—"And the Vale of Siddim was *full of slime pits*, and the Kings of Sodom and Gomorrah fled and fell there; and they that remained *fled to the mountain*." Surely they would have taken refuge in the cities, had the cities been near them, and in the vale to which they were driven. Moses also tells us (Gen. xiv. 17), that when Abraham returned after rescuing his brother Lot, "the King of Sodom went out to meet him at the Valley of Shaveh, *which is the King's Dale*." Here we have the *King's Dale* nearer to Sodom than the Vale of Siddim, still existing, and not covered by the Salt Sea when Moses wrote. The expression in Hebrew respecting this Vale of Siddim is very singular and forcible. It is literally, "and the low plain of Siddim was *pits of pits of pitch*," meaning that it was almost entirely composed of these pits of naphtha or bitumen. A very convenient place to swallow up a defeated army, but a very unlikely and ineligible locality for the erection of large cities.

Mr. Van de Velde winds up his observations on the disputed sites, by asserting that what Josephus and other writers say of the still visible ruins of Sodom and her sister cities, has no better foundation than hearsay. If he will take the trouble of looking at Book I. chap. 11. of "Jewish Antiquities," and at Book IV. chap. 8. of the "Wars of the Jews" (in the original Greek), he will find that Josephus declares that what he describes, relative to the land of Sodom, he had seen with his own eyes.

De Saulcy and his companions encamped at Ayn-el-Fechkhah, on the north-west side of the Dead Sea. Here they discovered the remains of some extraordinary buildings, which he carefully examined with the Abbé Michon, and has minutely described, giving, as usual, an accurate ground-plan. These buildings he considers to have belonged to the scriptural Gomorrah, and, on the following day, while proceeding to Nabi-Mousa, passed through the extensive ruins of a large city, still bearing the name of Kharbet-Gomran. Dr. Robinson noticed the first, but did not examine them. The latter he saw not, as his route lay too close to the beach. Mr. Van de Velde, journeying from Mar-saba to the northern coast of the Dead Sea, on his way to the Jordan, must have passed very near this spot, and he had De Saulcy's map to mark its exact position. But he did not care to look for it, having previously satisfied himself that De Saulcy was not to be believed on any question. We were, unquestionably, taken by surprise when told that Gomorrah was situated more than fifty miles to the north of Sodom, in a direct line. We had been so habituated to couple the two names, that we persuaded ourselves the places must have stood close to each other; but the Scriptures contain no such evidence of necessary proximity, as is clearly laid down in the case of Sodom and Zoar.

Before leaving the Asphaltic lake, we shall find, on a comparison of the routes, that De Saulcy and his party traversed the shores of that mysterious water throughout three quarters of their extent, while Van de Velde touched only on two insulated points, at the extreme north and south. If the ruins last named are not those of Gomorrah, De Saulcy naturally asks to be told what other city they can possibly represent; and this question has not yet been answered. His opinions respecting the magnificent funeral monuments, which he determines to be "The Tombs of the Kings," and whence he obtained the sarcophagus-lid now in the Louvre, Mr. Van de Velde, as a matter of conscience, denounces most lustily. These tombs stand about five hundred yards without the present walls of Jerusalem, to the north, and most assuredly cannot be called "in the city of David," if that expression is to be closely confined to the hill of Zion. To understand the question thoroughly, with the arguments on all sides, it is quite indispensable to read all that the contending parties have written in support of their own conclusions. To us, it appears convincing that such costly and extensive sepulchres could only have been erected for a royal dynasty; that Queen Helena, of Adiabene, and her son, would not require twenty sarcophagi for two persons;

and that the reputed tomb of David on Mount Zion, never having been examined, and resting on Mohammedan tradition alone, is not to be implicitly received as the burial place of that monarch. We agree with Mr. Van de Velde that the result will be very satisfactory when the facilities for this investigation are afforded. Meanwhile, he questions and suspects the correctness of De Saulcy's quotations from ancient authors, without showing where they are likely to be in error; denies the value of his negative inferences as to what the tombs are not, and accuses him of perverting Scripture, to show what they are. "So God's word," he says, "must give way before M. de Saulcy's hypothesis!" Now, if any given thing is supposed to be many things, and proved to be none of them, surely the circle of conjecture as to what this disputed something really is, is materially narrowed, and the course of reasoning is as logical as it is conclusive. The perversion of Holy writ charged against De Saulcy in the question of the Tombs, consists in his endeavouring to show, by a comparison of texts, that the term "city of David" was not always *exclusively* applied to the hill or fortress of Zion; and in his saying, with reference to the verse in Chronicles (B. 2, xxviii. 27), which states that King Ahaz was buried in Jerusalem, that it seems to him impossible to take this expression literally, considering that according to the Judaic law, nobody could be buried within the walls. That there are apparent discrepancies in several of these passages, if they are to be literally compared, is as palpable as that pointing them out is not perverting them. Here is one directly in accordance with De Saulcy's proposition as regards the tombs, and of which he has not perceived the advantage. It relates to Azariah, or Uzziah, of whom it is said (2 Kings, xv. 7), "So Azariah slept with his fathers, and they buried him with his fathers *in the city of David.*" And again, (2 Chron. xxvi. 28), "So Uzziah slept with his fathers, and *they buried him with his fathers, in the field of the burial which belonged to the kings*, for they said, he is a leper." Does not this passage go to prove that the burial places or tombs of the kings were not in the fortress of Zion, but in the open country outside the walls? If we happened to read, or were told, that a celebrated general or statesman died and was buried in Paris or London, we should not be in the least surprised to discover his sepulchre in the cemetery of Pere la Chaise or at Kensal Green. Mr. Van de Velde endeavours to snuff out the arguments of De Saulcy in support of his own opinion, in a sweeping charge of hyperbolical fancies, and distorted applications of Scripture to suit a particular purpose. If such an accusation is to hold good on such grounds, what are we to say to the constant practice of ancient fathers and modern divines, who interpret passages which appear to be obscure or difficult, according to their individual judgment? What becomes of profound theologians who tell us, this sentence is to be received in a literal, and that in a figurative sense? And under what category are we to include the army of piously imaginative pamphleteers, who, in their zeal to establish their own elucidations of fulfilled and unfulfilled prophecy, inundate the

world with "Coming Struggles," "Supplements," "Antidotes," and "Quietuses," "Armageddons," "Great Northern Bears let loose," "Gogs and Magogs," "Apocalyptic Troubles," "Battles of the Nations," "Downfalls of Despotism," "Predicted Events," "Falls of Christendom," "Missions and Destinies," &c., &c., &c.; in all of which, texts are bandied about and sparred with, at the pleasure of the writers, in the most uncereemonious manner, until readers are confounded rather than enlightened, and "counsel is darkened by the multiplying of vain words?"

M. de Van de Velde commenced his attacks on De Saulcy at a recent meeting of the Palestine Archæological Association, held in Hart-street, Bloomsbury-square; and supposing the reports given in the papers to be verbally correct, he there conveyed himself in language even more uncourteous and depreciating than he has since adopted in his published volumes. De Saulcy replied in general terms, stating that a mere denial of facts was not sufficient to prove their incorrectness, and engaging to do prompt justice on his assailant as soon as the appearance of his book would enable him to grapple with a tangible adversary. He will, no doubt, redeem his pledge, and stand boldly up in his own defence. A greater outcry was raised against Bruce, but time and subsequent investigation have vindicated the accuracy of all his supposed marvellous inventions. The opponents of De Saulcy have hitherto been more noisy and dogmatical than argumentative. They appear to have studied logic in the school of the worthy sergeant in "Tom Jones," who when Partridge remarks to him that something he has advanced is a *non sequitur*, replies, "You are another, if you come to that; and I'll fight any man for a crown." But if all this controversy ends in the establishment of truth, the public will be gainers, even though it may please the combatants to exchange hard words and heavy blows in the progress of the encounter.

In conclusion, we beg to suggest to Mr. Van de Velde that mildness and civility are more persuasive than vituperation, and convey a stronger confidence of being in the right. We must also remind him of a remark made by King George the Third, when in conversation with Dr. Johnson, on a celebrated literary quarrel of that day. "When people begin to call names," said His Majesty, "I think the reasoning is pretty well brought to an end."

A TALE OF MY LANDLADY.

BY ALFRED W. COLE.

Is there any greater evil in the whole world than war? Setting aside the bloodshed and barbarity of the matter, only think what we all pay for it!

If the reader imagines, on reading thus far, that I am one of the "Manchester School," as certain disagreeable people are called, who think cotton and gold more valuable than life and honour, I beg to assure him that he is grievously mistaken. I utterly abhor and repudiate the "Manchester School" and their doctrines; I should be rather pleased than otherwise to hear that they found the times "hard," and that they had accumulated a little less Australian metal lately wherewith to purchase some of the land that they all covet, though they direfully abuse its possessors and its cultivators—until they possess some themselves. I don't mind paying my share of the war taxes, though, if they come in the form of an income-tax, I fear my quota of contribution will be a terribly minute one. I would even fight, if any one would insure my life for the benefit of certain tender ones depending on it, as I *have* fought before. Nay, I would even undertake to settle the Russian question in single combat with the Czar himself, if he would solemnly promise (though I should like a better security) to be as tightly laced in, puffed and padded, when he came to do battle, as he used to be at the reviews in England—leaving *me* to select my own costume for the fray.

It is not the money or the danger that I am thinking of when I complain of what we *pay* for war—it is the eternal *bore* that the subject becomes. You sit down to breakfast and take up the "Times"—"Latest Intelligence—by submarine and European telegraph; St. Petersburg—the Czar—Omar Pacha—Austria—preparations for war—the fleet—soldiers' wives," &c.: you cannot get away from the subject, strive as you may. You turn to the parliamentary reports: eternal questions to the ministers by curious people, who want to know all the plans of the Government, which Government very properly decline to tell; for, if they told it to the member for Bumbletown, would not the "Times" tell it to the whole world, including Nicholas of Russia himself? You turn your eye over the money-market and city intelligence—nothing but surmises about Austria and Prussia, and "the war" and its effects on the funds. You glance at the police reports—ten to one you stumble on a case of picking pockets during the departure of the Guards. You look to the advertising columns—half the advertisements are headed "The War"—"Turkey and Russia"—"To officers proceeding," &c.: shirts, sausages, pistols, pianofortes,

telescopes, tea-kettles, hats, penknives, and even books are thus announced.

Even books!—"Aye, there's the rub" Nobody reads now, unless it be a work on Turkey by a gentleman never out of the English channel, or something about the Euxine by one who has never been beyond the Nore, or the North Foreland, at the utmost; or descriptions of the Baltic, written in May Fair, and compiled from Gazetteers; Sketches of the Bosphorus made at Brighton; or "Original" Pictures of the Russians in 1853, concocted out of Kohl's Travels in 1840. Shall I follow in the stream?—shall I write about the war, or Turkey, or Russia? No—decidedly no! If the reader be not bored to death with the subject, I am. My butcher prates about it: my baker talks to the servant down the area about it: my tailor is eloquent on the matter: my wife orders "The Bargeman of the Bosphorus" from the circulating library: "Punch" is as mad about the war as the dog he depicts with the Czar's helmet tied to his tail for a tin-kettle: clowns in the ring joke about it: panoramas illustrate it: people in omnibuses discuss it with the most marvellous ignorance of history and geography: in fact, the country has become a set of war-bitten maniacs, boring one another to death on the interminable subject. Shall I follow in the stream?—again I say no! So, good reader, "lend me your ears," as Marc Antony says, and I will whisper into them a "Tale of my Landlady."

Mrs. Buffles, my landlady, is a widow in the prime of life—judging according to the well-known taste of his lamented Majesty George the Fourth. She is rather florid than otherwise, though her widow's cap (for she *is* a widow, and would not think of leaving off the cap for the world) tones down the exuberance of her colour. I call her stout. Mrs. Buffles admits that she is of "full habit;" and certainly (if I may be allowed so bad a pun) her habits look very full indeed when she is in them. The man on the second floor, who is rather coarse, pronounces her the "crummiest old girl he ever reckoned up." Mrs. Buffles is decidedly stout.

She has a strong partiality for single gentlemen. Not that I mean to breathe the slightest whisper of scandal against the fair fame of my landlady—Shades of Lucretia and St. Ursula forbid it! I merely mean that she is very fond of single gentlemen *as lodgers*. As she very correctly observes, "they are so easily done for:" while double gentlemen—married men, I mean—are under the special guardianship of their better halves, and want a deal of "doing for." But this taste of Mrs. Buffles for unprotected males has lately received a check, which accounts for the admission of myself and my incumbrances into the bosom of her family, viz.—her first floor apartments.

When Mrs. Buffles has any rooms to let, a little ticket to that effect appears in her parlour window. On these occasions should any gentleman chance to knock at the door, and inquire what are the apartments vacant, he is first answered, "I'll call Missus,"

by the excited-looking servant girl, who opens the door in a black net cap, a dirty apron, two streaks of soot on her face, and remarkably red elbows. Before she can call "Missus" that lady, who has been listening behind the parlour door, appears in all the gravity of her widow's cap, and observes:—

"They are for a *single* gentleman, sir."

Should the unfortunate applicant chance to be a married man, and still more should he happen to possess a small family, he forthwith feels ashamed of himself in that august presence of chastity, and slinks away, muttering—"Oh; thank you—ah!" and with a melancholy attempt at a smile on his countenance. But should he actually be a bachelor, he announces the fact as if he had reason to be proud of it, and a smile appears on the landlady's face.

On a recent occasion a gentleman appeared at Mrs. Buffles's door, and made this announcement. He was requested to follow Mrs. Buffles to the first floor. She threw open the door, and waited the effect of what she denominates the "*Cou-deal*," for she is proud of the first floor front. The room has a remarkably gay-looking drugget in imitation of a genuine Brussels. There are several pieces of crochet and netting on the chairs and sofa, a showy looking-glass over the mantelpiece, and very white curtains in the windows, so that the *ensemble* is striking to a weak-minded bachelor.

"Very good," said the gentleman, who wore a brown wig and green spectacles, a low-crowned hat and buff gaiters, and was altogether peculiar in his style and costume.

"Would you like to see—where—the sleeping apartments?" asked Mrs. Buffles, with a blush; at least it was quite evident from the tone in which Mrs. Buffles spoke that she meant to blush, though her complexion being unfortunately rather florid (as before observed) the blush was unable to make itself specially visible.

"I'll take a look," said the gentleman.

"Jane! show the room," said the landlady to the red-elbowed servant girl, who did as she was commanded; for if you suppose that Mrs. Buffles would go into a bedroom with any gentleman in the world, with or without green spectacles and a brown wig, you have formed a very wrong estimate of Mrs. Buffles's character for extreme propriety.

"They'll do," said the gentleman, returning from his survey; "what's the rent?"

This was a question Mrs. Buffles never answered directly. She had a dozen little remarks to make first—about plate (albata), linen (calico), and attendance (red-elbowed girl); besides firing (a shilling a-day), and boot-cleaning (boot-smearing, properly), &c. Finally, the items had to be reckoned up, and they came to about twenty-five shillings a-week, besides the fires.

"That'll do," said the gentleman; "I'll take 'em."

Here Mrs. Buffles cleared her throat and smiled, and insinuated something about always wanting "references."

"I never give any," says the gentleman; "won't this do?"—and he pulled out several bank notes and a little heap of gold, and told her to help herself to a couple of months in advance.

Who could want references from such a gentleman as that?—Mrs. Buffles was perfectly satisfied.

The gentleman in the green spectacles, brown wig, and low-crowned hat and buff gaiters came to his newly-engaged rooms that very evening. He gave his name simply "Mr. Dobbs." He brought no luggage except a small carpet-bag, and he ordered what Mrs. Buffles called "quite an elegant dinner" from a neighbouring tavern, including two dozen of wine from the same place, for all of which he paid immediately, with something very satisfactory in addition for the waiter himself. Mrs. Buffles saw that she had obtained a perfect jewel of a lodger, and only lamented that she had not asked thirty shillings instead of twenty-five for her rooms.

The new lodger was of eccentric habits. He never went out until night-time, though in other respects he appeared to enjoy life greatly. He ate and drank the best of everything that could be procured, and perhaps he occasionally imbibed rather more than was perfectly good for his health. His favourite beverage was rum-and-water, very hot and very strong. Must we relate how Mrs. Buffles became acquainted with this fact?—as it is important to our tale, we fear we must.

Mrs. Buffles was a lone widow, and Mr. Dobbs a solitary bachelor. No one ever called to see him, and he told the landlady that he never let anybody know where he lived. It naturally occurred that Mrs. Buffles had sometimes to see her lodger on domestic matters; whenever she did so, Mr. Dobbs always requested her to take a seat, and made himself so agreeable that Mrs. Buffles used to be terribly surprised at the length of time she had allowed to pass away in the pleasing converse.

On one occasion Mrs. Buffles entered her lodger's room in the evening. He had his green spectacles on as usual; indeed, the red-elbowed girl believed that he slept in them, and was positive he washed his face in them. He had a bottle of rum on the table and a kettle of boiling-water on the fire.

"Take a seat, Mrs. Buffles," said the lodger; and with a little hesitation she did so.

"Take a glass of rum-and-water, Mrs. Buffles," said the gentleman; Mrs. Buffles could not think of such a thing; she never touched anything stronger than tea, and never had since the death of poor B., meaning the departed Mr. Buffles.

"Long dead, ma'am, the old buf—, I mean Mr. Buffles?" asked the lodger.

"Six years," said Mrs. Buffles, with a sigh that actually made the hairs of Mr. Dobbs's brown wig flutter.

"You shouldn't wear weeds now, Mrs. Buffles—for six years," said Mr. Dobbs, in an exostulatory tone.

"Oh! I couldn't think of leaving 'em off," replied the widow, with a grave shake of the head.

"So unbecoming," said the gentleman; "not that they spoil

your looks, Mrs. Buffles, because that would not be so easily done; but they don't give them a fair chance, you see."

Mrs. Buffles smirked and blushed, and thought what a very nice man Mr. Dobbs was, and she never noticed at all that he was mixing a glass of rum-and-water for her, and never was more surprised than when she found it passed over to her.

"Now, Mr. Dobbs, I'm sure I couldn't drink it!" she exclaimed, but very faintly, after all.

"Oh, yes! you can—only try, just to oblige *me*," replied Dobbs, insinuatingly, and he looked so that Mrs. Buffles cast down her eyes, and thought him really a delightful man.

Looked so!—but what had become of the green spectacles? Mr. Dobbs had actually taken them off while talking to Mrs. Buffles, and displayed a pair of remarkably brilliant, unquiet, grey eyes. What a pity he wears those nasty green spectacles! thought Mrs. Buffles—and with such handsome eyes, too!

The landlady sipped the rum-and-water, and, strong as it was, and hot, she never even winked as she swallowed it, which was remarkable in a lady who never drank anything stronger than tea. The rum-and-water was excellent, and Mrs. Buffles confessed it.

"It's the best drink in the world—nothing like it, ma'am. I've drunk it these thirty years, at home and in the West Indies."

"Have you been in foreign parts, sir?" asked Mrs. Buffles, who thought a man who had been in the West Indies something of a lion.

"My estates are in Jamaica," replied Dobbs. "I was born there."

Mrs. Buffles was more than ever delighted with her lodger—he had "estates;" and there's something very imposing in that word, especially when it's uttered by an Irish gentleman, with an O' before his name, or a West Indian with no liver.

"You lead a lonely life, Mrs. Buffles," said Mr. Dobbs, after a pause, in a tone of deep sympathy.

The landlady let off another sigh that nearly blew the candles out. When a very stout lady *does* sigh, it's remarkably like a momentary hurricane.

"So do I," observed Mr. Dobbs; and he tried a sigh too, but it was a weak one, after the landlady's. Mrs. Buffles looked pityingly towards him. Mr. Dobbs's grey eyes twinkled with a thousand fires. Mrs. Buffles looked down, and thought him a *charming* man.

Each sipped the rum-and-water, and there was silence for a few seconds. The landlady's hand rested on the table; something touched it; she did not move; something held it, and gently pressed it; Mrs. Buffles's black bombazine heaved up and down tumultuously above the waist.

"Dear Mrs. Buffles," whispered Dobbs.

Mrs. Buffles thought she should have sunk through the floor, as she afterwards declared.

"Dear Mrs. Buffles," continued the lodger, in the softest of tones, "can you not be induced to throw aside those weeds?"

Could you net, for *my* sake? How lovely you would be in a bridal costume!"

The landlady trembled with emotion, muttered something about fainting, and gave a lurch to one side as if she had determined on falling out of her chair. Dobbs sprang forward and caught her in his arms—how could he do less? But he did a great deal more too, which I need not hint at, further than to mention that little sounds might have been heard like those which young ladies employ to a pet puppy or a canary.

Mrs. Buffles did *not* faint—but she did consent to smile upon the suit of Mr. Dobbs. When she left his room that evening, she could not, for her life, recollect precisely what had taken her there. She dreamt of Dobbs all night, forgot all about the departed B., burnt her widow's cap next morning, and felt herself a happy woman.

About twelve o'clock next day, two men called and asked to see the landlady. Mrs. Buffles begged them to walk into her parlour.

"I believe you've got an old gent lodging here?" said one of the men.

The landlady was rather indignant at her intended husband being denominated "an old gent," and replied that a middle-aged gentleman lodged on her first floor; and what did they please to want with him?"

"Only just to have a look at him—we're old friends—it's all right," said the man who had spoken, and who tried to look agreeable.

"But Mr. Dobbs never receives visitors," replied the landlady, who recollected that her lodger had declared that he never let his friends know where he lived, and who had just the least fear in the world that the visit might bode ill to her own prospects.

"We really *must* see him," said the man, "and we'd rather do it quietly; but it must be done one way or another." And he spoke in such a mysteriously authoritative tone, that the landlady was completely awed, and afraid to offer any further opposition.

She led the way to the drawing-room, and threw open the door. Mr. Dobbs was seated in the easy chair, with the newspaper in his hands. When he saw the two men closely following the landlady, he dropped the paper and remained motionless.

"Aha!" cried one of the new-comers, in quite a pleasant and facetious tone. "Aha! so there you are, eh? We've found you at last—couldn't get on without you, nohow." And he grinned and chuckled with evident delight; while the landlady felt greatly relieved, and began to smirk and smile.

Mr. Dobbs sat still: his green "specs" concealed his eyes, but his mouth twitched unpleasantly, and it was with a terrible effort he grunted out—"Who are you, sir?"

"Lor' bless his heart; he don't know us!" cried the facetious man, grinning again.

"That 'll do, Tom," cried his companion; "larkin's no use now: we must go to business."

"Certainly," replied Tom; and stepping gravely up to Mr.

Dobbs he made him a bow, and saying, "*Allow me, sir,*" he whipped off Mr. Dobbs's spectacles with one hand, and his brown wig with the other.

"What the devil do you mean?" cried Dobbs, trying to look virtuously indignant, but failing grievously; while Mrs. Buffles stared in amaze at seeing, instead of the bald head she expected to behold beneath the wig, a capital head of black curly hair.

"Come, come, Mr. Simmons, *alias* Slippery Bob, *alias* Mr. Dobbs," said the grave man—"No row, if you please, or I just clap on these here: *we* understand each other;" and he produced from his pocket a pair of handcuffs. "You're my prisoner, Mr. Simmons," tapping him gently on the back.

"What authority?" began Dobbs, faintly, while the landlady commenced the usual preparations for hysterics.

"Oh, here's my warrant, all right enough," replied the man, producing a piece of parchment, while the facetious companion quietly whispered to the landlady that she'd better put them things (hysterics to wit) off a little, as they hadn't no time just then to see her through 'em all properly." Mrs. Buffles muttered "wretch!" while Mr. Dobbs sat down again and began to blubber like a great schoolboy.

"What *does* it all mean?" cried the landlady, adopting the facetious man's advice of putting off the hysterics.

"Smugglin'" was the short reply.

"Has Long Ikey peached?" inquired Mr. Dobbs.

"He has," replied the grave man.

"Then *my* goose is cooked."

"Not a doubt about it," was the consolatory answer.

"I'm afraid Slippery Bob has been and robbed *you*, ma'am," whispered the facetious man, with an air of mock sympathy.

"Robbed *me*!—gracious goodness, *how*?" asked the widow.

"Something *here*," said the man, placing his hand on the left side of his waistcoat, and turning up his eyes like a Little Bethel Preacher in the fifteenth head of his discourse.

"Get along with your impudence!" cried Mrs. Buffles.

"Had capital grog, no doubt," said the man, "prime rum as never paid duty—and plenty of it, eh?"

Mrs. Buffles thought of last night, sighed, cried, "Who'd have thought it?" and left the room—wishing she hadn't burnt the widow's cap.

But why go on? Mr. Dobbs, *alias* Slippery Bob, *alias* Mr. Simmons, was a notorious smuggler, and had lately carried on the game so extensively that a reward had been offered for his apprehension. In spite of his many disguises he was taken at last, and Mrs. Buffles alone mourned for his fate.

She bought a new widow's cap—became shy of single gentlemen, and by taking *me* in, let slip into print this "Tale of my Landlady."

SKETCHES OF RELIGIOUS LIFE IN THE EAST.

ANY illusions which the traveller might have cherished with regard to the comfort and cleanliness of inns in the East will assuredly be dispelled on his arrival at Khan-Murad, the first halting-place on the route to Damascus, by way of Beyrout. The walls of these wretched inns are full of crevices, and every portion of the roof seems to be giving way; they are divided into rooms, in which travellers, beasts of burden, and sheep are lodged, in the most intimate and friendly manner;—this exactly constitutes an Oriental Khan in all its perfection.

The bill of fare, too, does not present anything much more attractive, for it consists only of meal-cakes, that even the stomach of an ostrich, or that of an Arab, would scarcely be able to digest: of eggs, of coffee, of *narguillès*, and, on the most fortunate occasions, of fruit and fowls: these are all the culinary resources which the caravansery possesses for increasing the traveller's appetite.

The fact of my being a European, fortunately secured me a room to myself; but before I could establish myself in it, it was necessary to turn out two white mules, who had taken up their quarters there, a task which was not without some difficulty. My host, himself, in the hope of receiving a backchich, that wonderful Aladdin's lamp, which every traveller carries in his waistcoat pocket, actually pushed his civility so far as to begin sweeping the floor of the room in which I was to pass the night; but Hercules alone could have accomplished so superhuman an undertaking, and this attempt at cleanliness raised such heaps of foul dust, that I was obliged to entreat my host to relinquish his good intentions, and to leave things in their primitive state.

A twelve hours' journey on horseback, over steep and rugged roads, possesses infinitely more narcotic properties than any preparation of opium; so, after a frugal meal, I threw myself on my little camp bed with considerable pleasure, and slept till sunrise, from utter exhaustion. The scene presented to my eyes, on waking, was somewhat novel and ludicrous: the three mules, which had been turned out for my accommodation, had taken advantage of the darkness of night to steal quietly back again, and were lying down near my bed enjoying, like true Sybarites, all the comforts of repose; a few sheep, also not quite so bold, were grouped round the opening which served for a door to my den. As the sun cast its rays more distinctly over the room, I became aware of a thousand details, which, owing to sleepiness, had entirely escaped my notice the night before: now I saw lizards, with golden scales, spread out upon the wall, as well as insects of every form and colour; at length I discovered that an enormous rat was fixed on my right boot, and was doing good execution with his teeth. I tore myself away from this charming society with somewhat of military promptitude,

and before the sun had shown its disc above the horizon, I was on horseback amidst the rocks and precipices of Lebanon.

The streets of Damascus, on first acquaintance, do not impress the traveller at all pleasantly; they offer nothing agreeable, either to sight or smell, and are, in fact, narrow lanes, literally quagmires, which wind between yellow crumbling walls, and are full of pools of stagnant water and heaps of filth, such as in civilised countries is instantly got rid of. The passenger meets, at every turn, with the carcases of animals of all sizes, from the ass to the mouse, so that he cannot move safely along without the greatest caution; alas! that we should have to declare that these are some of the principal features of the "*Pearl of the East*."

I must advise you, my good friend, who have just quitted the Boulevard de Grand, or Regent Street, to open your eyes wide, and to pick your way most carefully: first beware of that tottering wall, which looks as if it were only prevented from falling by the mercy of the prophet; beneath it is a deep abyss, into which the least false step might precipitate you; make haste now and raise your cane, for this troop of mangy, vicious, and half-famished dogs follow your steps with an eagerness which proves that they are desirous of making a more intimate acquaintance with the calves of your legs: turn round now directly, for here come an ass, a horse, and a camel, with so heavy a burden, that the wall must certainly crumble beneath its weight; and now hurry past that mass of filth, which must be nameless, and you will then find that you have reached the chief Bazaar which surrounds the Mosque of the Omniades.

Here a thoroughly eastern picture will reward you for all your exertions. First look attentively at the culinary resources of the place: there is an ass carrying two tubs, full of beetroot, and cucumber, and egg-plant, steeped in vinegar; if you prefer sweets, just signify your taste to that turbaned merchant, who is sitting before a table covered with a copper tray, upon which is spread an enormous "nongat." This cook and confectioner, who sits in the open air, or rather in the open Bazaar, and cooks and makes pastry in full view of the passengers, may justly inspire confidence in the most fastidious of stomachs. At first you would imagine that this gentleman held a guitar; but no, it is a leathern bottle, full of a refreshing beverage, which he sells for so many paras a glass. Look now at this coffee-house, which makes your mouth water at the thought of the delicious mocha and pipes which it offers you. Notice, too, this humble Tortoni, who pays another tribute to the wants of nature; then let us gaze around a little, and see where we are and what is near us. A long and lofty gallery is spread before our eyes, and little shops project from both sides of the wall; these shops contain the productions of every species of human industry, from the genuine pastiles of the Seraglio, the snuff-boxes in box-wood, to the soft velvety Persian carpet and the rich silk mantle embroidered with gold.

The Turkish merchant, grave and meditative, with his pipe in his mouth, sits in front of his shop; and instead of endeavouring

to attract the loungee by voice or manner, he seems rather to wear the appearance of a jealous dragon, placed there to repress and punish all indiscreet curiosity. Perhaps, however, this feeling of mistrust is not altogether without foundation; for the crowd which presses through these large arcades is composed of such a strange mixture, that probably very imperfect ideas of the respect due to property are entertained by many among the multitude. At one moment you may observe the Arabs of the Desert, with their *keftles* of brilliant colours, their thick white mantles, striped with black, their red boots with steel heels; at another you see Albanians, who to-day are soldiers, to-morrow bandits, and whom you would not desire to meet on a dark night and a lonely spot, on any account. Here you come upon Turks, genuine Turks in muslin and cashmere turbans, in large trousers and tunics of the most gay colours, of delicate green, rose, and azure; such costume, in short, which only exists in the historical recollection of Europe; and which, in fact, it would be necessary to travel across the mountains of Lebanon to see it in all its originality.

In spite of all that has been said of the slavery and captivity of the Turkish women, the most beautiful part of the creation is not the least busy, nor the least numerous, in the crowd which daily besieges the alleys of the Bazaar. You may see them passing along like ghosts, wrapped up in their white sheets, and their faces covered with a thin handkerchief. Note how tottering they walk in their light yellow slippers; at first this costume is most offensive to the eye, for it confounds beauty with ugliness, riches with poverty, and the bloom of spring-time with the furrows of winter; after a time, however, habit reconciles you to it, and you end by distinguishing the palm of beauty with as much accuracy as you could do in Regent's Park or in the Champs-Élysées.

I have given only a rough outline of this Arabian Nights' scene, in which at one moment you elbow a literary man from Bassorah; at another a merchant from Samarcand, who moves along in the midst of old store-shops (for the Turks have also their store-shops); one of these shops, perhaps, conceals Aladdin's wonderful lamp. A volume, however, would not be sufficient to sketch the whole panorama: to paint that venerable Aga with white beard mounted upon his Ravan, from whom the crowd keeps a respectful distance; those camels, which have crossed the whole desert, and are bringing to the great Khan the marvellous productions of Persia and Cashmere; this harem; the old mother, the young women, the beautiful little children with lily and rose complexions; and the eunuchs, armed with sabres and pistols, under whose escort they proceed; and last of all, that worthy consul, reminding us of Europe. Observe, he is preceded by two *Cunias*, carrying two silver-headed wands, and bears himself as majestically as any one may be supposed to do who holds in his coat-tail pockets the decree of peace or war. I cannot avoid noticing another characteristic feature; and then I shall have done with the subject. In all large European cities, blind people lead a life of ease, sometimes by standing like statues on a bridge, &c., or by giving vent

to some melancholy sounds from an old clarionet. In the East, on the contrary, they take part in commercial affairs, and make themselves useful to society by selling chick-peas and grapes. It is, however, a sad sight to see these poor creatures with sightless orbs weighing out to their customers, and counting out their gains; not the least extraordinary thing, too, is, that in these transactions the advantage certainly is not on the side of those who enjoy the use of their eyes.

Nothing can be more broken down and miserable in appearance than the houses of Damascus. You enter them by a little low door, you pass through a long gloomy corridor, and immediately a completely eastern picture presents itself to your eyes. Here is a court paved with large flag-stones, in which flourish abundance of citron and orange trees, and large marble basins pouring forth sheafs of pure limpid water. The wall is covered with arabesques of the most brilliant colours; then there are large gilded rooms from the base to the summit, where the soft murmur of fountains is heard night and day. The poet's fancy has never yet invented anything more smiling than this abode: at one glance you comprehend all the delights and luxuries of a life of Asiatic repose. But there is the reverse side of the medal; said an European exile to me, in whose society I was admiring all these splendours; in the winter, when the north-wind blows across this wall, you would willingly exchange these Alhambras for a well-shut garret, in which you would not stand in need of fur to preserve a small portion of your animal heat.

One word more about the Alhambras. I went one day to visit a worthy Mussulman; the first words of compliment had scarcely been uttered, the coffee served, and the chibonques, which so admirably take the place of conversation, handed round, when a tremendous cracking noise was heard. I instinctively raised my hands to my head, but my host remained perfectly tranquil; nay, he scarcely deigned to cast a look of interrogation upon the affrighted servant who made his appearance at the door, and told us in a faltering voice, as my interpreter informed me, that part of the house had fallen down. Bismillah (God is great), said my host, and sent forth enormous whiffs of smoke. It will be readily imagined that after this I did not unnecessarily prolong my visit; thinking, not without some foundation, that the fatalism of the Osmanli permitted too ready a sale of his bones; at least of mine.

The gardens and country of Damascus have not been too much extolled; a slight cultivation of the way-side would create a perfect scene of enchantment. On all sides are streams, large trees, and rich vegetation; enormous walnut-trees, peaches, and apricots, which, when they bud, produce the most lovely effect. Then there are fields of clover, of lucern, of wheat, and hemp, but not a single banano or palm-tree to be seen; nothing, in short, which shows that the desert stretches immediately beyond the horizon. You might fancy yourself in the most fertile parts of Normandy, were it not that the village costume, the blue blouse, and cotton cap were replaced by picturesque turbans and brilliant-coloured tunics.

European travellers are not much acquainted with the country around Damascus; for they trust to report, and do not venture there except they are well armed and under a good escort. This is now altogether useless, for the habits of the Turkish population have latterly undergone a complete change; twenty years ago an European did not dare to make his appearance in the holy city in his own costume, and Christians were continually subjected to insults; at the present time a great coat may be displayed in the midst of the Bazaar without the slightest danger. The Christians have their churches and their processions in the streets, but nevertheless they still preserve the conviction that they are as much persecuted as their fathers were in the time of Diocletian or the first Caliphs. This circumstance has given rise to the most alarming stories; and the most express advice has been given to travellers not to venture into this dangerous Eden under pain of death, of captivity, or at least of the bastinado. I feel it a conscientious duty on my part to protest against these evil reports, and to promise the adventurous pedestrian perfect security, and much more freedom from restraint than he could enjoy in Europe: such as hunting quails on foot, for example, in the harvest-fields, or eating the apricots, peaches, or grapes without meeting anybody to call him to account.

Thanks to the attentions of M. G . . . , chancellor of the French Consulate, a most agreeable and well-informed European exile, I was enabled to witness the distribution of prizes at the school of the Frères de Saint Vincent de Paul; and I give here all the particulars of this very original scene, in which the progress of civilisation is developed on Asiatic ground. A very long and very musical mass, of course, opened the ceremony; the church, with its wooden benches, its gilded virgin, its china-vases filled with artificial flowers, wore so completely the air of a French village church, that had it not been for the picturesque costume of the population which filled it, I should have fancied myself at Seine-et-Marne on some day of catholic solemnity. On the conclusion of the mass we proceeded to a court which was transformed into a tent with considerable taste; and here the examination of the pupils went forward before the principal Europeans of the same faith. They were successively examined in history, in the catechism, in French grammar, and geography; and it was really curious to hear these children of Damascus, some of whom were very intelligent, repeat the rule on participles, mention the height of Chimborazo, or the date of the battle of Paviá. A few books were then distributed among the most meritorious pupils; and afterwards we proceeded to the dining-room, where the Father Superior's hospitality had provided a very good breakfast. He afterwards went over the rest of the establishment with me. The bastinado on the soles of the feet is the punishment inflicted on the refractory boys; and when I exclaimed against the barbarity of such a chastisement, the worthy Abbé G . . . informed me that he had frequently attempted to introduce the classical birch, but that, much to his regret, the parents would not hear of such an innovation, and made it a principal condition in sending their

children to school; that they should be bastinadoed, as their fathers were before them. Except this one feature, which savours strongly of the East, the schools are conducted in the most irreproachable manner; and in visiting them one cannot help feeling respect towards the labourers for the gospel who employ themselves in spreading the language of their beautiful country, and the consolations of the Roman Catholic Religion, even to the very verge of the desert.

There are also several representatives of Evangelical Societies at Damascus; but their labours are of a more confidential character than the Frères de Saint Vincent de Paul, or of the Fathers of the Holy Land; and I should never have heard of them if some one had not happened to mention that one of these missionaries' wives had just been confined with her ninth daughter.

I saw two Turkish Pachas at Damascus, one who belongs to the liberal party, and the other to the retrograde movement. I shall describe, in a few words, my interview with the former, as well as with the latter. Both were interesting, as well as the spot and the actors, whose initials, however, I shall only furnish. A . . . Pacha is forty years of age, of middle height, and has a slight inclination, to embonpoint, his complexion is dark, and here and there his face is marked with small-pox, he has a long and silky beard, and a remarkably quick and intelligent eye. His costume consisted of a fez with a long blue tassel, a blue tunic trimmed with silk, grey pantaloons, and polished boots; on his breast he wore the *nicham*, in diamonds, of a Lieutenant-General. A . . . Pacha has visited Europe, and speaks French and English remarkably well; he has turned his attention to the mathematics with considerable success, and has published a small treatise of differential calculus. The room in which he received me was very large, and had a sofa all round it, covered with Persian cloth, the windows had curtains of the same stuff, in the middle of the room was a stove of English casting, and on a table stood a gilt clock, surmounted by a cupid in bronze, blowing bubbles of soap, and supported with two china-vases filled with artificial flowers. After coffee and sweetmeats were served, I was left alone with the Pacha, and in possession of one of the best pipes I had ever smoked in the East. My host brought forward some facts in opposition to European prejudices against the government of his country, which it is as well should be known.

"You call us barbarians in Europe," said he. "I am aware of this, and yet am not offended; but you have lived in the midst of us for some months, and must certainly allow that we are barbarians of good character, and are disposed to do all in our power to improve. I will even say that in the last thirty years we have done a great deal towards the protection of travellers and European residents, and for the Sultan's Christian subjects. You have been our guest for six months. Of how many instances of extortion, of abuse of authority, of unjust chastisement have you been witness? There again is progress. In this country thirty years ago the Sultan's power was only nominal; the history of Syria is chiefly composed of a series of intestine wars between the Pachas and the rulers at Constantinople; I can now firmly convince you there is not one

among us who would dare to assume, I do not say dream of independence, certainly not one who would venture to disobey an order which had issued from the divan. Here again is indisputable progress. Our roads, our public works, are still, indeed, very imperfect: but in order to advance these improvements money is necessary; and though the Turkish Empire is one of the most fertile in the world, unfortunately money is not very abundant because there exists no credit: here the motions of government can only influence us indirectly, it is only by example, by the contact with European nations that our population will in time learn that it is better to possess property in houses, or shares in a railway, than necklaces of precious stones or jars of gold. But I have not yet alluded to the fundamental reforms which have taken place in the Turkish Empire—I mean the institution of a regular army; come some day and see me unexpectedly, in order that you may be quite sure that nothing has been prepared beforehand, and I and one of my aides-de-camp will accompany you to the barracks of the infantry. I feel certain that after you have made this visit you will admit that the Sultan Mahmoud has commenced a great work, and that his son and the present Grand Vizir carry it on with great steadiness and perseverance."

At this point of our conversation the door of the room opened, and an officer hastily entered, followed by three mustachioed cooks in half military costume, who were holding large trays of smoking dishes. I imagined that the Pacha's dinner-hour had arrived, and made preparations for departure, but one of the aides-de-camp bade me remain, and informed me that it was the dinner-hour of the troops, and that the food was brought for the Pacha's inspection before it was distributed; I observed that the cooks filed one by one before the general, who carefully tasted each dish, of which the smell was by no means uninviting. At a signal from the officer, the cooks moved off to the left, and returned by the same way they came: a few moments afterwards, as if to render the scene still more lively, a battalion entered its head-quarters, preceded by its band, which played Semiramide in a very tolerable manner. I rose to take leave of my host, and, like a man in a dream, I required the reviving influence of the open air before I could be made to comprehend that I was at Damascus, and that I had just passed an hour with A . . . Pacha—and with a Pacha of three tails, be it remembered.

My visit to B . . . Pacha has not, unfortunately, left behind it such a train of pleasant recollections; B . . . Pacha is fifty years of age, and is enormously fat; he has a face like a full moon, a scanty beard, and a rubicund complexion, which betrays his addiction to the divine bottle. He wore a red fez, set with diamonds, a maroon-coloured coat, a waistcoat of flesh-coloured flannel, grey stockings, and yellow slippers. B . . . Pacha is allied to the imperial family, but belongs to the retrograde party, and the Grand Vizir managed to rid himself of him by a kind of honourable exile. B . . . Pacha shares Schahabam's passion for gold-fish, as may be perceived by three glass-bowls being placed in different corners of the room: his

conversation discovers him to be a man who would have been an ornament to the Court of Haroun-al-Raschid, owing to his liberal ideas, and his profound acquaintance with European matters. He received me in a room on the ground-floor, the walls of which were covered with gilding and eccentric pictures, four crystal lustres were suspended from the ceiling, and in the middle of the apartment was a marble fountain, at the end a large divan, upon which crouched the Pacha. An interpreter stood before him with a fly-flap in his hand. Seated on the divan by his (the Pacha's) side, was a Dervish, a half-naked kind of animal, with bristling hair, who was quite repulsive from dirt, but to whom authority seemed to show great respect. I shall not attempt to give a description of my interview with B . . . Pacha: suffice it to say, that we soon exhausted the subject of fine weather, of rain, cold, and heat, all the materials with which I had to build up conversation.

At Damascus I saw glimpses of the Mahomedan East, but at Jerusalem the East of the Christians was before my eyes. Within a hundred yards of Bethlehem I met a caravan of Greek pilgrims, who were proceeding to Jerusalem to be present at the Easter rites; they were four in number—two women, a man, and a youth; they appeared poor, and seemed, too, as if they had made a long and fatiguing journey, and had not something occurred which showed the ready accommodation of eastern horses to circumstances, I do not think I should have noticed them at all. The mare, upon which the most aged pilgrim was mounted, had foaled the day before, and the poor little animal, who had only just seen light, had not strength to walk, so that his master placed him behind his saddle, and treated the young creature with the same care he would have taken of a child.

The Easter of the Greek schismatics always brings to Jerusalem a considerable number of pilgrims from Asia Minor, from the Grecian Isles, and from Russia—the principal feature of the religious ceremony is the descent of the holy flame, which takes place annually and punctually at three o'clock in the afternoon on the Holy Saturday, without the state of the atmosphere ever happening to retard this chronometrical miracle.

About eleven o'clock on the Holy Saturday I went to the Holy Sepulchre, where B . . . had secured me a place in the French Consul's seat to witness this ceremony. The little court attached to the Holy Sepulchre was lined with shops, containing chaplets: crosses, and scapularies of all kinds: around these shops thronged the multitude; the excitement which pervaded it forming an admirable prelude to the Saturnalia going forward in the sanctuary. I was obliged to have recourse to the assistance of one of the Fathers of the Holy Land to guide me across the galleries of the church and convent to the upper portion of the church belonging to the Latins, in which a seat had been reserved for me; from thence I could quietly gaze upon this extraordinary scene of profanation, with which blind superstition every year desecrates this spot so dear to Christianity. The vast rotunda, in the middle of which was situated the Holy Tomb, was filled with

a screaming and hooting crowd, in a state of agitation in every sense of the word. A ball at the opera-house, at which the dancers push violently against each other, to the exciting strains of a galop conducted by Musard, can alone convey an idea of this pagan scene, of this insane adoration. A troop of low fellows round the walls rendered themselves conspicuous by their red faces, their rags, and their extraordinarily noisy behaviour. I learnt, not without a little astonishment, that these persons were the clappers hired by the Greek priests to revive the enthusiasm of the crowd when it began to flag from the fatigue of some of the members, and when, consequently, the voice of the multitude became subdued for a few minutes. The other portion of the church wore a calmer aspect, though one not less curious. In the upper part of the gallery, which was reserved for the Greeks, in the corridors, in the niches, in short, in every part where there was any space, were grouped whole families,—men, women, and children,—just like an encampment. Custom imposes upon those pilgrims who are anxious to take part rigorously in all the rites of pilgrimage, the duty of remaining in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, without quitting it at all, from the Holy Thursday to Easter Sunday. Here they drink, therefore, eat, and smoke precisely as if they were in some khan in Asia Minor; and the pilgrims, after having performed these religious ceremonies, set out on their journey homewards, being fully persuaded that they have done a great deal towards their temporal, as well as towards their spiritual welfare. The upper part of the gallery, reserved for the Latins, was filled with the middle class of the people, whose eager attention reminded one of the public in the pit of a theatre on some day of dramatic importance. In the first arcade on the left a kind of platform had been erected, covered with soft cushions, upon which the Pacha of Jerusalem was comfortably seated, and where he quietly smoked. He was a worthy Turk, of a calm and reflective mood, and was as sparing of gesture as of words; he had, probably, never before been present at such a festival. Near him was placed the Superior of the Convent of the Holy Land, in a dress of sacking, with a girdle of ropes, like Saint Francois; his feet were naked, and he wore only yellow sandals. The fine countenance of the priest spoke of a feeling of desolation, and from time to time he cast looks of holy anger upon the vile populace which waved to and fro beneath his feet. Above the Pacha's platform was a full-length portrait of King Louis Philippe, in the uniform of lieutenant-general of the *garde nationale*. Beneath the other arches were travellers from all parts of the world, who were anxious to add to the account of their travels the particulars of this extraordinary scene.

The excitement of the crowd increased as it approached the Holy Tomb; then might be heard cries and stamping, and all the tumult which might be expected from an uneducated mob who were anxious to see some celebrated performer, but there was little to remind you of pilgrims who had travelled from distant countries to perform the most sacred rites of their faith.

The miracle itself, in consideration of its being a wonderful and undoubted miracle, was announced by a fine body of Turkish troops entering the Holy Sepulchre. I have often admired the patience of London policemen and the municipal guards of Paris, but did not believe it possible that human forbearance could be carried to such an extent, till I observed the resignation with which the Turkish soldiers bore the waving to and fro of the wild crowd, without betraying the least symptom of annoyance. The good Osmanlis evidently imagined they were in the midst of people who were deprived of reason, and it is well known that the Prophet recommends the faithful to pay all respect to those who labour under aberration of mind.

At length, through patience and perseverance, the Turkish soldiers succeeded in threading their way, in two files, through the crowd, and a procession of Greek priests contrived to march somehow or other round the church. There was a suitable display of silver crosses, of banners of various colours, of priests with long beards and long hair, dressed in gold brocade, who would have done admirably for figuring in "Norma." The procession moved round the church several times; then the Greek Archimandrit were conducted with great pomp to the Holy Sepulchre, the door of which was immediately closed upon them, for it was in secret that the miracle took effect. After the Archimandrit had entered Christ's tomb, a few minutes' silence ensued, but the impatient crowd soon filled the church again with its clamour. Punctuality, that true politeness in kings, is undoubtedly the etiquette with regard to miracles; for the third stroke of the convent bell had scarcely finished, when a small blue flame made its appearance at the opening of the tomb, smelling strongly (I must crave pardon for my incredulity) of punch, even at an immense distance from the spot. No sooner was this perceived than a most excitable portion of the mob, in costumes of all colours, drove against the walls of the sacred edifice like a raging sea, and each person strove to light his torch from the primitive flame. The lower part of the church became suddenly illumined as if by enchantment, and presented a most extraordinary mass of heads, shrouded by blazing arms; the female portion of the population, who occupied the upper part of the building, were not long in taking part in this scene of delirium; these enthusiastic women clung to the balustrades and endeavoured to light their wax-candles from the flame which issued from the Holy Sepulchre, by reaching out their arms to their full length to those next below them who had lighted their torches from others again beneath them; in this way the flame was communicated from one to the other.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

My aviary was full of harmony; only one instrument was wanting to bring it to perfection. Peri was entering upon his second summer, and his voice had never yet been heard. Some anxiety was beginning to be felt. One shook his head, and said there never was a proverb without foundation; that if nightingales *did* sing in cages, that was the exception, and did not impugn the rule. Another said that a nightingale must be solitary at all events; and that, whatever it might do in a cage, it was nonsense to suppose it would sing in an aviary with other birds. A third hoped that, after all, Peri would not turn out to be a female; and, in short, I began myself to think that I must be content with loving him because he loved me, when, one day as I sat reading in the aviary at the hour when there generally was silence there, the birds taking their *siesta* on their artificial tree, and Peri concealed in his dark cage, there suddenly shot up through the ceiling and away up to heaven such a note, a clear, full, prolonged note of such unutterable sweetness and liquid music as the dullest ear, capable of receiving sounds, could never confound with any other earthly tone. I am perfectly and simply sincere in saying so! It was a note of triumph; but of that pure, ineffable triumph which gives the glory where it is due for some extraordinary gift made perfect. With shame I confess its effect upon myself; I burst into tears! It was but one single note, and lasted not more, perhaps, than ten seconds; but I knew, I felt, though I saw him not, that it was the nightingale. The spell was broken; and, although he uttered not another note for two or three days, I felt from that moment that I possessed a treasure which no money could purchase from me. The next time I heard him was three days after, when, coming out of his cage, he placed himself on the little ledge of wood which kept in the earth round the branch of ilex, exactly opposite to me as I sat at breakfast; and there, looking full in my face, he rewarded me,—ay! had he died the moment after,—for all my care and all my tenderness. He was a perfect nightingale! In winter I brought him, in his cage, to my sitting-room; and there he accompanied me when I played the harp, in a manner that could leave no doubt upon any cultivated ear, that he purposely varied and adapted his harmony to whatever I might be playing: and he showed preference for some music over others. Oh, no! let it not be believed that it is only the rarity of the nightingale's voice to English ears, or its only singing when other birds are silent, that causes it to be so highly praised: it is most prized where it is most common. I never heard an Italian speak of a nightingale but in tones of rapture and enthusiasm. And it is not true that it only sings when other birds are silent. It sings while it remains in the country—for even

central Italy is too cold for it in winter—quite as much and as continuously as other birds. And oh! who that has ever sat listening to a nightingale not far distant, on an acacia bough or some other tree shedding perfume on the dewy evening air, while a misty veil is creeping over the loveliness of nature, until every sense, blending into one delightful consciousness of being, gives an idea of what perfect happiness may be; who that has enjoyed this could endure to hear it said that in those strains there is nothing peculiar? nothing superior to all other birds? Alas! alas! for the organisation of him who says so! With those who say that it is impossible to define in what consists the superiority of the nightingale's singing, I can perfectly agree; for who has sounds or signs to convey an idea of *such* superiority? Poets have said truly that it is a pensive melody, while that of birds in general is joyous; but those have gone too far who have pronounced it the voice of melancholy or lamentation. On the contrary, no sounds I have ever heard convey to me such an idea of pure, exalted, perfect, ineffable happiness; happiness not of this world, but of that kind which we may suppose to be felt by beings who only visit it in the summer season and in the happier climes, to taste of all it has best, and to withdraw ere the wintry hour cometh. In the answering of other birds to each other at the evening concert, we generally detect a challenging, even rivalry, as to who can sing best, if not loudest; but when, and it is rarely, two nightingales are heard together, who could fail to be struck with the soft, sweet, elegant reserve of a high, refined, and gracious nature? won, as it were, each by the charm of the other to give forth their meditations on the higher and happier mysteries of creation! I never have heard, during the many years which I have now listened to them, those contemplative evening songs without this idea occurring to me. One of the striking characteristics of the nightingale in song as in form, is elegance; refined, intellectual, aristocratic elegance. There are those, also, who say they are not beautiful. No, they are not beautiful if beauty consists in variety of colours, or in gay plumage; but, to him who can behold the grace and elegance of their classic forms, clothed in that rich nut-brown which is neither sad nor gay, but, like their song, subdued, elegant, pure, and chaste, throwing back the golden tinge with which the admiring sun would sometimes bedeck them; or look on that large, black, and most sentimental eye, without feeling that there is more than beauty there; to him I must again exclaim, alas! for his organisation. I do not say it as meaning that such a one is fit for all that is said of him "who hath not music in his soul;" but I say it in pure and unaffected pity for the enjoyment of which he is deprived.

The first time I became fully aware of the extraordinary power and expression of a nightingale's eye was upon the occasion of my pursuing and catching one in my aviary—not my Peri, but one which had been previously given to me full-grown, and which accordingly made its escape very soon after. It struggled wildly against my hand for a moment, but when finding itself hopelessly a prisoner, never have I thought without pain, though it happened

years ago, of the look of intensely reproachful, but gently reasoning inquiry which it sent, purposely, consciously sent through my eyes into my very soul; saying most intelligibly, "How can you justify this to yourself?" I let it go at once. Another more agreeable instance occurred to me. A person with whom I was conversing, looking towards the nightingales I now have, observed to me that one of them had a blade of grass growing, as it were, out of its beak. I took no notice until my friend repeated his observation, adding that the bird seemed gasping. I then took it into my hand, which, though very unusual, it did not at all resist, and as I perceived it really was gasping, I drew out the blade of grass from its mouth, of which it had swallowed nearly half a finger length with its bulbous root, but of which it could not manage the rest; and, once again was shot into my soul a soul-proceeding look of gratitude which absolutely startled not only me but my companion; and nothing in this world could now persuade me that nightingales are not very much more highly organised than is generally supposed. Another peculiarity of theirs—at least as far as my experience goes, it is peculiar to them in the manner and extent of it—is that, while other birds when hesitating whether or not to trust the hand that offers them food, keep looking at the food as they advance to or recede from it, at most casting a shy furtive glance at the offerer, as if to see whether they are observed, or may safely steal, the nightingale, when he begins to think of trusting you, looks up openly, candidly, inquiringly into your eyes, and asks if he may indeed trust you. I am perfectly convinced that every one who has studied the real, unadulterated nightingale with sympathy and affection, will confirm all I have said upon this subject. Such persons will also, no doubt, have observed what I call "the ecstasy" of nightingales, that is, after having been taken in the hand, or otherwise much frightened, they become fixed, as it were ecstatic. They remain perfectly still, looking out on vacancy, and neither heed the voice nor the offer of food, or even the attempt to reseize them; and this state continues sometimes for half-an-hour, sometimes for longer, after the cause of alarm, or, as I believe it to be, of offended delicacy or dignity is past. The first time I saw this I thought the bird was about to drop dead. I afterwards came to understand it better, and then it became to me inexpressibly affecting, as intense, silent emotion always is. Seeing a human being thus, we should suppose him wrapt, absolutely wrapt, in prayer or inspiration. No intimacy, no domestication, prevents this strange seizure. Peri flew constantly upon my hand, upon my shoulder, or my lap; would eat out of my mouth, and, when I placed a worm under my hand, would force his beak between my fingers to get at it; and yet if I seized him unawares or against his will, he would fall into that ecstatic state, and more than once remained in it on my bosom, where I had placed him in order to let him fly away. What I am about now to say I do not give on my own authority, but I believe it without difficulty, from the equally curious things which I have seen; from the universality of the belief of it here; and from the assurances of those on whose words I rely, and who

themselves have seen it. It is that, when the nightingale who is hatching her young brood finds out, by her marvellous instinct, that the nest has been profaned by the hand of man, she immediately poisons her offspring; preferring their death to their slavery. But how does she know that slavery will ensue? I am told, however, that this Roman heroism is not confined to nightingales.

Again, nightingales are the only birds which I have ever observed to endeavour, untaught, to make themselves understood by us through sounds. Nightingales positively do. The first time I observed this, was when I put a strange nightingale into the cage with Peri. He was excessively annoyed and alarmed, and for some time fluttered and flew wildly through his cage, as birds generally do on such occasions; but, as if recovering his presence of mind, he presently flew upon the upper perch, and, putting his face close up to mine, which was peering over him, and looking his look of intelligence and *communication* into my eyes, he rapidly uttered what we should call a *jabbering* remonstrance or entreaty, just raising his voice to what we should call the speaking tone: and I could no more have resisted that appeal than if he had uttered it in English! He repeated the same thing on another occasion. Leo was in one of his tyrannical moods, for he was rather of a fitful temper. Dear bird! of whom I may truly say, "I loved thee for thy virtues, and for thy faults I believe I loved thee still more." He took it into his head to break the thread which prevented his passing into Peri's cage, drove him out, and took possession of it. I knew nothing of this, as it occurred during my absence from the aviary; but no sooner was I within the door on my return than Peri, who seldom went upon the ilex branch, started out from the centre of it, and, thus arresting my attention, and fixing his eyes upon mine, once more repeated his most peculiar, rapid, jabbering complaint; and, although I cannot tell how or why, I perfectly understood in one moment all that had occurred. No sooner had I chased Leo out of the cage, and replaced its temporary hinges, than Peri, who had anxiously watched the whole process, flew down from the branch, and, with their peculiar, noiseless, mouse-like mode of escape, slipped into it, and remained there until, doubtless, he believed the giant's wrath had evaporated. And what became of this intelligent, beautiful, and pleasure-giving creature? I sent it, also in its own cage and with all its appurtenances, to another friend whose villa was about a mile distant, through a winding, woody road, and on a different elevation from mine. Notwithstanding all this, he who scarcely ever left his cage even when it was open, made his escape, came home, and was taken in his old, but then empty, aviary. Are domesticated birds not happy then? He was consigned to the kind old priest already alluded to, thoroughly skilled in the management of birds, and by whom he also had been nursed in his infancy for me, and who, I am convinced, would have sacrificed a finger to have been able to bestow him upon me a second time; but, alas! who can minister to the mind diseased? My Peri died in a few days of a broken heart.—S. C.

ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES NAPIER.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

THE gallant admiral of the Baltic fleet was born on the 6th of March, 1786, and is consequently in his sixty-ninth year. By the calendar an aged man, but in mind and body active and vigorous. A naval commander is not exposed to the physical exertion inseparable from the duties of a military chieftain. He carries his house with him, and the quarter-deck of his flag-ship is his battle charger, who never tires, and will endure many wounds before sinking under him. With the exception of Nelson, our most renowned admirals have been ancients. Rodney and Jervis were each sixty-four, Duncan sixty-six, and Howe within a few months of seventy, when they respectively won their great battles. They did their work well, and were not found to be too old. Napier has taken Bomarsund, and perhaps before he sees another birth-day, Helsingfors, Revel, and Cronstadt may be inscribed on the clasps and medals with which his breast is covered. The service in which he is engaged requires prudence and experience as much as daring, and he has proved that these qualities are happily blended in his hardy temperament. The opinion and expectations of his countrymen are with him. Had the post he holds been disposed by ballot, "Old Charley" (as he is familiarly called) might have counted on an almost unanimous election. The very *sobriquet* is an evidence of his popularity. Sailors and soldiers seldom bestow names except from affection. When war was declared, everybody said "Old Charley" was the man for the Baltic, and no sooner had he hoisted his flag than it was at once admitted even by those whose wishes were with their own friends, that he was restored to his proper element, and much more at home than when haranguing from the hustings at Marylebone, exposing dockyard abuses, or impeding debates in the House of Commons. Few, if any, officers on the list have seen the varied service that Sir Charles has, by land as well as sea; for, like Sir Sidney Smith, he is amphibious, and enjoys fighting with equal gusto, whether ashore or afloat. As Sir Sidney was mounted and in the field at Alexandria, so was Sir Charles at Busaco, and both gathered laurels "in the imminent deadly breach," at Acre, Sidon, and Beyrout. There were a class of men in the last war called "fire-eaters," with whom battle was the breath of their nostrils, who were never thoroughly happy except when within the smoke and smell of gunpowder; and who cared not a fig whether the scene of action was a seventy-four, a gun-boat, a battery, or a hill-side. The Napiers were all of this brigade, and braver and better warriors never handled cold iron, or wore a uniform. Not long ago, four of the family might have been seen at the same levée, wearing the insignia of knight-hoods won bravely at the point of the sword.

Sir Charles Napier is descended from a noble race, being the grandson of Francis, fifth Lord Napier. He entered the navy as a volunteer in 1799, when little more than thirteen, and three years later became a midshipman in the *Greyhound*, 32, commanded by the late Sir William Hoste, a pupil of Nelson, and one of the bright ornaments of the British navy. In 1805, he was promoted to be lieutenant in the *Courageux*, 74, and was present at the action with Admiral Linois, when the flag-ship of the latter, the *Marengo*, 74, and the *Belle Poule* frigate, were taken. In 1808, he became commander, and in the *Recruit*, an 18-gun brig, fought a very smart action with, and beat off, a French corvette, *La Diligente*, of much superior force. On this occasion, he received a severe wound; his thigh was broken, but he refused to leave the deck. In February, 1809, he assisted at the reduction of Martinique, and scaled Fort Edward with a very small number of men, in open day, by which achievement the operations were much shortened. In the April following, he materially assisted in the capture of *D'Haultpoult*, 74, and was promoted to be post-captain in consequence. He was then only twenty-three, and one of the youngest officers of that rank in the service. During the following summer, he returned home, served a campaign on shore with the army in Portugal, as a volunteer, and was again wounded. From 1811 to 1813, he was actively employed in the Mediterranean, in command of the *Thames*, *Furieux*, and *Euryalus* frigates. With the last-named vessel, he was despatched to North America, and shared in the brilliant expedition against Alexandria on the Potomac. Captain (now Admiral) Sir James Gordon, who commanded, declared in his despatches that he owed to Captain Napier more obligations for his effective co-operation than he had words to express. Then came the peace, during which the subject of our memoir was laid up in ordinary for fourteen years. From 1829 to 1832, he was employed on particular service in the *Galatea*, 42; and in 1833 occurred the great event of his life, his complete victory off Cape St. Vincent, when in command of Don Pedro's fleet, with which he totally destroyed the more numerous and powerful armament of Don Miguel, and virtually finished the contest between the rival claimants of the crown of Portugal.

On the 1st July, 1839, Captain Napier was appointed to the command of the *Powerful*, 84, and hoisted the broad pendant of Commodore, as second to Sir Robert Stopford. During the two following years, the gazettes teemed with his dashing exploits on the coast of Syria, in the course of which he contrived to make above 5000 prisoners, to rout more than one army, and to capture several fortresses. After taking a leading part in the memorable bombardment of St. Jean d'Acre, he proceeded in charge of a squadron to Alexandria, where he landed, and concluded a convention with the Viceroy of Egypt, Mehemet Ali, by which the Sultan's fleet was rescued from the gripe of his revolted vassal. For his distinguished services he was created a K.C.B. in Dec. 1840, and received the thanks of Parliament. He has also been

complimented with orders and crosses from the sovereigns of Russia, Austria, Prussia, and Portugal. On the 9th Nov. 1846, he became an admiral, and hoisted his flag, in command of the experimental squadron, on board the *St. Vincent*. In April last, he sailed from Portsmouth with the finest fleet that ever left the shores of England, and if the Emperor of Russia continues obstinate, and allows him the opportunity, he will, in all probability, return a peer of the realm. But he is too old a practitioner to knock his ships to pieces in a useless conflict with stone walls, or to attempt desperate enterprises for the sake of a flourishing despatch. We conclude this brief notice by observing that Sir Charles, with many of his brother officers, has handled the pen when his sword was in the scabbard, and has adopted the motto of "tam Marti quam Mercurio." He is the author of several professional articles in the *United Service Journal*, and has also published "An Account of the War in Portugal between Don Pedro and Don Miguel," and another of "The War in Syria." Without going into any question as to the literary pretensions of these works, they are valuable as historical documents, and abound in very interesting details. But the Admiral is pre-eminently a man of action, rather than a votary of the midnight lamp; the quarter-deck, and not the bureau, is his legitimate field, and he may safely leave to others the task of chronicling the deeds which have established for him an undying reputation.

The "gentlemen of England who live at home at ease," and read gazettes in an arm-chair, over a comfortable breakfast-table, expected at first that the present war would be a mere party of pleasure, and that every despatch from the Black Sea or the Baltic would be a repetition of Cæsar's "*Veni, vidi, vici*," when Pharnaces of Pontus ran away at the mere sight of his indomitable legions. We have no wish to find fault with such commendable patriotism, or to check convictions of British prowess, which, whether well or ill founded, go a considerable way towards establishing the fact. But enthusiastic anticipation cannot jump over physical obstacles, or force an enemy to action, who is determined to lie close, like a tortoise under his shell. When Lord Nelson sailed from Portsmouth in 1805, everybody began to calculate how many days and weeks would elapse before news arrived of the destruction of the combined fleets. The calculation was reduced to a certainty, for all the world expected they would come out and fight, which they did gallantly, and were beaten like gentlemen. Our admirals at present have to deal with an enemy who burrows in holes, and skulks behind walls and batteries. To get at him requires time, circumstances, and opportunity; all of which must co-operate before a great result can be safely expected. Desperate attempts are sometimes attended by proportionate advantages; but there is much to qualify a triumph, which throws half the nation into mourning. Shakspeare, who knew everything, and is a safe authority to appeal to, tells us, and truly, that "a victory is twice itself, when the achiever brings home full numbers."

WAR AND PEACE.

THE Eastern question and the Eastern war have both assumed a more cheering and a more certain aspect. We now know exactly what we are going to fight for, and how we are to fight for it. The position of Austria is cleared up, that of Prussia and the rest of Germany defied and avowed. We know what concessions Russia was prepared to make, and how far they fell short of the demands of the Allies.

With respect to the plan adopted for the present prosecution of the war, the employment of the whole, or chief part, of the allied forces against Sebastopol, we shall say little more than wish it success. We, indeed, retain our opinion, that a victory in the field is more decisive than ten sieges. In order to beat the Russians, perhaps it will be found not to have been advisable to attack them in the very position which they have chosen, and which they think most strong. The Russian soldiers have given manifest proofs in their encounters with the Turks, that they are not so staunch, or spirited, or reliable, in the field, as their reputation gave them credit for. The officers could with difficulty make the soldiers fight. Now, behind walls and in entrenchments, defending a place, officers can make soldiers fight, and half-spirited soldiers must fight. There can be no hesitation and no turning there. So that, by attacking the Russians in Sebastopol, we are perhaps giving them their utmost advantages. But the expedition once resolved, the gallant troops of two countries embarked, and by this time engaged in the enterprise which must decide at least the mastery of the Black Sea, it would be ill-timed and ungenerous to cavil or to criticise. There is still a great deal to be said in favour of the Sebastopol expedition, which may, after all, turn out a campaign in the open field, as well as the investment of a fortress. The Russians are retiring in haste behind the Pruth, throwing the Principalities as a sop to Austria, whilst their regiments are hurrying off to the Crimea. They cannot arrive there till long after us, especially if the coast be well watched. But if they arrive before we have reduced the fortress; and if this reinforcement, together with the 70,000 Russians already defending the Crimea, can prevent the accomplishment of our tactics till the bad weather, they will have attained their ends, and made at least an honourable defence.

The strongest motive for meditating the conquest of Sebastopol, and turning the allied armies to that achievement, is, perhaps, that the English minister has declared the existence of the great Russian fleet, in this hitherto impregnable port, within a few hours' sail or steam of Constantinople, incompatible with the security of the Ottoman Empire. His lordship even hinted, that the dismantling of this citadel was one of the necessary conditions of peace. This was alarming, for the Emperor of

Russia could never consent to such a condition. The only way to obtain it, was to execute it; and Sebastopol, once destroyed, the Emperor Nicholas may be brought to listen to the other terms of peace.

It was with the greatest pleasure that we perused these terms, as laid down so clearly and ably by M. Drouyn de l'Huys. The conditions of peace, as either delineated in Lord John Russell's speech, or in the articles of the ministerial papers, struck us as presenting almost interminable objections to peace. They spoke of material guarantees, of depriving Russia of some of her actual territories, and of insisting on the independence of the Circassian coast—conditions which it would require five years' campaigning, and successful campaigning too, to force Russia to submit to. The French minister sweeps away all that was overweening and impracticable in these demands, and limits them to what is absolutely necessary to the restoration of independence to Turkey, without insisting on aught that is peculiarly humiliating to Russia. It does not allude to the Circassian coast, makes no mention of material guarantees; and, with respect to the great naval force which Russia has collected in the Euxine, it proposes to counterbalance it by opening that sea to the navies of other powers, rather than by requiring Russia to give up fleet, fortress, or territory. The demands of the French Government are eminently practical, useful, fair, and necessary. And a war carried on for *them* will have a clear and determined aim, well worth struggling for with all the resources of two great empires.

The first condition that the allied Governments insist upon is, that the Protectorate of the Principalities, including Servia, be transferred, not to Austria, as an article in the *Times* mentioned, but to the powers of Europe collectively. The second is the opening of the Danube. And here, it must be observed in justice to Russia, that when the English cruisers the other day took soundings in the Sulina mouth of the Danube, they found the depth of water much greater than had been reported. The third demand is the revision or abrogation of the Treaty of the Straits, by which Russia really obtained the command of them, and the monopoly of the Black Sea, whilst English and French men-of-war could not, even in stress of weather, do so much as anchor within the Dardanelles. The last of M. Drouyn's conditions is the abolition of all religious protectorate over the Christian rayahs of Turkey—a most important demand, as it implies a waiving by France of her protectorate over the Latin Church of the islands and of Jerusalem. It was the keen assertion of this right by France which led to all our present embarrassments; and it is frank and noble of the French Emperor to forego this claim, on the condition that Russia foregoes hers. We must confess, however, that this is the condition to which Russia will oppose the greatest reluctance. We may, by arms, reduce the Czar of Russia to forego his protectorate of the Greek Church *de facto*, but that we shall ever compel him to admit this in a solemn

treaty, we doubt. It would be a dethronement. The monarch who signed such a clause, could never hold up his head in Russia, and, in truth, should abdicate. If insisted on, this will be the great obstacle in the way of the accomplishment of peace.

For our own part, we cannot but consider a joint protectorate of all the powers over the Christians of Turkey as in nowise dangerous or inimical to the Porte. That protectorate, it is plain, the Christian powers must continue virtually to exercise. The Governments of Europe, after having saved the Ottoman Empire, cannot allow that empire to make use of its ascendancy and triumph to crush or oppress the Christians; but when the interference takes place in the name of united Europe, the Porte has nothing to fear from the exigencies, the ambition, or the insolence of any one of them. The Emperor of Russia has, we know, already consented to the joint protectorate—an important concession on his part. Whether it will be worth while prolonging the war, in order to establish a no-protectorate, instead of a joint protectorate, a real and virtual protectorate being to be maintained and exercised all the time, remains to be decided. The difference is evidently an affair of words, not things. As long as Abdul-Medjid is on the throne, and Reschid Pacha vizier, such a protectorate will not, and need not, exist; but if, at any future day, a Sultan should arise of the old fanatic school and temper; and should he and his Ulemas, presuming on any supposed triumph, proceed once more to renew the old mode of treating the Christian subjects of the Porte, all the abrogations of the protectorate, and all the treaties in the world to that effect, will not prevent Russia and other Christian powers interfering, and if not by the rights accruing from the Treaties of Kainardje and Bucharest, by rights still more sacred and urgent, the rights of common sense and of humanity.

And here let us notice one of the greatest monstrosities ever uttered within the walls of Parliament. Mr. Layard did not shrink from proposing there, that the Christian Greeks, liberated from the Turkish yoke by the Treaty of London, should be re-subjected to Mussulman domination. When it is remembered, that the spirit of Turkish Government, central or provincial, inevitably depends on the personal character of the ruler for the time being, that the spirit and essence of the Mahomedan Government is implicit obedience to the Sultan or the Pasha; when it is known that, instead of Turkish policies and modes of government being divided into Whig and Tory, they are separated into Reformers, who are humane as far as circumstances will allow, and old fanatic Turks, who think it the height of wisdom and devotion to cut off Christian heads and destroy Christian institutions; when it is in the course of events and in the nature of things, that one of these parties and policies should alternate with the other; contemplating and knowing these contingencies, for any one to come forward and say, that there shall be no protectorate, and that the Turkish Government shall be left free to do what it lists,

is merely avoiding a present difficulty by the creation of a still greater one at no distant day.

But when, in addition to this, a friend of humanity and a regenerator of the East comes forward to propose in full Parliament that a nation of Christians, and of Greeks too, governed by their own laws and their own authorities, shall be re-subjected to the arbitrary and lawless rule of Mussulmans, merely because the Mussulmans happen to be the political ally of England for the moment, —such an avowal of political selfishness, and contempt of all principle, and all civilization, and all right, is a monstrosity. That such an opinion should have been uttered in Parliament in the nineteenth century, and tolerated there, is one of the facts which will convey a stamp to English character, humanity, and justice, that history, we regret to say, will have to appreciate and to record.

Greece fortunately has not been given over for massacre to an Omer Vriane or an Ibrahim. Under the constitutional rule of a Mavrocordato, the classic land may once more prosper, will be enabled to discover its true interests and its true prospects of greatness, and may yet prove one of the most efficient guardians of the general interests of Western Europe, of civilization and independence in the Levant.

If the state to which Greece has been restored affords every cause of congratulation, so does, for the first time in this struggle, the attitude of Austria appear more definite and satisfactory. After long hesitation Austria has declared, that not only Russia must withdraw from the Principalities, but that guarantees must be taken against her ever re-entering them. The treaties between Russia and the Porte must be torn up, others substituted, no longer leaving her either the protectorate of the Principalities or of the Danube. Austria making such a declaration as this is tantamount to her passing the Rubicon, and deserting the alliance of the East for that of the West. All the demands hitherto made by Austria of Russia might have been construed as efforts made in behalf of peace, and with a feeling of friendship as much for Russia as for the Western Powers; but to insist that all the treaties by which Russia has been tying up the Porte for the last century should be abrogated, and at the same time to transfer the protectorate of Servia, of Wallachia, and Moldavia, from Russia to herself—for giving it to the joint powers is scarcely less—this is breaking openly with the Czar, and defying him. It is placing Austria in its old position of military and imperial antagonism, and altogether emancipating it from its previous position of subserviency. It is a position that Austria can only maintain by advancing her armies. For having so provoked Russia, Austria must humble that power; or should she hesitate to do so, she merely incurs inevitable and perilous retaliation.

The court of Vienna hesitated for a long time, and has shown the extreme of caution and timidity. In attempting to bring Prussia along with her into antagonism with Russia, Austria, as we long since foretold, failed utterly. The treaty of mutual

guarantee of one another's territories—a treaty which enabled Prussia to restrain Austria hitherto—may be said to be broken. Austria, instead of making its demands of the German Confederation, conjointly with Prussia, now makes them singly—a plain admission of the breach between the two great powers of Germany. Austria thus takes its stand alone; whilst all the courts of Germany are, it is to be feared, in secret understanding with Russia. This puts a new face on the map of that country; for whilst all the courts and the Conservatives side with Russia, the people and the Constitutionalists sympathise with the policy of Austria. The young Emperor begins to feel his position in this respect; and accordingly we see an amnesty granted to Lombardy, and a serious talk of the resuscitation of a constitution for Hungary; not a democratic one, perhaps, but, in fine, a constitution.

Should Austria definitively cast down the gauntlet to Russia, (and she has now every appearance of so doing,) the struggle is no longer between the Czar and the Western Powers; for it is manifest that the Western Powers, joined with Austria, are too strong for him, and must crush him. The policy of Russia hitherto has been to defy the Western Powers, and conciliate Austria. Should it appear that nothing will conciliate Austria but Russia's abandoning her traditional designs upon Turkey, then Russia will, no doubt, abandon the hope of conciliating Austria, but will prefer trying to satisfy the Western Powers, in order to fall with her full weight upon Austria. The rivalry is henceforth between Russia and Austria, which reassumes its old pretension of being an Eastern and a maritime power. In such a struggle we cannot abandon Austria.

The great hope, however, is, that she will be fully able to defend herself; and that in the collision between Austrian and Russian armies, the former may be found superior. We still adhere to the opinion, that the winning of a battle or battles on the Pruth or the Dnieper can alone put a termination to the present war. Victory in the field, not the capture of this or that fortress, can decide it. If Austria be able to achieve the above, aided by such diversion as we are making in the Crimea, Russia can do nothing for the present save succumb, trusting to the growing strength of its empire, and to better policy and direction in the future, to recover the vantage ground, which, under Nicholas, it has lost.

It would be most desirable that the decision should be arrived at quickly; and if the court of Austria were wise, it would make its armies march at once to that decision: for should the war endure, Prussia will be called into it—Germany will be divided, not into parties contending in a federal assembly, but belligerents combating in the field. If all Europe be then flung into open war, we know not what military events or geniuses may arise and spring up to change the entire state of international politics, and dispute the palm of power more than the extreme of Russian ambition could have done.

There are some persons exceedingly anxious that the war should

thus continue and extend. They think that if all Europe was flung into trouble and dissension, the liberals and constitutionals—the people, in fine—would be able to assert and recover their own. We differ altogether from those hopes, and dissent from any such calculations. The consequence of a general war in Europe would be, to take the youth and manhood of the Continent, and make soldiers of it; the leading spirits of the generation would become officers and generals, and they would become interested in war as a gain and as a profession. What took place in France under Napoleon would then recur throughout Europe. Military ideas, military aims, military interests, military honour, would predominate over all others. Civilians would be once more considered as mere Pekins. A liberal party would be reduced to a few adventurers and a few philosophers in morning gowns and slippers. If the hardships of war made citizens be mutinous here, or peasantry rise in rebellion there, the military would crush them without remorse. Europe would become once more a camp, which would preclude all possibility of constitutional or representative assemblies, not only during the war, but for ten or fifteen years after it. If democracy knew its interests, it would never appeal to arms, or never do aught that would favour the fabrication of soldiers.

See how the great cause of liberty has lost already even by the first sound of arms. We English are necessarily indifferent to it. We cannot look the gift-horse of the French alliance in the mouth, and cavil with the Emperor Napoleon for the nature of his rule; neither can we denounce Austria for its despotism. Our tenderness for the cause of Italy or of Hungary sinks before the imperative interest of self-preservation and the maintenance of the balance of power. Kossuth may harangue, and Mazzini may denounce; we can listen to neither. We have higher interests at stake than the consideration of whether Lombardy or Hungary are to be advanced in the rank of constitutional states. We are anxious for the independence and balance of power of Europe and of the world; and the fate of the noblest local patriots or patriotism sinks into the shade by the side of the great European question.

Were the war terminated now or speedily, owing to the fact of Russia being in a military sense check-mated by the three allies, and compelled to submit to their conditions, then, indeed, the liberal cause throughout Europe would have gained immensely. Because, although peace was restored, the two great military despotisms of the east of Europe would be still rivals, still hostile, still mistrustful of each other, and obliged to seek strength in the way of popularity and progress. More than this, Austria and Prussia would be in antagonism, with Russia no longer supreme over both, to compel them to be retrograde and be despotic. The mere lifting of the weight of Russia from off Germany, and the destruction of her *prestige*, will prove a far greater good to liberty than if Hungary had vindicated its independence by arms.

We have no right, however, to angur uninterrupted or unexcep-

tional success. Austria may still hesitate; and after having given the great provocation, may shrink from supporting it with vigour. She may merely advance into Wallachia, and leaving the Russian army unoccupied and unmenaced below the Pruth, she may allow the Czar to drift off the greater part of her forces to the Crimea, and so prolong the war there till the winter. All this will be fatal for Austria. The Turks are evidently threatened more seriously in Armenia than on the Danube, and their chief efforts will now be directed to the Asiatic frontier; there is a talk of even transferring Omer Pacha thither. This, of course, may be done if the Austrians undertake to prosecute the war, however inactively, in the Principalities alone, and prefer doing so.

But whilst further attention of both belligerent countries is directed to the Black Sea, no less serious operations are, no doubt, intended in the Baltic. These operations have the great advantage of secrecy, and are not exposed to the dreadful blunder by which the ministerial journal announced, on the 29th of July, that the attempt on Sebastopol was to take place that day, the expedition having already arrived; the announcement, too, accompanied by mention of the different landing-places and their advantages. All this was done with the inevitable alertness of publicity, when the expedition was in reality not prepared to start even in the middle of August.

The commanders in the Baltic have contrived to set the public and their caterers altogether off their scent; the declaration of Admiral Berkeley having led us to suppose that Cronstadt and Sweaborg are impregnable. No rational man, however, can believe that the French Emperor has sent 12,000 soldiers to the Baltic for the mere capture of Bomarsund and the Aland islands. Troops and guns still continue to embark at Calais and be wafted to the Baltic. They cannot be for Bomarsund, over which the allied flags already float; so that we may expect operations to take place in the Gulf of Finland, almost as important as that against Sebastopol. The camp of Boulogne, instead of decreasing, or being emptied by the divisions which have already sailed for the Baltic, are, on the contrary, more filled with troops than ever.

The Emperor of the French no doubt judges that the Baltic has as much need of being set free from the dictatorship of Russia as the Black Sea has. Prussia and Russia being apparently united in supporting the supremacy of the latter power, it behoves France and England to look seriously to some counterpoise. If they seek to make Turkey strong and independent, because it holds the keys of the Euxine, so it is equally necessary to strengthen the power which commands the Sound. As to Denmark, it is evidently but a Russian province, under a dynasty, too, that is about to expire. Instead of lending their hand to the succession of the House of Glucksburg, the allies might resuscitate the well-known scheme for uniting the three Scandinavian kingdoms, and then plant one great empire, necessarily anti-Russian, astride the entrance of the Baltic. Such a policy as this would be far better than urging Sweden to undertake the conquest of Finland,

a cession that Russia could never make, and which would lead to an eternal struggle. Finland is at the very door of the Russian capital. Russia cannot be said to exist without it, whilst it is not at all necessary to the completion of a Swedish empire. Finland would be a source of weakness, not strength, to Sweden, whilst, on the contrary, the three Scandinavian kingdoms would help and magnify each other, and form a naval and military power of almost the first order.

By the accounts which reach us from the southern shores of the Baltic, it would appear as if Russia feared neither the attack of the great fortresses in the Gulf of Finland, nor a modification of the Scandinavian kingdoms. What they seem to expect, is a landing on the coast of some of the semi-German, semi-Polish provinces of Russia—Riga, perhaps, or elsewhere. Against any such attempt they are making large preparations. But, however schemes of this kind might be meditated in spring, at the first breaking up of the ice, it is little probable that they would be undertaken at a later season of the year, great loss and risk being to be incurred for no permanent advantage.

But that the season will be allowed to pass without some more serious achievement in the Baltic than the capture of Bomarsund, we do not believe. And if Sebastopol and Sweaborg be results of the campaign, neither the year nor its expenses will have been thrown away, even though they may not produce peace. Active and successful operations in the field can alone do that.

P.S. The last accounts from the Black Sea are most untoward. They represent the French as so cut up by cholera and demoralized by its effects, as to leave Marshal St. Arnaud doubtful as to the possibility of undertaking the expedition to the Crimea. The Marshal is represented as never having been well-disposed to the scheme. If so, our having allowed it to interfere with an advance into Wallachia, where we should have had far more healthy quarters and more abundance in Bucharest, was a fatal mistake.

If the expedition to Sebastopol be impossible, in consequence of the state of the French army and their want of transports, the English army ought not to be allowed to lose the whole campaign, which will have a very bad effect. It might sail at once for Batoum, and it could, ere the autumn was over, completely destroy the Russian power in Georgia, and give that superiority to the Turkish army in that region, without which the Sultan runs the risk of losing Kars and Erzeroum. If this be not done, the campaign, on the whole, will have been a failure.

SPAIN, AND ITS PROSPECTS.

It is remarkable that the historian Ranke should have written a volume—and one of his best volumes—upon Turkey and Spain, joining them together in one series of remarks, as if they were provinces of the same empire and parts of the same system. And no doubt there is great affinity, as there has been great antagonism, between the races, which both to-day are struggling for regeneration, and demanding European attention.

At the present moment, no politician is prepared or inclined to consider any country for itself or by itself. What men contemplate at present, is Europe in the mass, its prospects, and the events or the results of the struggle that is in progress. When one looks at Spain, therefore, it is the same as when one looks at Turkey; the connection of either with the rest of Europe, and their influence on the great political drama of the day, are of far more importance, or at least of far greater interest, than the exclusively national politics of any. There was a time when one might take part with Reschid or with Riza, with Espartero or Narvaez. But personal heroism and preference have dwindled; even preference between liberal and illiberal, between constitutions and despotisms, have almost disappeared.

The question, therefore, with regard to the Peninsula is, how far it is likely to become again a first-rate power, and to weigh as such in the scale of Europe. At present, Spain is a second-rate power, and Portugal a fifth-rate; their chief importance has been derived from the circumstance of English and French Governments quarrelling about them; but of themselves they are little or nothing, as is evident from the last year, when England and France were in no condition or circumstances to quarrel for any such points. The state of the Peninsula, its force or weakness, freedom or servitude, is much more important to France than to us. It is, in fact, only important to us, in proportion as we consider France as a rival and an antagonist; for then we want Spain to be independent of France and hostile to it. And, in fact, it was our antagonism to France, which made us, during these last two centuries, so anxious to render Spain independent of French influence. Let England and France be firm friends, and it is of little consequence to either what Spaniards may think or may do.

And this was the great mistake of the House of Orleans and of all its statesmen. The true force and position of Louis Philippe was, as King of France, in complete amity with England; and, as such, dictating to the rest of Europe—the position, in fact, that the Emperor Napoleon has seized. Instead of this, Louis Philippe, both in Syria and in Spain, proceeded as if no friendship existed between France and England, as if this friendship

was but a name and a sham. The consequence was, that he derived no real benefit or dignity from that alliance, such as Napoleon has done. In fact, Louis Philippe's behaviour to England was that of a prince meditating and preparing for a future war with it. Whereas the Emperor Napoleon III. acts as if peace was the normal and natural state between the countries. Such being the relations between France and England, the state of Spain is a circumstance of inferior importance. Of course the French Court is interested in preserving Madrid from the rule of any party, which would afford refuge and countenance to the exiles of France, democrat or other. And England is interested in keeping the trade of Spain open, and the debts of Spain to Englishmen paid. As the Emperor Napoleon himself is becoming a free-trader, his policy is not the narrow one of demanding preferential duties and treatment in Spanish ports. His views of government may not be the same as ours; but it does not appear that he is bigoted in his political opinions, or that he believes absolutism, however necessary at present for France, to be equally indispensable for other countries. On the contrary, the Emperor of the French supports, and has supported, a liberal and constitutional party in Piedmont.

Moreover, the present Government of France has no party in Spain, nor is there any party to be found in Spain that has affinity to the Emperor and his system. Louis Philippe managed Spain through the Moderados and the Queen-Mother. England exercised influence through Espartero and the Exaltados. Napoleon favours the Church, no doubt, but it would be difficult to make the Spanish monks put trust in the nephew of Napoleon the First. The Spanish towns are ultra-liberal, the Spanish aristocracy has the prejudices of its order. There is, in fact, no class of Spaniards on which the present ruler of France could depend for support; and, accordingly, if Louis Napoleon be as wise with regard to Spain, as he has shown himself in his policy with regard to other countries, he will interfere with it as little as possible, and not more than be requisite for his own security.

There has, however, been one event mooted, which would, indeed, change the character and fortune of the whole Peninsula, and render not only England and France, but all Europe, deeply interested in its development. For this event, instead of leaving a second-rate and a fifth-rate power between the Atlantic, the Mediterranean, and the Pyrenees, would at once give birth to a first-rate nation, in possession of one of the noblest positions for at least naval enterprise. We speak of the union of the two crowns of Spain and Portugal. That such union had not been effected long since is a marvel. It is only to be accounted for by the circumstance of Spain itself remaining divided, even when its military strength was at its height. When the Spaniards conquered the Moors, theirs was a divided sovereignty. Charles the Fifth was the monarch who ought to have accomplished the task. But he was immersed in German policy and European plans, too vast to allow of his even casting a thought upon Portugal. And,

though his son Philip achieved it, it was merely to cause so much weakness in Spain, and such resentment in Portugal, that the kingdoms flew asunder with greater violence than before. Since then, to the commencement of the present century, Spain and Portugal were Courts, not countries, the energies of both spent in Transatlantic efforts and ambition, ignorant and reckless of each other.

One of the most singular characteristics of the Peninsula is, that its sons should have led the way in Transatlantic and Indian discovery and empire, that is, that they should have opened the great communication between different parts of the globe, whilst they left the communications between different parts of their own country impracticable. Spain has magnificent rivers, running east, west, and south. She has scarcely made use of any. Instead of making use of the Tagus, planting a capital upon it, and following it out to the sea, the Spaniards seemed to have shunned the river, and allowed the Portuguese to seize its mouth. Hence a maritime empire has no outlet from her centre to the sea, save by long and circuitous routes over the Sierra Morena to Cadiz, or over a route as difficult and drear to Corunna. If it were calculated how many opportunities were lost, disasters incurred, and time thrown away, by delays of orders on the road between the coast of Spain and the sea-ports, they would amount to a sum capable of conquering or purchasing Portugal twenty times over. Indeed, the mere mutinies, and consequent revolutions, which have commenced at Cadiz and Corunna, those regions so remote from and strange to the authorities and ideas of Madrid, might alone have taught the Kings of Spain to have established their naval ports and outlets in more direct and natural communication with the central waters, valleys, and regions of the kingdom.

There is, however, no country in the world, for which its monarchs have done so little, as for Spain; none in which sovereign power has worked more harm, in destruction of all freedom and all prosperity, giving absolutely nothing in exchange, not even the courtly politeness and literature of the French Court. Yet in no country have monarchs been more worshipped, and royal races so cherished in the hearts of the people. History does not record the names of two more despicable princes than Charles and Ferdinand. Yet for what princes have nations ever made such sacrifices and such efforts, as Spain did for these?

Bourbon princes, however, have had the peculiar art of rendering themselves odious to the people; and, whether in France, Naples, or Spain, the universal feeling is, that it were better to do without monarchy altogether, than take one of that incorrigible race. This is so manifest at Madrid, that it has inspired the partisans of the House of Coburg with the idea of uniting the two crowns of the Peninsula, and of conferring both upon the heir of the Portuguese throne. Such an event, could it be accomplished without convulsion or civil war, would be a great boon to the whole Peninsula. It would give Spain the natural outlet to the ocean from its central provinces, the want of which

impoverishes Estramadura and the Castilles, whilst Portugal, like Scotland, would be relieved of the far too onerous burden of feeding and paying a Court and army, and a world of officials. Both countries, though deprived of their vast colonies, which rendered each too powerful and considerable to permit of their union, have still preserved valuable possessions, which require their united navies to defend and to preserve; whilst the mere fact of more than half the New World speaking their language, ensures a preference of trade and commercial connection in the southern hemisphere, with which even England can scarcely compete. It is thus as a maritime, rather than as a military power, that the Peninsula would resuscitate. And the union of the two crowns may be considered a necessary preliminary to their resuscitation.

But that the countries are ripe for this may be doubted. For, although Spain and Portugal would both gain, influential individuals and classes in both would lose. Two Courts and two armies amalgamating into one would thrust many a dignitary aside. The sovereignty of one country should necessarily be advanced to the sovereignty of both, and even though the king of the smaller had this fortune, still it would look like conquest, and be offensive to the pride of a nation. Moreover, it is the citizens and trading classes who would profit by such a union; and they, however they may form the majority, have not the influence or the confidence of such, the chief power in both countries having been now for years in the hands of the courtiers and the chiefs of the army. These are the very people who would lose most by the junction, and who would naturally be most averse to it. The hour, therefore, that is to secure the union of Spain and Portugal is not yet at hand.

Nothing, too, is likely to prevail in the Peninsula for some time, save that which wields material force. Thus the people may be masters at one time, and the soldiers may be lords at another. Both are of their nature violent and proud to extremes. And, indeed, as this is the Spanish character, the very civic classes partake of it, and are as little inclined to moderation, when they are masters, as the classes above and below them. A Spaniard has but one way of treating an enemy that of slaying him. Mr. Ford tells you, that Don Carlos's rule of shooting all the prisoners that came into his hands, was nothing either extraordinary or reprehensible. It was merely part of the Spanish character—*cosas de Espana*. But these *cosas* are neither more nor less than barbarisms. Any kind of political freedom requires that the victor should not only spare an enemy, but respect him. Constitutional government or liberty were as impossible under the Convention, when a politician guillotined his rival, as it was in England, when Cavaliers and Roundheads came to cut each others' throats.

There is now, we trust, a fair prospect of this system of mutual murder and proscription being put an end to. Some of the circumstances attending the present state of Madrid do not certainly

tell in favour of such hopes ; but a revolution cannot be accomplished without revealing something of the hideous and the foolish. Thus it has been the people of the capital, rabble and citizens intermixed, who fought in the barricades of Madrid, and who, more than O'Donnell, have compelled the Court to succumb. The rioters have indulged in some acts of vengeance. They took the Police Director, Chico, as well as his second in command and cruelty, and shot them both in a very summary manner. We can say in excuse, if such things can be excused, that if, in Paris, in July, 1830, there had existed an individual who had tortured and persecuted the people for so many years as Chico had done in Madrid, he would have found no mercy from the Parisians ; for it was not merely political offences that Chico persecuted and punished—he made himself often the instrument of private hate and jealousy, and he would thrust a man into a dungeon for months to gratify his private spleen, or avenge a proud and contemptuous look, no minister or tribunal daring to interfere. Chico was supported in his infamies by the Queen-Mother, of whom he was the devoted instrument, who bore a great portion of the odium which has accrued to that princess. The idea of trying or imprisoning her seems absurd and insane. But it is well recollected, that the revolution by which Narvaez overthrew Espartero was prepared and paid for out of the wealth which Christina had amassed abroad, and which she transmitted from Paris for paying the military insurrection. Hence it may be, that whilst Espartero and O'Donnell would gladly see her out of the country, and once more at her palace of Malmaison, the Progressistas in general may not be convinced of the prudence of allowing her to escape. And it may be the act of them, or some of them, and not the mere impulse of the Madrid mob, which refuses free egress to the equipages and the person of Maria Christina.

When the mob or even the people of a city can dictate to a Government, can mark out and strike down its own victims, it is evident this Government can only go on in one of two ways—either by humouring the popular caprice and the gratification of what most delights its vindictiveness, or by coming to a collision with the people and putting them down. In times of revolution, a man that has reached the head of affairs, must be either a Robespierre or a Cavaignac. A civilian has often no choice, he knows not how to repress ; but the military chief of an insurrection infallibly has recourse to bayonets, and in the present state of Madrid military repression is almost inevitable. If Espartero undertakes this task, his popularity, like that of Cavaignac, will vanish in consequence ; as the Progressistas are committed to repression, the Moderados, under such a man as O'Donnell, might take advantage of it, and succeed to power. Thus was it in France after 1848 ; the military leaders of the popular party were driven to use repression, by so doing lost popularity, and, losing that, were easily set aside by the Moderates. To respect the turbulence and exigencies of the mob, therefore, without forfeiting popularity with the citizens and enlightened

liberals, over the country and in its provincial towns, forms the difficult task of Espartero, of which it is to be hoped he will acquit himself with patience, firmness, and address.

The next difficulty is the army, in not having mastered and managed which adroitly, lay the cause of Espartero's having so egregiously failed, and having been driven from the Regency. His rule, both military and civil, was then found fault with as vulgar and dull. He kept the Queen-Mother away, and the young Queen under the tutelage of plain uncourtly persons. The young officers sighed for the splendour of the palace. Were Maria Christina Regent of the kingdom and of her daughter, it was said, such were a *régime* more agreeable to young officers, more conducive to their advancement, and more congenial to their chivalrous qualities. These were the motives that made dashing officers like Diego Leon rebel against Espartero. Though he failed, Narvaez succeeded. But instead of the young chivalry of the army finding what they expected, they found the revenues of the kingdom grasped by the Munozes, and the splendour of royalty shed on unworthy favourites. In short, the Moderados, military as well as civilians, became more sick of the Queen than they had been of Espartero, and the army, which had deserted him, has deserted them also, as we have seen, in course of time. And this certainly is a consideration that tells strongly in favour of the young king of Portugal. Of a family noted for its decorum and its virtues, he might keep such a court as Spaniards would like to frequent. Whereas Isabella, with a husband whom she and all the world condemn, can never have a court devoid of ridicule and scandal; and indeed it goes far to disgust Spaniards not only with Bourbons, but with kings and queens altogether.

As yet, Moderados and Progressistas, Espartero and O'Donnell, seem to have agreed very fairly, with respect to military appointments. They have been given to liberals and to Moderados alternately and in equal proportion. As for several years the appointment of officers has been in Moderado hands, it may be difficult to carry on this equality. The army is not liberally composed or officered, and such a general as Narvaez would find far more sympathy there, than Espartero. But the calling of the national guards of towns under arms, especially if wisely regulated, so as to exclude the idle and disorderly, will give to Progressista chiefs a force capable of counterbalancing the Moderado propensities of the majority of the army.

The principal difficulty, however, for the once rival parties now in conjunction to settle, is the law of elections; for in that consists the decision of where power shall lie. If the elections be fair, as the franchise includes the smaller townsfolks and proprietors, the Progressistas will be in a large majority. The Moderado strength lies amongst the *employés* of the State, and the upper and professional classes connected with them. It was only by narrowing the franchise and intimidating the popular elections, that the Moderados obtained the majority in the last Cortes. Indeed so effectual were their measures, that they formed not only the

majority, but evidently composed the Cortes. The Liberals were neither represented nor elected. The Constitution was for them an exclusion. And if now recurrence be had to the old Constitution, the Moderados will in time be totally excluded. Of course, what is desirable is a compromise. But how fix a term to it, or how persuade the citizens to be contented with less than their old rights? Besides the last trials of constitutional government were made by the Moderados, and had for result that the Queen set aside their parliamentary chiefs, and turned off Martinez-de-la-Rosa and Mon, just as unceremoniously as she got rid of Arguñelles and Calatrava. It is, therefore, now the turn of the Progressistas to try. For there is a law of alternation in free Governments, which demands that by fair means or by foul each side should have its period of ascendancy and its share of power.

According to the last accounts, it had been agreed to summon what is called a Constituent Cortes, which is a concession to the Moderados, as the Constituent Cortes form part of the old and liberal Constitution. At the same time the powers of the old Provincial Deputations have been revived. The two measures favour the tendencies of the moment, which are to disseminate power in the provinces, rather than centralize it in the capital. And the provinces, especially the remote ones, will perhaps make use of it, so as to establish a genuine federal system, in lieu of that which has hitherto prevailed.

One of the characteristics and difficulties of Spain is, that vitality resides either in the capital, or at the extremities. There are active spirits and strong opinions in Catalonia and Aragón, and Barcelona and Saragossa, as well as in the Basque provinces, and along the littoral of the north. Then again there are most combustible spirits in Andalusia and along the southern coasts, at Cadiz and Seville, and each seaport round to Valencia. But in the centre all is dead; the population of the Castiles and Estremadura are as indifferent to constitutional government, to progress and to political ideas, as the most transcendent Tory could desire. And there is no great city or town of the central region, with the exception of Madrid, that has an opinion. Thus it was, that when O'Donnell quitted Madrid, he was obliged to go to Andalusia to find support. He found no enemies indeed, in Castile, but he found no friends. Espartero and the Progressistas are evidently the popular personages on the north coast of Spain, the Moderados are strong in Andalusia, except perhaps at Cadiz. The lower orders, however, in both regions are turbulent and violent; and there is everywhere a class possessed of fortune and influence, and which is essentially Moderado, and which, in dread of the populace, would go even to the French length of a permanent dictatorship.

Fears have been expressed of the Spaniards forming a republic. By this is meant a republic after the recent French fashion. The elements of this are, however, utterly wanting in Spain. The basis of the French republic was the artisan class, sufficiently educated to think themselves able to make experiments in govern-

ment, and of even finding chiefs and professors in the more intellectual class of earners like themselves. The number of either of these is very few in Spain. No republic could be installed at Madrid that could withstand a charge of cavalry; nor even at Barcelona, where the ideas of the French democracy more prevail, could there be a hope of hoisting the blood-red flag under the guns of the citadel. The only republic possible in Spain would be a federal republic, like those of the United States, and of some States of South America.

The very mention of these Transatlantic essays at a republican form of government, leads one to augur ill of any similar experiment on the Peninsula. To federalise more—that is, to allow greater local authority and freedom to the provinces—is necessary. But this is best tried under a monarchy. For were the experiment of a republic seriously tried in Spain—not merely a red or democratic republic, but even of a federal one, in which the citizens and enlightened classes would have their due share of influence—the consequence would be the rise of the same kind of struggle which has taken place, and which still lives, in Mexico and the Plata—that is, the eternal war between the provinces and the capital, the federalists and the unitarians. Such a *régime*, instead of power and liberty, would produce Rosases and Santa Annas; and Spain, instead of progressing, would become an object of compassion, perhaps of ambition, and be the scene of intrigue for other and neighbouring countries.

The Emperor of the French, however, in the plenitude of his power, will tolerate no republic in Madrid, neither will he tolerate a Montpensier. If the Spanish liberals, therefore, wish to avoid contention with France, they will preserve Isabella and constitutional monarchy with her. This is the plain policy of the moment, and it seems that of both O'Donnell and Espartero. As long as these two chiefs remain united, no one can overthrow or stand before them. Narvaez knows this; and they know that their union alone can keep out and nullify Narvaez. Therefore they remain close friends and allies by imperative necessity, as well as, perhaps, by good feeling.

Another circumstance is arising at the present moment which should induce different parties to unite, and which must induce France and England to exert their utmost to give strength and unity to the governing power of Spain: this is, the menacing attitude which the American President all of a sudden assumes towards Cuba, the occupation of the maritime forces of France and England in the Black Sea and in the Baltic being thought, perhaps, to offer a good opportunity for American annexation. France and England could not but interfere to prevent such an aggression if Spain proved unequal to defend herself; and we should then have another distressing war to complicate the one in which we are already engaged. Wise conduct and wise councils at Madrid can alone obviate so untoward a result.

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.

BY CHARLES READE,

AUTHOR OF "CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE."

CHAPTER VII.

CORPORAL PATRICK was correct in his details; the Parish Register gave a very vague outline of Rachael Wright's history. Mr. Hickman had gone through the ceremony of marrying her; nay more, at the time he had firmly intended the ceremony should be binding, for his wife lay dying a hundred miles off, and Rachael had, at this period great expectations from her aunt, Mrs. Clayton. This Mrs. Clayton was the possessor of Bix Farm. She was a queer-tempered woman, and a severe economist; this did not prevent her allowing Patrick and Rachael a yearly sum, which helped to maintain them in homely comfort. And she used to throw out mysterious hints that, at her death, the pair would be better off than other relations of hers, who dressed finer and held their heads higher at present. Unfortunately for Rachael this aunt was alive at the period when Hickman's bigamy was discovered by old Patrick. The said aunt had never done anything of the kind herself, nobody had ever married her illegally, and she could not conceive how such a thing could take place without the woman being in fault as well as the man; so she was very cross about it, and discontinued her good offices. The Corporal wished to apply the law at once to Hickman; but he found means to disarm Rachael, and Rachael disarmed the old soldier. Rachael, young, inexperienced, and honest, was easily induced to believe in Hickman's penitence, and she never doubted that upon his wife's death, who was known to be incurably ill, Richard would do her ample right. So meantime she agreed to do herself injustice.

Mrs. Hickman died within a short time of the exposure; but unfortunately for Rachael, another person died a week or two before her, and that person was Rachael's aunt. No will appeared, except an old one which was duly cancelled by the old lady herself, in the following manner:—First, all the words were inked out with a pen; secondly, most of them were scratched out with a knife; lastly, a formal document was affixed and witnessed, rendering the said instrument null as well as illegible. This unfortunate testament bequeathed Bix Farm to Jack White, her graceless nephew. He had offended her after the will was made, so she annulled the will. The graceless nephew could afford to smile at these evidences of wrath; he happened to be her heir-at-law, and succeeded to Bix in the absence of all testament to the contrary. Hickman was with his dying wife in Somersetshire. The news about Bix reached him, and he secretly resolved to

have nothing more to do with Rachael. To carry out this with more security, the wretch wrote her affectionate letters from time to time, giving plausible excuses for remaining in Somersetshire; and so he carried on the game for three months after his wife was dead; he then quietly dropped the mask and wrote no more.

So matters went on for some years, until one day the graceless nephew finding work a bore, announced Bix Farm to let. Poor Hickman had set his heart upon this Bix, and as he could not have it for his own, he thought he should like to rent it, so he came up and made his offer, and was accepted as tenant. The rest the reader knows, I believe; but what iron passed through the hearts of Rachael and the old soldier all this time, that let me hope he knows not.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE events we have recorded had no sooner taken place, than a great change seemed to come over Mrs. Mayfield. She went about her avocations as usual, but not with the same alacrity; and her spirits were so unstrung, that every now and then she burst into tears. The female servants, honest country wenches that were not sublimely indifferent, like London domestics, to everybody in the house but themselves, seeing the gloom of the house, and Mrs. Mayfield continually crying who never cried before, began to whimper for sympathy, and the house was a changed house. Robert had disappeared; and they all felt it was a charity not to ask where, or to go near him for a while: all but the mother, who could not resist the yearnings of a mother's nature; she crept silently at a distance, and watched her boy, lest perchance evil should befall him.

Mrs. Mayfield then, after many efforts to go through her usual duties, gave way altogether, and sat herself down in her own parlour, and cried over all the sorrow that had come on the farm; and as all generous natures do, if you give them time to think, she blamed herself more than any one else, and wished herself dead and out of the way, if by that means the rest could only be made happy as they used to be. While she was in this mood, her head buried in her hands, she heard a slight noise, and, looking up, saw a sorrowful face at the door: it was Mr. Casenower.

"I am come to bid you good-bye, Mrs. Mayfield."

"Come to bid me good-bye?"

"Yes. All my things are packed up except this, which I hope you will do me the favour to accept, since I am going away and shall never tease you again."

"You never teased me that I know," said Mrs. Mayfield, very gently. "What is it, sir?"

"It is my collection of birds' eggs: will you look at it?"

"Yes. Why, here are a hundred different sorts, and no two kinds alike."

"No two kinds? I should think not. No two eggs, you mean."

"How beautiful they look when you see them in such numbers!"

"They are beautiful. Nature is very skilful; we don't take half as many hints from her as we might. Do you observe these eggs all of one colour—these delicate blues—these exquisite drabs? If you ever wish to paint a room, take one of these eggs for a model, and you will arrive at such tints as no painter ever imagined out of his own head, I know. I once hoped we should make these experiments together; but it was not to be. Good-bye, dear Mrs. Mayfield!"

"Oh! Mr. Casenower, I did not think you came to quarrel with me."

"Heaven forbid! But you love somebody else."

"No: I don't."

"Yes: you know you do; and you rejected me this morning."

"I remember I was rude to you, sir; I knocked a flower out of your hand. Does that rankle in your heart so long?"

"Mrs. Mayfield, it is for your sake I am going, not out of anger; you know that very well."

"I know no such thing, it is out of spite; and a pretty time to show your spite, when my heart is breaking. If you went to please me, you would wait till I bid you go."

"You don't bid me go, then?"

"It doesn't seem like it."

"You bid me stay?"

"Not I, sir. Don't let me keep you here against your will."

"But it is not against my will; only you seemed to hate me this morning."

"What signifies what I did this morning?" cried Mrs. Mayfield, sharply, "it is afternoon now. This morning they put me out; I wanted somebody to quarrel with; you came in my way, so I quarrelled with you. Now I have made you all unhappy, so I am miserable myself, as I deserve; and now I want somebody to comfort me, and you come to me: but instead of comforting me, all you can think of is to quarrel with me—oh! oh! oh!" This speech was followed by a flood of tears.

Casenower drew his chair close to hers, and took her hand, and promised to console her—to die for her, if necessary.

"Tell me your trouble," said he, "and you shall see how soon I will cure it, if a friend can cure it. Mrs. Mayfield—Rose—what is the matter?"

"Dear Mr. Casenower, Robert is in love with that Rachael—the farmer has insulted her, and sent her and her grandfather away—Robert is breaking his heart;—and all this began with a word of mine, though that blackguard Hickman is more to blame still. But I am a woman that likes to make people happy about me; I may say I live for that; and now they are all unhappy: and if I knew where to find a dose of poison, I would not be long before I would take it this day. I can't bear to make people unhappy—oh! oh! oh!"

"Don't cry, dearest," said Casenower; "you shall have your wish; you shall make everybody happy!"

"Oh, no, no! that is impossible now."

"No such thing—there is no mischief that can't be cured—look here, Rose, the old farmer is very fond of money; Rachael is poor; well, I am rich. I will soon find Robert a thousand pounds or two, and he shall have the girl he likes."

"Ah, Mr. Casenower, if money could do it I should have settled it that way myself. Oh! what a good creature you are. I love you—no, I don't, I hate you, because I see how all this is to end. No, no! we have insulted the poor things and set their hearts against us, and we have set poor Robert against the girl, who is worth the whole pack of us twice counted. They are gone, and the old man's curse hangs like lead upon the house and all in it."

"Where are they gone?"

"Newbury way."

"How long?"

"An hour and a half."

"In two hours I'll have them back here."

"Don't be a fool now, talking nonsense."

"Will you lend me your mare?"

"Yes! no! The old farmer would kill us."

"Hang the old farmer! Who cares for him? Is this your house or his?"

"Mine, to be sure."

"Then I shall bring them to this house."

"Yes, but—but—"

"You have a right to do what you like in your own house, I suppose. Why, how scared you look! Where is all your spirit? You have plenty of it sometimes."

"Dear Mr. Casenower, don't tell anybody, I have not a grain of real spirit. I am the most chicken-hearted creature in the world, only I hide it when I fall in with other cowards, and so then I can bully them, you know. I have Hecctored it over you more than once, and so I would again; but it would be a shame, you are so good—and besides you have found me out."

"Well! I am not afraid of anybody, if I can please you. I will ride after them and fetch them here, and if you are afraid to give them house-room, I will hire that empty house at the end of the lane, and this very night they shall be seated in a good house, by a good fire, before a good supper, within fifty yards of your door."

"Let me go with you. You don't know the way."

"Thank you, I should be sure to lose the way by myself; go and get your habit on. Lose no time. I will saddle the horses."

"How a man takes the command of us," thought Mrs. Mayfield. "I shall have to marry you for this, I suppose," said she gaily, shining through her late tears.

"Not unless you like," said Casenower, proudly. "I don't want to entrap you, or take any woman against her will."

The Mayfield coloured up to her eyes.

"You had better knock me down," said she. "I know you would like to," and, casting on her companion a glance of undisguised admiration, she darted upstairs for her habit.

Ten minutes later she was in the saddle, and giving her mare the rein, she went after our poor travellers like a flash of lightning. Casenower followed as he might.

CHAPTER IX.

It was a glorious evening: the sun, gigantic and red, had just begun to tip the clouds with gold, and rubies, and promises of a fine day to-morrow; the farm was quiet; the farmer's homely supper was set on a table outside the door, and he and his wife sat opposite each other in silence.

Mrs. Hathorn helped herself to a morsel; but she did not care to eat it, and, in fact, she only helped herself to encourage her husband to eat. She did not succeed; Farmer Hathorn remained in a brown study, his supper untasted before him.

"Eat your supper, husband."

"Thank you, wife; I am not hungry."

"Take a drop of beer, then."

"No, Jane, I am not dry."

"You are ill, then, John; you don't look well."

"I'm well enough, I tell you."

"You are in trouble, like many more in this house."

"Me? No: I never was happier in my life!"

"Indeed! What is there to be happy about?"

"Come, now, what is it?" cried the farmer angrily. "Out with it, and don't sit looking at me with eyes like a adder's."

"My man, you see your conscience in your wife's eyes; that is all the venom they have."

"You had better tell me Robert is in his senses to love that girl. I would cut my arm off at the shoulder sooner than consent to it."

"Would you cut your son off sooner?" said Mrs. Hathorn, with forced calmness.

"What do you mean?"

"You take very little notice of what passes, John."

"What do you mean?"

"Didn't you see what Robert tried for when the waggon started with them?"

"Oh, about his fainting! I could have kicked the silly fool if I hadn't been his father."

"Don't you think it is very odd he should faint like that; just under the wheel of a waggon?"

"Oh! when a chap swoons away he can't choose the bed he falls on."

"A moment more the wheel would have been on his head; if Thomas hadn't been lightsome and stopped the horses all in a

minute, Robert Hathorn would have been a corpse in this house."

"Well!"

"Well!"

The old man lowered his voice: "You had better tell me you think he did it on purpose!"

Mrs. Hathorn leaned over the table to him.

"I don't think it, John; I am sure of it. Robert never fainted at all; he was as white as his shirt, but he knew what he was about, from first to last. He chose his time; and when Rachael turned her head from him, he just said, 'Very well, then,' and flung himself under the wheel. What did Thomas say, who dragged him up from the horses' feet?"

"I don't know," said old Hathorn, half sulkily, half trembling.

"He said, 'That is flying in the face of Heaven, young master.' Jane heard him say it; and you know Thomas is a man that speaks but little. What did Rose Mayfield say, as she passed him next minute? 'Would you kill your mother, Robert, and break all our hearts?' You cried out, 'Go on—go on.' Robert said his foot had slipped; and made as though he would smile at me. Ah! what a smile, John! If you had been as near it as I was, you wouldn't sleep this night." And Mrs. Hathorn began to sob violently, and rocked herself to and fro.

"Then send for them back," cried the farmer, suddenly starting up. "Send, before worse ill comes—confound them!"

"They will never come back here. They are poor, but honest and proud; and we have stung them too bitterly, reproaching them with their hard lot."

"Where is he?"

"In the barn; with his face buried in the straw, like one who wouldn't speak, or see, or hear the world again."

"Perhaps he is asleep?"

"No, he is not asleep."

"Give him time; he'll come to when he has cried his bellyful."

"He shed tears? Oh, no! it is too deep for that; he will die by his own hand, or fret to death. He won't be long here, I doubt: look for dark days, old man!"

"Wife," said Hathorn, trembling, "you are very hard upon me: to hear you, one would say I am a bad father, and am killing my son."

"No—no—John! But we were too ambitious, and we have humbled the poor and the afflicted; and Heaven does not bless them that do so, and never will."

"I don't know what to do, Jane."

"No more do I, except pray to God: that is my resource in dangers and troubles."

"Ay! ay! that can do no harm any way."

While the old couple sat there, with gloomy and foreboding hearts, suddenly a cheerful cry burst upon their ears. It was Mrs. Mayfield's voice; she came cantering up the lane with Mr. Casenower; she dismounted, flung him the bridle, and ran into her

own house, where she busied herself in giving orders and preparing two rooms for some expected visitors. A few minutes more, and, to the astonishment of Hathorn and delight of his wife, the waggon hove in sight with Rachael and Patrick.

They descended from the waggon, and were led by Mr. Casenower into Mrs. Mayfield's house, and there, after all this day's fatigues and sorrows, they found a welcome and bodily repose. But Rachael showed great uneasiness; she had been very reluctant to return; but Mrs. Mayfield had begged them both so hard, with the tears in her eyes, and Patrick had shown so strong a wish to come back, that she had yielded a passive consent. When the news of their return was brought to Robert by his mother, he betrayed himself to her; he threw his arms round her neck like a girl—but in his downcast look, and dogged manner, none of the others could discover whether he was glad or sorry. He went about his work, next morning, as usual, and did not even make an inquiry about Rachael.

It was about twelve o'clock the next day, that Mrs. Mayfield observed him return from the field, and linger longer than usual in the neighbourhood of the house. She invited Rachael to come and look at her pet calf, and walked her most treacherously right up to Robert.

"Oh!" cried she, "you must excuse me, here is Robert, he will do as well. Robert, you take and show her my calf, the red and white one, that's a good soul, they want me in-doors." And in a moment she was gone, and left Robert and Rachael looking alternately at each other and the ground.

When Rose left these two together, she thought, innocently enough, that the business was half done, as far as they were concerned. She had not calculated the characters of the parties, and their pride. They were little nearer each other now than at twenty miles distant.

"Well, Rachael," said Robert, "I am glad you are here again; they were wrong to insult you, and now they are right to bring you back; but it is no business of mine."

"No, Master Robert," said Rachael quietly, "and it is against my will I am here."

With these words she was moving away, when Robert intercepted her, and, intercepting her, said, "Oh! I don't hinder you to stay or to go. The folk say a heap of things about you and me; but did I ever say a word to you more than civility?"

"No! nor would I have suffered it."

"Oh! you are proud; it suits your situation," said Robert, bitterly.

"A man and a Christian would think twice ere he reminded me of my situation," cried Rachael, with flashing eyes, "and since you can't feel for it, why speak to me at all?"

"I did not mean to affront you," said Robert, with feeling. "I pity you."

"Keep your pity for one that asks it," was the spirited reply.

"What! are we to worship you?"

"Misfortune that does not complain should meet some little respect, I think."

"Yes, Rachael, but it would be more respected if you had not kept it so close."

"Master Robert," answered Rachael, in what we have already described as her dogged manner, "poor folk must work, and ought to work; and as they won't let a girl in my situation, as you call it, do work or be honest, I concealed my fault—if fault it was of mine."

"And I call it cruel to let a man love you, and hide your story from him."

"Nay, but I never encouraged any man to love me; so I owe my story to no man."

"Keep your secrets, then," said Robert savagely, "nobody wants them, without it is Richard Hickman. I hear his cursed voice in the air somewhere."

"Richard Hickman!" gasped Rachael. "Oh! why did I come to this place to be tortured again?"

Richard Hickman had come here expressly to have a friendly talk with Mr. Patrick. Mr. Patrick owed this honour to the following circumstance:—

As the waggon returned to the farm, Thomas had stopped at a certain wayside public-house, in which Mr. Hickman happened to be boozing. Patrick was breathing threats against Hickman, and insisting on Rachael's taking the law of him, and sending him out of the country. Rachael, to get rid of the subject, yielded a languid assent; and Hickman, who was intently listening, trembled in his shoes. To prevent this calamity, the prudent Richard determined to make a pseudo-spontaneous offer of some sort to the Corporal and hush up the whole affair.

At sight of Hickman, the Corporal was for laying on, as our elder dramatists have it; but Mr. Casenower, who was there, arrested his arm, and proposed to him to hear what the man had to say.

"Well," cried Patrick, "let him speak out then before them all—they have all seen us affronted through his villany. Where is Rachael?"

So then the Corporal came round to where Rachael stood, pale as death; and Robert sat pale, too, but clenching his teeth like one who would die sooner than utter a cry, though many vultures, called passions, were gnawing the poor lad's heart at this moment; and to make matters worse, both Mr. and Mrs. Hathorn, seeing this assemblage, were drawn by a natural curiosity to join the group.

And here Mr. Hickman's brass enabled him to cut a more brilliant figure than his past conduct justified; he cast a sly satirical look at them all, especially at poor Robert, and, setting his back to the railings, he opened the ball thus:—

"I come to speak to Mrs. Mayfield; she says, 'Speak before all the rest.' With all my heart. I come to say three words to Mr. Patrick, 'Speak before all the rest,' says he; well, why not? it is

a matter of taste. Mr. Patrick, I have done you wrong, and I own it; but you have had your revenge. You have told the story your way, and the very boys are for throwing stones at me here, and you have set Mrs. Mayfield against me, that used to look at me as a cat does at cream."

"As a cat does at water, you mean—you impudent ugly dog."

"Keep your temper, my darling, you were for having everything said in public, you know. Well, now let us two make matters smooth, old man. How much will you take to keep your tongue between your teeth after this?"

Patrick's reply came in form of a question addressed to the company in general.

"Friends, since Corporal Patrick of the 47th Foot was ill amongst you, and partly out of his senses, has he done any dirty action, that this fellow comes and offers him money in exchange for good name?"

"No, Mr. Patrick," said Robert, breaking silence for the first time. "You are an honest man, and a better man than ever stood in Dick Hickman's shoes."

Hickman bit his lip, and cast a wicked glance at Robert.

"And your daughter is as modest a lass as ever broke bread, for all her misfortune," cried Mrs. Hathorn.

"And none but a scoundrel would hope to cure the mischief he has done with money," cried the Mayfield.

"Spare me, good people," said Hickman, ironically.

"Ay, spare him," said Patrick, simply. "I have spared him this five years for Rachael's sake; but my patience is run out," roared the old man, and, lifting his staff, he made a sudden rush at the brazen Hickman. Casenower and Old Hathorn interposed.

"Let him alone," said Hickman, "you may be sure I shan't lift my hand against four-score years. I'll go sooner," and he began to saunter off.

"What! you are a coward as well, are you?" roared Patrick. "Then I pity you. Begone, ye lump of dirt, with your idleness, your pride, your meanness, your money, and the shame of having offered it to a soldier like me that has seen danger and glory."

"Well done, Mr. Patrick," cried Hathorn, "that is an honour to a poor man to be able to talk like that."

"Yes, Mr. Patrick, that was well said."

"It is well said, and well done."

Every eye was now bent with admiration on Patrick, and from him they turned with an universal movement of disdain to Hickman. The man writhed for a moment under this human lightning difficult to resist, and then it was he formed a sudden resolution that took all present by surprise. Conscience pricked him a little, Rachael's coldness piqued him, jealousy of Robert stung him, general disdain annoyed him, and he longed to turn the tables on them all. Under this strange medley of feelings and motives, he suddenly wheeled round, and faced them all, with an air of defiance that made him look much handsomer than they had seen him yet, and he marched into the middle of them.

"I'll show you all I am not so bad as you make me out—you listen, old man—Rachael, you say that you love me still, and that 't is for my sake you refuse Bob Hathorn, as I believe it is, and the devil take me if I won't marry you now, for all that is come and gone." He then walked slowly and triumphantly past Robert Hathorn, on whom he looked down with superior scorn, and he came close up to Rachael, who was observed to tremble as he came near her. "Well, Rachael, my lass, I am Richard Hickman, and I offer you the ring before these witnesses—say yes, and you are mistress of Bix Farm, and Mrs. Hickman. Oh! I know the girl I make the offer to," added he, maliciously, "if you could not find out what she is worth, I could. Where are you all now?—name the day Rachael, here is the man."

Rachael made no answer.

It was a strange situation, so strange that a dead silence followed Hickman's words. Marriage offered to a woman before a man's face who had tried to kill himself for her but yesterday, and offered by a man who had neglected her entirely for five years, and had declined her under more favourable circumstances. Then the motionless silence of the woman so addressed—they all hung upon her lips, poor Mr. Casenower not excepted, who feared that, now Rachael was to be Mrs. Hickman, Robert might turn to Mrs. Mayfield and crush his new raised hopes.

As for Robert, he did everything he could to make Rachael say "Yes" to Hickman. He called up a dogged look of indifference, and held it on his face by main force. It is to be doubted, though, whether this imposed on Rachael. She stole a single glance at him under her long lashes, and at last her voice broke softly, but firmly, on them all, and it sounded like a bell, so hushed were they all, and so highly strung was their attention and expectation.

"I thank you, Richard Hickman, but I decline your offer."

"Are you in earnest, little girl?"

"Rachael," said Patrick, "think—are you sure you know your own mind?"

"Grandfather, to marry a man I must swear in the face of heaven to love and honour him. How could I respect Richard Hickman? if he was the only man left upon the earth, I could not marry him and I would not. I would rather die!"

Robert drew a long breath.

"You have got your answer," said Patrick, "so now, if I was you, I'd be off."

"If I don't I'm a fool. I shall go to my uncle, he lives ninety miles from here, and you'll see I shall get a farm there and a wife and all, if so be you don't come there a reaping, Mr. Patrick."

"Heaven pardon you then," said the old man gravely. "You are but young; remember it is not too late to repair your ill conduct to us by good conduct to others—so now good afternoon."

"Good afternoon, Daddy Patrick," said Hickman, with sudden humility. "Your servant, all the company," added he, taking off his hat. So saying, he went off. He had no sooner turned the

corner than he repented him of the manner of his going; so, putting his hands in his pockets, he whistled the first verse of "The Plough-boy," until out of hearing. As these last sounds of Hickman died away they all looked at one another in silence. Old Hathorn was the first to speak.

"That was uncommon spiritry to refuse Hickman," said he, bluntly, "but you have too much pride, both of you!"

"No, not I, farmer," said the old man, sorrowfully, "I have been proud, and high-spirited too; but it is time that passed away from me. I am old enough to see from this world into another, and from this hour to my last (and that won't be long, I hope), I am patient; the sky is above the earth; my child has had wrong—cruel, bitter, undeserved wrong; but we will wait for Heaven's justice, since man has none for us, and we will take it when it comes, here, or hereafter."

The fiery old man's drooping words brought the water into all their eyes, and Robert, in whose mind so sore a struggle had been raging, sprang to his feet.

"You speak well," he cried, "you are a righteous man, and my ill pride falls before your words; it is my turn to ask your daughter of you. Rachael, you take me for husband and friend for life. I loved you well enough to die for you, and now I love you well enough to live for you; Rachael, be my wife—if you please."

"She won't say 'No!' this time," cried Rose Mayfield, archly.

"Thank you, Robert," said Rachael, mournfully. "I am more your friend than to say 'Yes!'"

"Rachael," cried Mrs. Hathorn, "if it is on our account, I never saw a lass I would like so well for daughter-in-law as yourself."

"No, mother," said Robert; "it is on account of father. Father, if you will not be offended, I shall put a question to you that I never thought to put to my father. Have I been a good son or a bad son to you these eight-and-twenty years?"

"Robert!" cried the old man, in a quivering tone, that showed these simple words had gone through and through his heart. Then he turned to Rachael: "My girl, I admire your pride; but have pity on my poor boy and me."

"And on yourself," put in Mrs. Mayfield.

"May Heaven bless you, Mr. Hathorn!" said Rachael. "If I say 'No!' to Robert, I have a reason that need offend no one. Folk would never believe I was not in fault; they would cast his wife's story in his teeth, and sting us both to death, for he is proud, and I am proud too. And what I have gone through—oh! it has made me as bitter as gall—as bitter as gall!"

"Rachael Wright," cried the old Corporal, sternly, "listen to me!"

"Rachael Wright," yelled Casenower. "Oh! gracious heavens—Rachael Wright—it is—it must be. I knew it was an odd combination—I got it into my head it was 'Rebecca Reid'—is this Rachael Wright, sir?"

"Of course it is," said the Corporal, peevishly.

"Then I have got something for her from my late partners. I'll find it—it is at the bottom of my seeds," and away scampered Casenower.

He presently returned, and interrupted a rebuke Mr. Patrick was administering to Rachael, by giving her a long envelope. She opened it with some surprise, and ran her eye over it, for she was what they call in the county a capital scholar. Now as she read, her face changed and changed like an April sky, and each change was a picture and a story. They looked at her in wonder as well as curiosity. At last a lovely red mantled in her pale cheek, and a smile like a rainbow, a smile those present had never seen on her face, came back to her from the past. The paper dropped from her hands as she stretched them out, like some benign goddess or nymph, all love, delicacy, and grace.

"Robert," she cried, and she need have said no more, for the little word 'Robert,' as she said it, was a volume of love, "Robert, I love, I always loved you. I am happy—happy—happy!" and she threw her arm round Robert's neck, and cried and sobbed, and, crying and sobbing, told him again and again how happy she was.

"Hallo!" cried Hathorn, cheerfully, "wind has shifted in your favour, apparently, Bob."

Mrs. Mayfield picked up the paper. "This has done it," cried she, and she read it out *pro bono*. The paper contained the copy of a will made by Rachael's aunt, a year before she died. The sour old lady, being wrath with Rachael on account of her misconduct in getting victimised, but not quite so wrath as with her graceless nephew, had taken a medium course. She had not destroyed this will, as she did the other, by which graceless nephew was to benefit, but she hid it in the wall, safe as ever magpie hid thimble, and dying somewhat suddenly, she died intestate to all appearance. This old lady was immeasurably fond of the old ramshackly house she lived in. So after a while, to show his contempt of her, graceless nephew had the house pulled down; the workmen picked out of the wall the will in question. An old servant of the lady, whom graceless nephew had turned off, lived hard by, and was sorrowfully watching the demolition of the house, when the will was picked out. Old servant read the will and found herself down for 100*l*. Old servant took the will to a firm of solicitors, no other than Casenower's late partners. They sent down to Rachael's village; she and Patrick were gone; a neighbour said they were reaping somewhere in Oxfordshire. The firm sent a copy of the will to Casenower as a forlorn hope, and employed a person to look out for Rachael's return to her own place, as the best chance of doing business with her. By the will 2000*l*. and Bix Farm were bequeathed to Rachael.

"Bix Farm! Three hundred acres!" cried Hathorn.

"Bix Farm—the farm Hickman is on," cried Rose Mayfield. "Kick him out, he has no lease. If you don't turn him out neck and crop before noon to-morrow, I'm a dead woman."

"The farm is Robert's," said Rachael; "and so is all I have to

give him, if he will accept it." And though she looked at Mrs. Mayfield, she still clung to Robert.

Robert kissed her, and looked so proudly at them all! "Have I chosen ill?" said Robert's eyes.

CHAPTER X.

WHEN everybody sees how a story will end, the story is ended. Robert and Rachael live on their own farm, Bix; Corporal Patrick sits by their fire-side.

People laugh at Mr. Casenower's eccentricities; but it is found unsafe to laugh at them in presence of Mrs. Casenower, late Mayfield.

I think I cannot conclude better than by quoting a few words that passed between Mrs. Hathorn and Corporal Patrick, as they all sat round one table that happy evening.

"Rose," said this homely good creature, "I do notice that trouble comes to all of us at one time or other; and I think they are the happiest that have their trouble (like these two children) in the morning of their days."

"Ay, dame," said the Corporal, taking up the word, "and after that a bright afternoon, and a quiet evening—as mine will be now, please God!"

Friendly reader (for I have friendly as well as unfriendly readers), I do not wish you a day without a cloud, for you are human, and I, though a writer, am not all humbug. But, in ending this tale, permit me to wish you a bright afternoon, and a tranquil evening, and, above all, a clear sky when the sun goes down.

MARY MINE.

By all the flowers that scent the gale,
By all the stars that shine,
By every dewdrop on the dale,
I love thee, Mary, mine!

By daisy-dotted knolls of turf,
By cedar, and by pine,
By forest-moss and ocean-surf,
I love thee, Mary, mine!

By sacred hill, by sainted rill,
By holy font and shrine,
By seraph-haunted woodland still,
I love thee, Mary, mine!

By thoughts all beautiful and bright,
By feelings all divine,
By life and death, by day and night,
I love thee, Mary, mine!

W. Y. BROWN.

MR. FIXBY'S VISIT TO SKYE.

COMMUNICATED BY DALTON.

PART II.

THE "Argyle," an inferior inn to which we were driven by the crowded state of the hotels, had, nevertheless, much to recommend it, especially a very active, intelligent and intelligible landlord, one who submitted to the severest cross-examination respecting the way up Ben Nevis without a spark of petulance, or a symptom of fatigue. At first it was, of course, quite impossible to effect the ascent without a guide; we should never reach the top, or we should never reach the bottom; we should be lost in the fog, or tumble over a precipice; it was not to be done, &c. But, by degrees, the impossibility melted away; if the weather held fair, we might succeed. Accordingly, in the morning, furnished with a soda-water bottle half filled with Long John's "particular," a few sandwiches, and a profusion of directions, we set off to make the essay alone. And this, good reader, if, that is, you are a good tourist as well as a good reader, I most emphatically advise you to do always—never take a guide! For my own part, I would rather pay a man, as the habit of some is, to shoot my game, hunt my dogs, ride my horse. I would rather, in short, perform all that vicariously which gives interest to sport, energy to character, than go in leading-strings through the wilds of nature, and lose that honest excitement and proud feeling of self-reliance, which it is the legitimate province of adventure to arouse. By an adherence to this rule, you will occasionally lose some time, and encounter some unnecessary labour; but if time and labour are not to be spared, why your honour had better stick to the rail, or stay at home.

After Mr. Albert Smith's Mont Blanc, Mr. Fixby's Ben Nevis may read perhaps a little tamely; but, nevertheless, for the benefit, if not of posterity, at least of those who may come after us, I shall venture to describe briefly the climbing of that day. We quitted the town by its northern extremity, and passing the fort itself, which has very much the air of a workhouse, we proceeded for about a mile along the high road, till we reached the bridge that spans the Nevis. Having crossed the stream, we turned immediately through a gateway on our right, and followed a good path which, skirting a small copse by the river side, terminates at a clump of very wretched cottages. They stand upon the border of one of those extensive peat-fields that almost invariably are found spread, far and wide, around the bases of the mountains, and afford a shelter, such as it is, to a happy family of pigs, poultry and squalid children. Right before us rose a range of hills, which form, as it were, the outer bulwarks of the

mountain keep. The intervening bog was soon crossed, and our bearings having been taken with sufficient care, we commenced our ascent on what sailors, I believe, term the larboard tack. A convenient hollow was visible to the left, and after a long and severe burst, we passed through it and found ourselves on what may be called the first-floor of Ben Nevis. It was a sort of platform on which lay, tossed in the wildest disorder, enormous rocks detached from the heights above; some of these stood boldly up like the hulls of stranded vessels; others were more than half sunk in dark pools, the colour which, not to speak it disrespectfully, reminded me a good deal of Guinness's Dublin Stout. We now began to cast about for the great land-mark—the key and clue to the position—a certain lake. Right before us it lay, and soon became visible on our ascending the rising ground in front. Crossing the shallow stream that issues from its mouth, we picked our way along the left-hand margin of the lake, while above us rose an enormous wall, from the further extremity of which the loftiest peak shoots up.

Half the length of the lake was accomplished, before we attempted the second portion of the ascent. Two ravines in the rocky barrier which closed us in had attracted our attention, down each of which a “wee burnie,” springing from its patch of snow, ran its rapid course. They were half a mile (possibly more) apart, and serving as well-defined boundaries, we determined to start from the bottom of the one, and “shoulder” away to the head of the other. We ought, as we subsequently discovered, to have proceeded at once to the further and larger one; and on crossing it, we should have found indications of a zigzag track running by its side right up to the summit of the great dome—story the second—a position which we attained after severe exertion, by a more direct, indeed, but far more hazardous course. The chief risk was to be apprehended from the large loose stones, up and among which we had to scramble, and which, constantly dislodged by our progress, thundered down the steep descent with the force of a catapult. Upon one of these crags I incautiously threw my entire weight: it tottered, and the pull of another pound would probably have brought it down; a shattered limb must inevitably have been the consequence. In other respects, the ascent thus far, though fatiguing, can scarcely be said to be either dangerous or difficult. Here, however, perplexities are apt to accumulate; if, indeed, the weather be fine, you see before you the second dome, upon which the cairn, or “old man,” as the “lakists” term it, is raised to mark the highest spot. In the event, which is far more likely to occur, of your being enveloped in dense fog, this is by no means easy to arrive at. The way, however, is indicated by certain small heaps of stones placed about one hundred and fifty yards apart and of the shape of which it is most important to take especial note, inasmuch as you have nothing else, except your compass which ought to be carefully consulted, to determine the direction of your return; and this, be it observed, is the main thing to provide for. Guided by

these landmarks, you advance for a considerable distance along the nearly level shingle, then turning to the right, you have to descend again in order to pass the hollow between this eminence and the topmost peak.

Of the view from the summit I shall not pretend to say anything, for, to confess the truth, long before we approached it, thick mists had gathered round and shut out the expanse of magnificent scenery, bright snatches of which had been caught during the ascent to the lower dome. And pray, asks Mrs. Fixby, what can possibly be the use of risking your neck and tiring yourself to death, to arrive at a spot where you can see no more than from Holborn Hill in the middle of November? Nay, good Mrs. F., but there is always a chance, always a hope of a clearing off. These vapours do at times rise and roll away with surprising suddenness, and the traveller finds himself in the centre of a panorama that smites him dumb with admiration. Indeed, I hold it to be an undoubted fact that the man who has never in his lifetime stood on some lofty mountain's top, and felt the emotions that are engendered there, has not fulfilled his "mission." He has not learnt to know himself. There are depths within him which have never been stirred; there is a capacity of enjoyment to which he is a stranger; there is a chord of his soul which has been ever mute; there is a certain sense which he has suffered to lie dormant and undeveloped. He is as a man who has never revelled in the odour of spring flowers; a man who has never thrilled at the concord of sweet sounds; a man who has never tasted turtle!

But to descend—and be it known that the descent of Ben Nevis is of a character precisely the reverse of that of Avernus—it is in the course of the descent that disasters are commonly encountered, and it is no very unfrequent occurrence for an inexperienced young gentleman to find himself, at the close of the day, in some gloomy glen a dozen miles or so distant from his hotel. Fatal accidents occasionally occur; we heard of two of comparatively recent date. In one instance, a young man, a teetotaller, anxious to show what vigour was to be derived from the "cup which cheers, but not inebriates," made a race with his companions; his foot slipped, and though the place where he fell was none of the steepest, he was dead when discovered by his friends. In the other case, it was the strength, not of the water, but, it is to be feared, of the whiskey, that caused the mischief; the unfortunate sufferer, who was perfectly familiar with the track, and was even at the time acting as guide to a party, fell over one of the highest precipices and was dashed to atoms in an instant. Great caution, indeed, is necessary, and a very attentive observance of the landmarks, in order to retrace your steps to the head of the ravine, down which an easy path conducts you to the lake. Arrived here, everything ought to have been easy enough; but from an omission to note the precise gap through which we had mounted to the grand plateau, the last stage proved, after all, the most hazardous. We fell into the common error of despising

the enemy, and, selecting a stream as a guide, commenced making our way somewhat heedlessly to the plain. By degrees the heather, which afforded tolerably good footing, grew scant, and the slippery grey rock protruded from the soil; the stream became a cataract, roaring and leaping more madly at every turn; still on we went, clinging to the stunted herbage, and dropping from rock to rock, till we found ourselves on the edge of a precipice some forty or fifty feet deep, down which the burn dashed at a bound. To continue our course was quite impossible; any movement to the left was equally so; retreat was hardly to be thought of; one chance remained—to leap the waterfall, and endeavour to scramble down the declivity on our right, the nature of which was completely hidden by a prominence it was first requisite to turn. Here fortune stood our friend; the stream was safely crossed, and in a few minutes we regained the heather, from which point our progress to the dismal swamp below was smooth and rapid—the only fear being, lest a trip over a concealed stone should make it rather too much so. Drenched, but by no means fatigued, we made our inn about six o'clock.

The capital dinner provided by our host of the “Argyle,” was hardly dispatched, when our apartment was invaded by a “band of fierce barbarians from the hills,” the overflowing of the market room, and such a jabbering ensued that I have rarely heard equalled. Such a smoking of pipes too, was there—such a calling for whiskey and drinking of healths—each man grasping his friend by the left hand as he quaffed—significant hint of the social qualities of their forefathers—that how I found my way to my bed I hardly remember. Grateful then, indeed, proved the cool breeze upon the water as we ferried across the lock after a night spent among the fumes of tobacco and the odours of Long John. The weather continuing unfavourable, we contented ourselves with an easy walk along the southern bank of Lochiel to the inn at Glenfinnan; a far better plan would have been to have pushed on over night to a small inn—name forgotten or unknown, by the side of the Giant's Staircase, and to have started in the morning, well victualled, for a walking excursion round Lock Arkeg, overlooking which once stood the castle of the gentle Lochiel; and then, by a turn to the left across the mountains, to have come down upon the mustering place of the clans.

A column, chiefly remarkable for the adroit wording of its inscription, marks the spot where Prince Charles unfurled the standard of rebellion—as the event proved it to be! It is a beautiful and striking scene, and the young Pretender showed his taste, whatever may be said of his judgment, by the selection. The day's work being over early, I thought it a good opportunity to put into practice a little scheme which had been hugged in secret from the commencement of the tour. As an angler, one of some repute by the river Lea and the Paddington Canal, I felt it a duty not to quit Scotland without an essay at trouting. I owed it to myself, to my fellow-members of the Golden Gudgeon club, not to do so. Much dismayed looked my

austere friend, who was bent upon scaling some of the surrounding heights, at the proposal; but quickly recovering himself, he yielded the point with a cheerfulness that occasioned me remorse at having urged it. Fortunately my success was not such as to lead to any after trials of his self-denial. I killed a trout—one—and was satisfied; its precise weight I do not feel called upon to divulge, but it was not extraordinary.

It was towards the close of a fine breezy day that we reached the point of Arasaig, a rocky promontory that walls in as inhospitable a looking bay as ever tourist gazed upon. It is indeed a rugged and a desolate place, uninhabited, uninhabitable; wherever the eye turns, seaward or landward, the cold grey rock protrudes, not in lofty groups but in broken and detached masses, from the restless wave and the black peat; it looks as though some Titan of old days had been employing himself, out of sport or spite, in demolishing a mountain or two, and scattering the huge fragments into the bay beneath. Sheltered by a mass of stone from the cutting wind, we awaited patiently the arrival of the Skye steamboat, which, advertised at two, was expected at four, and came in sight at about six o'clock. Our tedium, indeed, was greatly relieved by a conversation with a couple of Highland farmers, who, like ourselves, were on the watch for the approach of the boat, a most important event, inasmuch as, with the exception of the hill-fed mutton, every necessary of life, even bread baked in the ovens of Glasgow, is brought by this conveyance to these remote shores.

I was not a little struck by the utter want of feeling exhibited by our agricultural friends, men evidently of a superior class, for the sufferings of the wretched peasantry. We spoke of the great changes recently introduced into the Highlands, of the conversions of small holdings and arable farms into enormous sheep walks, and of the consequent evictions of the poorer tenantry.

"I am told," said I, "that these emigration schemes were received with great unwillingness by the cotters, and that not unfrequently violence was needed to dispossess them."

"Aye, aye," was the reply, "whey, the verra last clearing we made on my farm, the old man would na stir from the chimney corner, till we fired the roof above his head."

"But surely," I urged, "this wholesale exportation could hardly have been necessary,—might not these poor people have been taught to support themselves without proving an encumbrance to the landlord?"

"Support themselves! they could do that well eno' and pay a rent to boot; it was no that—but *parties had other views.*"

And such is the way in which the almost fabulous attachment of the Highlanders to their lords has been appreciated and rewarded! A century or two ago, when the "bonneted chieftains" held their own and other people's property by sword and spear, a *following* was of some value; and they reared clansmen as they now rear sheep; but the times are changed;—the baton of Inspector Buckett is surer fence against fraud and foray, than the targe and claymore

of all "Clan Alpine's warriors true," and the latter accordingly are discharged, exiled, bundled off like worthless worn-out stock, dismissed like the supernumeraries at the close of an Easter piece. "Dwell in the land and thou shalt be fed," says the Psalmist. "Not a bit of it," says my Lord Glentoddy, "you don't dwell here—you don't pay! that is, you don't pay so well as mutton;" and a thousand homes are rendered desolate, and a thousand families driven off, with the same calculating coolness that Squire Hohnail ploughs up an old common, or grubs an unsightly hedge. "Oh! but it is a vast improvement to the property; besides they get on so much better in Canada," says the Macgruffin. I hope they do! meanwhile thews and sinews are beginning to look up; and it is not impossible that these "parties" may find cause to regret that they did not direct their efforts to the civilizing and instructing their tenantry, to the lodging them like human beings, and to the developing energy and industry among them, rather than to the furtherance of "other views," which may leave them lords, in name, of uncultivated, unprofitable wastes, where the flocks have perished for the want of tending, and the game, more grievous still, has become the prey of the uncertificated marauder.

The arrival of the boat put an end to the discussion. We had a wretched passage to Broadford. It blew fresh, and the deck of the vessel was crowded with articles of upholstery, to a degree that induced a suspicion that some eccentric individual had taken a lease of Skye, and was about to furnish the island entirely afresh. The cabin was equally crowded, and the night passed wearisomely. About seven, next morning, we reached the little jetty, which, together with three or four cottages and one inn—a very good inn, too—constitutes the aforesaid port of Broadford. A profuse breakfast sent us on our way rejoicing.

The road to Loch Sligachan, whither we were bound, presents many very beautiful views. Skirting the indented coast, it discloses unnumbered islands, varying in size from the bare rock which, scarcely supplies pasturage for a dozen sheep, to the broad disc large enough for a German Principality—at one time the eye rests upon a cluster of cottages, picturesque enough in the distance, but which appear, on a nearer approach, miserable habitations indeed, some without windows, some without chimneys, some without either; at another, with a very different feeling, it scans the gallant little fleet of herring vessels, shrouded with their drying nets, and riding at anchor in the Sound. A fisherman, who joined us on the road, gave but a melancholy account of the inhabitants of the Hebrides; he stated them to be, and our observation in a measure confirmed what seemed an impossibility, worse lodged, worse fed, and worse cared for than the poorest dwellers on the mainland. The only natives, in fact, who showed themselves in good case, were the oysters which our friend pointed out, left by the receding tide on the great bay of Ainort, across which we were making a short cut. Producing some oatmeal cakes, we enjoyed, accordingly, a luncheon of rather a *recherché*

character, wanting in nothing but a bottle of Stout, to have been perfect.

On regaining the road at the further extremity of the bay, our companion hinted that there was a shepherd's path to Sligachan, shorter by three miles than the route we were pursuing, and pointed out its commencement on the hill side. This was the very thing for which we craved; somewhat weary of the Queen's highway, we had been long looking wistfully at the heights that towered above us on the left, so, bidding our obliging informant farewell with an eagerness not quite in accordance with the best breeding, we shook the dust, mud I should say, from our feet, and took to the heather. For some time our path ran parallel, though with a rapid ascent, to that we had quitted, then winding up a glen, the head of which formed the summit of the pass, it crossed to the side of a vast conical mountain, which, from its superior altitude, seemed to rise alone from the plain. Hitherto the walking had been moderately easy, but we quickly perceived, as our track unfolded itself, winding like a thread round the steep slope before us, that nerve and activity would be needed to follow it. To compare great things with small, let the reader imagine himself descending the dome of Saint Paul's by a shelf about six or eight inches wide, twisted round the exterior after the manner of patent corkscrews, and he will form a tolerably correct notion of the task that awaited us. The danger, however, whatever it might be, was not of a character to be enhanced by its effect on the imagination; the grassy surface of the precipice served in a great measure to divest it of its terrors, and precluded that extremely unpleasant sensation which a glance down a deep abyss so commonly induces. Nevertheless great caution, to say nothing of perfect self-possession, was needed to keep our footing along that narrow ledge, broken, too, as it constantly was, by watercourses, across which it was necessary to leap or scramble; a single slip—and, soft and verdant as the mossy slope appeared—

“Not all the king's horses and all the king's men
Could have put Mr. Fixby together again!”

The great advantage of approaching Loch Sligachan by this pathway, independently of the excitement of the thing and the saving of distance, is the fine view thus attained of the chief group of the Cuchullins. It rises immediately opposite, bold and isolated, the complete outline standing out sharp against the sky, with every gloomy hollow and every pointed *aiguillette* distinctly visible at a glance.

Inn Sligachan is an important establishment, affording accommodation for an unlimited number of guests, and at prices which, though my friend said, in his mirth, they were Skye high, he more soberly admitted to be perfectly reasonable, the circumstances considered. From the landlord, a fine hearty young fellow, we obtained at once the necessary directions for reaching the great gem of the Hebrides, the celebrated Lake Coruisk. His recommendation to take a guide being withdrawn almost as soon as uttered,

a yet further concession was demanded. We were particularly desirous of ascertaining the existence of a pass, mysterious rumours of which had reached us, by which the promontory at the mouth of the Loch might be rounded, and a return effected, *vid* Torrin, to Broadford. The distance appeared but inconsiderable on the map, and a day would be saved. Our good-humoured host looked very grave at the proposition. It was madness to attempt any such passage; the cliffs were absolutely precipitous, and the waves dashed against their base—there was no track—no possible means existed of making our way by the sea coast; he begged us to abandon all idea of such a thing, but admitted, at the same time, that, could the promontory in question be once turned, the remainder of the journey, though a portion of it would lie across the pathless mountain, might be achieved. This admission ruined him! the importance, the absolute necessity to the shepherds of some way of surmounting this barrier was so obvious, that I felt persuaded of its existence. There must be a path either over the barrier or round it. Well, then, there was a sort of path winding round the coast, but it contained “a dangerous step.” And of what description might this be? Our host had travelled it but once, and could only say that it was a narrow ledge of rock overhanging the sea—the thing was to be done—he looked at our boots and thought that possibly we might do it, but it required a good head, and was far better avoided.

The rain came heavily down next morning, and the mist hung thick upon the mountains, and we were in consequence deterred from making the early start we had contemplated, and which was almost essential to the success of the enterprise we had in view. Our good friend recommended us to wait for a “whole day,” an expression meaning, as we ascertained, a day entirely free from rain, about four of which phenomena per annum fall to the lot of the Skylanders. Declining this indefinite postponement, we started about eleven, and struck at once upon a rude pathway running up Glen Sligachan. A certain conical hill, some five or six miles off, but apparently within half that distance, was pointed out to us as a landmark. The road was rough beyond any we had yet encountered; the burns, too, were full and came roaring down across it, completely covering the stepping stones, and necessitating every now and then a dash “in and out clever;” in two instances these torrents were so wide and deep that the passage was not effected without danger. Two hours, or something more, had elapsed ere we reached the point where we were to quit the beaten pathway and cross the glen; it was immediately after fording the second brook of the larger kind. We then bore away to the right, twice fording the river that had been meandering by our side, and made for the base of our conical guide. The most convenient spot for crossing the ridge is marked by a couple of stone heaps, standing like door-posts on the summit; a considerable advantage to the returning traveller, inasmuch as the point of passage is far less easy of recognition from the further side. Leaving the eminence I have so often mentioned on our left, we ought to have descended

at once in an oblique direction to a small tarn, and, following the stream which issues from its mouth, we should have reached, by a very direct route, the wondrous lake of which we were in search. Perplexed, however, by the mysterious disappearance of a mounted party of which we had hitherto kept ahead, instead of descending, we kept to the left along the line of heights which separates the two valleys.

Meanwhile the clouds were gathering fast; the rising wind gave note of warning; huge masses of mist came rolling on, and a few large drops were dashed in our faces. It was perfectly clear that we were to be treated to a mountain storm. Nor was it long a-brewing; in a few minutes sky above, and loch below were shut out completely from sight. There was a moaning among the hill tops, which deepened rapidly into a deafening roar; the rain was hurled in torrents against the old weather-beaten rocks; sudden gusts swept through the gullies, and almost bore us from our legs. For some time we struggled on, endeavouring with desperate exertions to regain the track we had evidently lost; but the increasing density of the vapours, the blinding shower, and the nature of the ground becoming more perilous at every step, brought us at length to a stop. Our situation was not the most enviable one. There we were in the heart of the Cuchullins, cowering under a crag with precipices on every side, the tempest raging at its worst, and a thick darkness over all. The most trying circumstance was the inability to stir, to make an effort to extricate ourselves; to have done so, indeed, would have been, as we subsequently perceived, almost certain destruction. Happily the storm passed off with even greater rapidity than it had come up. Patches of sky soon became visible through the mist, while far down below us an occasional gleam and glitter indicated that we were standing immediately above the Loch Coruisk itself.

There is a sloping slab of reddish stone, lying by the water's edge, from which the best view, if that from the heights above be excepted, of this spot, so wonderful and wild, is to be obtained. Before we reached it, the atmosphere, by a most timely turn of fortune, had become entirely clear, and every outline of the vast amphitheatre stood sharply out, with marvellous distinctness. A rocky screen hid from us the adjoining ocean; on either side, lofty peaks towered up direct from the depths of the lake; at a distance the dark Cuchullin group, like castings in rich bronze, filled up the background: the whole scenery, indeed, from its peculiar colouring, and especially from the almost entire absence of vegetation, had a singularly *metallic* appearance; the very loch lay heavy and motionless in its bed, like a vast reservoir of molten silver.

We had but little time to linger by that gloomy shore, and but little time was needed. Loch Coruisk is one of those spots which make an instantaneous and complete impression on the memory; the picture is compact and perfect; once seen, it is seen for ever! We were soon a-foot again, and proceeding to cast about for some trace of the mysterious path by which we were to effect a retreat from this picturesque, but rather inconveniently-situated location.

At some distance, in the direction of the mouth of the loch, an opening in the cliff was visible, which seemed to conduct to the sea side, and through which we rightly concluded our road must lie. For some little time we stumbled and scrambled onwards, following a scarcely-perceptible track among the crags, and indulging in various conjectures respecting the nature of the much-talked of "dangerous step." Hereabouts, although I did not think it necessary to proclaim the fact, I began to feel a little nervous; thoughts of Mrs. Fixby intruded, of her distress on learning that her husband had become the prey of Scotch lobsters; of the very unbecoming costume it would be necessary for her to don in consequence. Meanwhile the path became considerably more hazardous, but the difficulties were surmounted as they presented themselves, and we half hoped that the worst of the "dangerous step" had been seen, when a sudden turn brought us in front of a steep rock rising almost perpendicularly from the sea, and apparently barring all further progress. By degrees, the precise nature of the risk we had to encounter became manifest; that rock, bare and well nigh as steep as an artificial column, was to be crossed. At first sight, indeed, the feat struck us as being simply impossible. There seemed nothing but a convex surface, perfectly smooth, and, as I have said, almost perpendicular, on which to plant the foot; on closer examination, however, there appeared a small, riband-like ledge or cleft, about six inches wide, which, taking an upward direction, disappeared round a projecting angle of the cliff. Upon this it seemed, so far as we could see, just possible to stand; still, it was difficult to imagine that human beings could be in the habit of adopting a pass, scarcely secure for a goat or a chamois. That such, however, was the case, became clear from the traces of nailed shoes just distinguishable on the surface of the stone. In short, the crisis of the day's adventure was at hand—"the dangerous step" was before us! The principal difficulty was found in effecting a lodgment on the ledge I have described; once there, it was not really a hard thing for a person of moderate activity to advance slowly upwards, and, cautiously rounding the extremity of the barrier, to effect a descent upon the broken crags on the other side. Nerve undoubtedly is requisite to make the passage in safety, and above all, a good head, (I ought rather, perhaps, to say a good stomach,) for once upon that narrow slip, to recede is quite out of the question, to pause is hardly less perilous; and with your shoulder rubbing the rock and your body overhanging the precipice, against the foot of which the waves are surging, a moment's dizziness were fatal.

From this point the heat and burden of the day may be said to have commenced. A long and fatiguing walk along the shore of the bay brought us opposite the solitary farm-house of Camasunary, the excellent occupier of which is not, it is hinted, particularly desirous of the visits of intelligent tourists, nor given to an excessive display of that virtue, so earnestly recommended to, and so eminently conspicuous, in my lords the bishops. Crossing a river which, as the tide was rolling in, was no easy matter,

we passed the mouth of Glen Sligachan, and leaving the cold-looking little homestead on our right, set ourselves with right good will to breast the rising hills in front. Round the shoulder of mighty Ben Blaven we toiled laboriously, bearing away, as much as might be, to the left, till in the opening valley, and beautifully situated in a spot overlooking the broad waters of Loch Slapin, we descried a mansion of considerable pretensions. This, as we anticipated, turned out to be the residence of a certain Doctor M'Allister, whose hospitality and kindness have won for him a name that might have graced the Golden Age. His fame is universal—in Skye. It is proclaimed, *semper, ubique, et ab omnibus*.

We were compelled to strike through his domain, but as the sun was getting low, and we had yet some ten miles to accomplish, we tarried not, but pushed on by the capital high road which skirts the bay. Another river, the waves of which reached the hip, together with several smaller streams gorged by the rising tide, had to be forded ere we reached the hamlet called Torrin; had we been half an hour later, we should probably have been unable to make our way across the swamp by which this place is approached. And, gracious heavens, what a place it is! what squalor, what misery, does it display! Ladies and gentlemen who flutter their cambric at Exeter Hall, who weep for the darkness of Heathendom, and send Bibles, and blankets, and converted Israelites to the uttermost parts of the earth, should bethink themselves of a mission to Torrin. British labourers, who maintain that a poor man cannot be worse off than he is, and who look upon "an order for the House," as condemnation to the lowest depths of misery, should pass a month there—a week might do. Curious admirers of Regent Street Earthmen, Milesian Kafirs, and Waterloo Place Wigwags, should proceed thither at once, per steamer, and they would witness a genuine exhibition of human wretchedness and degradation, that the wilds of America, or the lagoons of Africa could scarcely surpass.

Quitting this sad collection of huts and hovels, we pursued the road through a district which, in gloom and repulsiveness, yielded to none we had ever traversed. On either side we were hemmed in by stagnant pools, and rank beds of rushes. Across our path, now that the shades of night were settling fast, crawled lizards, toads and creeping things innumerable. Every now and then a plump of teal, a heron, or a wisp of snipe, disturbed at our approach, would startle us as they rose almost at our very feet. The morass itself was bounded by low bare hills, whose outline was scarcely to be distinguished from the murky sky beyond. Nor was the hand of man wanting to make the scene of desolation perfect. Here and there were to be traced the dismantled homes of the ejected poor; roof and roof-tree gone, nothing left but the blackened hearth, and stone walls, with their tapestry of soot!

One building in particular attracted our attention. Its extent and style indicated some advance in civilization; traces of a flower-garden were visible; there was a rude attempt, too, at orna-

ment to be detected in the broken masonry, a striving after something more than a mere retreat from "summer's heat and winter's snow," that rendered its ruined state all the more pitiable.

It was eleven o'clock when we reached Broadford, and most acceptable proved the supper (of herrings, as a matter of course,) that there awaited us. On the following afternoon we crossed the ferry at Kyle Rhea, intending to enjoy an easy day, and take our rest at Glenelg; but the inn proved so repulsive and so deficient in the victualling department, that, late as it was, we determined to push on the additional nine miles, and sleep at the well-known station at Loch Sheil. Here, nestled in one of the most beautiful of the Highland valleys, the rich luxuriance of which contrasted most forcibly with the surrounding desert, we found an inn of considerable promise. One possibility, indeed, had not occurred to us—that of its being full; such, however, to our dismay, proved to be the case. There was no room whatever; there was no bed, there was no loft; the sofa was bespoke, the dining-table was occupied, the kitchen was crowded; there was another house about eight miles on, perhaps we might find accommodation there. Thus much was gathered from the dirty and disagreeable old woman who, reluctantly, had opened the door. We entered, ordered tea, explained the absolute impossibility of proceeding further at that hour of the night—it was about ten—and left the said dirty and disagreeable old woman to her remedy. Protestations, remonstrances, howlings followed, but found us quite imperturbable. All was at a dead lock. When, lo! the *Deus ex machina*, a divinity in the guise of a pretty dark-eyed girl, appeared suddenly and resolved the difficulty in an instant. A comfortable meal should be prepared forthwith, and mattresses and blankets should be arranged for us on the floor of the public room; nothing could be simpler.

The guests had already begun to withdraw, and we were soon left alone with a party of three young gentlemen, who produced short pipes and seemed disposed, a little to our inconvenience, to make a night of it. The picturesque costume of these individuals, their constrained demeanour, half-shy, half-suspicious, and especially their conversation, which, so far as it was audible, seemed to run mostly upon "Moderations," Æschylus, and eight-oars, proclaimed them Oxford undergraduates. There is certainly a *naïve* arrogance peculiar to university *men*, which those who are unaccustomed to college habits find it a little difficult to endure. It would appear to be a sort of distemper which youth must undergo, but which, like measles, unbecoming while it lasts, leaves no ultimate blemish, and is rarely dangerous, except where it terminates fatally in a fellowship. In the three cases before us, the eldest patient had nearly recovered from the attack, another was suffering but slightly, but the third, a plain little fellow, whose face might have been quite clean, although it did not look so, was very grievously afflicted.

It was not a little amusing to watch the proceedings of the three, which we had an opportunity of doing during the following

day; the convalescent conducted business, examining bills and laying out the route—his friend, a fine handsome young man, “didn’t care a screw” for these matters. It was his rôle to enact the model pedestrian, and he certainly dressed the part to perfection. In the morning he appeared in panoply; over one shoulder was slung a telescope; a leathern purse, about the size of a small carpet bag, depended from the other; a cord, passed across his breast, held a capacious spirit flask, well matched by the cigar case peeping from one of the shooting-pockets of his jacket. A bowie knife, of formidable character, gleamed by his side, as he took his breakfast; and a compass, to say nothing of some dozen other articles, the utility of which was not so apparent, glittered on his watchchain. His knapsack, as may be supposed, was a wonderful construction, half dressing-case, half portmanteau, secured by innumerable straps and buckles, which it took about half an hour to arrange. As for the little gent, him of the doubtful countenance, whom my friend pronounced to be evidently a “Hall” man, he trotted behind, and seemed the butt and Ther-sites of the party.

From what has been already said on the subject, the reader will have gathered that the weather during our trip was not of the most favourable description; and about this time it became, to say the truth, well nigh insupportable. In short, we grew weary of living in waterproof capes, of wading through morasses to catch glimpses of murky scenery, and still more, of toiling along the high roads, (and high indeed some of them are,) seeing nothing but the driving rain. One morning, therefore, the possibility of cutting short the tour was timidly hinted at by Mr. Fixby—the propriety of doing so was next suggested by his friend—both rushed suddenly and simultaneously to the natural conclusion, and, within half an hour, we were bending our footsteps resolutely homewards. That night we slept at the capital inn of Glengarry, and taking boat next day on the Caledonian canal, steamed down pleasantly to Fort William.

Of the sea voyage to Glasgow, I shall say nothing. Of the eternal herrings for breakfast, of the crowded canal boat, of the waggish gentleman who never took breakfast aboard a steamer, objecting to the application in culinary matters of the commercial principle—small profit and a quick return—of the mass of fog which they told me was the Isle of Bute; of the pitching and rolling and quivering and fizzing of the vessel—of such things I have some floating and vague remembrance. But the very attempt to mark them more distinctly, produces a heaving in my head and a ringing in mine ear, and gladly I turn to the honest Glasgow bodies whose good cheer soon restored me to health and self-respect.

At the George and Soho we fared sumptuously; the chief waiter, he might have been the proprietor in disguise, was evidently a connoisseur in cookery, and expatiated on the various dishes with considerable taste; our chamber was lofty and luxuriously furnished; and our bill, *quod omnium rerum est ultimum*,

was very moderate—the dinners figuring therein at two shillings, and the beds at eighteenpence a-piece.

We found but few objects of architectural interest to engage our attention, with the exception of the Cathedral, the University, and the chimneys. On entering the first, I was not a little amused at the simple-minded politeness of the presbyterian doorkeeper. As a matter of course, I uncovered my head—the gentleman did the same for an instant, and bowed.

"Pray, sir, keep on your hat," said he, observing that I retained mine in my hand, "you see I do"—and the good man seemed quite concerned at my declining to avail myself of his kind permission.

Meanwhile my friend, who had at last mounted his hobby, rose in his stirrups and gave her her head; away she went, for two mortal hours, over groined roof and monumental brass, over column, arch and corbell, down into crypts, up into roodlofts, leaving myself and my unceremonious attendant breathlessly behind.

"This of the fourteenth century!" muttered the rider, "pooh! nonsense!—that Norman! stuff!—look at the moulding!—this a part of the original edifice! ridiculous! why there is a coat of arms carved on the ceiling," etc. etc.

And in this manner did he proceed ruthlessly to confute, and scatter to the winds all the various dates with which the building was plentifully labelled. For my own part, not being particular to a century or two, and not being learned in the law by which these matters are decided, I slipped away and amused myself by endeavouring to sketch a piece of curious carving that had formerly supported one of the leaden gutters. It represents the undying worm with his fangs fixed upon the brow of the condemned.

That evening we set off for town, and I found as I paid my five-and-twenty shillings for the excursion ticket, (the same boon being conceded to Glasgow as to Edinburgh,) that of ten pounds which had garnished my purse at starting, two and sixpence remained, not I think, all things considered, a very unsatisfactory result.

And here I lay down my pen. If, in the space of these few pages, I shall have conveyed any information to the enquiring tourist, any encouragement to the timid and decision to the irresolute, if I shall have made but one vagabond the more, I shall not have taken it up in vain. One word of warning to the gentle married reader, and I conclude. Let him not, when moved by the perusal of this true history—who has himself set out and done much, and done more, and done it better, and has quaffed his sherry in proud satisfaction at his achievements—let him not go home to his expectant spouse without the shawl—as I did.

ADVENTURES OF BENJAMIN BOBBIN THE BAGMAN.

BY CRAWFORD WILSON.

CHAPTER IV.

"THE LUNATIC'S CYNOSURE."

"MR. O'CONNOR paused at this part of his narrative, as the coach drew up at the Maryboro Hotel, for a change of horses. We had passed through the Curragh of Kildare, the scene of his unfortunate companion's losses, some couple of hours before. He did not resume his tale until we had left the town behind us, and were upon the high road for Mountrath. As the old gentleman still slept, Mr. O'Connor again leaned forward, and thus continued.

"Now the mistress was a beautiful creature, and he was mighty fond of her—he had good cause, for she was like an angel to him. She knew of course that the horse was to run, but her mind was easy, for the master had told her that he was only going to bet a trifle on the race. God help her! 't was well for her she did not know what his wagers were. When she seen him coming up the avenue to the door, she runs out, as she always did to meet him, and to give him the *ceade mille fealtha* that he was always sure of. But this day when she came up to him, she stopped short, for it was not the same face she looked upon, that she once fell in love with. Joe and I slunk away as quietly as we could, for we were afraid to see her crying. He never said a word to her, until they got into the parlour, and then he up and told her that he had won the day. Women can see a long way, and she would not believe it at first, until he laughed, and swore it was true. But his laugh was so terrible that she thought he must be sick, and sure enough he said he was, that the excitement had been too much for him, so he took her arm and went up to bed. When she thought he was asleep she lay down beside him, leaving the candle lighted in case he might want her assistance during the night.

"To make a long story short, she awoke in the middle of a doze; she had felt him kissing her cheek, but she did not open her eyes, determining to see as soon as possible what he was about. He was standing by the side of her bed half dressed, and she felt that something must be wrong—he went over to the dressing-table where the candle was, opened a writing case he always kept in the room, and began to write a letter. She made no noise, but got quietly out of bed, and went over to him, to tell him that she was afraid he'd take cold. By this time he had finished his writing—a something clicked on her ear, she saw in the glass what it was—with a wild cry she rushed at him, flung her arms round his neck—shook his hand—at the same moment a pistol was discharged, and the bullet pierced her heart. The report brought us all to the room, I was the first to break open the door, for I had it on my

mind all the evening that he'd be for destroying himself somehow. When we entered, there he stood, with the pistol in his hand, and the mistress dead and bleeding on the floor. He never said a word, but looked like a born fiend, first at her and then at the pistol—we put on his clothes—he made no resistance—and were taking him away—when his eye fell upon the letter he had been writing—I saw what was on the top—it was “my beloved and much-injured Eliza;” but before I could read more he tore it into pieces—laughed like a madman, and thrust the fragments wildly into his mouth. We tried to stop him, but could not—he swallowed them all. When I saw that, my heart fell down inside of me, for I knew that when that evidence was destroyed, a trial must go hard with him. For our own sakes we put him into his chaise, and delivered him up to the authorities—we all knew he did not kill her purposely; but we had no other course to follow.’

“‘Was he tried,’ I asked as the rough steward paused, evidently from a desire to subdue his rising emotions.

“‘God help him, he was,’ he answered, ‘but as he was as mad as a March hare, they of course could make nothing of it. At the inquest the coroner thought, and so did the jury, that it happened as I told you; but he persisted himself in saying that he had murdered her. At the trial he was acquitted of the crime, but was sent immediately to the Lunatic Asylum, near Dublin, the friends of his wife giving every charge concerning his safe keeping. For two-and-twenty years he has been confined, and during most of that time I have been with him: when his mind became settled again he was sent away. You see what he is now, but you cannot imagine what he has been. I’m taking him down now to *her* family in Limerick—the change may do him good.’

“‘And the house?’ said I.

“‘No one ever lived in it since; the people all think that it’s haunted: and as no care has been taken of it, it looks as though it and its former owner were running a race, as coachy said, to see which would be first in the dust.’

“‘Is he quiet now?’ I inquired.

“‘Oh! like a lamb,’ said Mr. O’Connor; ‘the only starts he ever takes is in thinking that something will tell him when he is to die. He has a deal of learning, and believes in the stars.’

“As I made no remark upon the strange story thus related, Mr. O’Connor and Coachy Joe entered into a conversation upon the subject nearest the heart of the latter. I felt no desire to join them, and knowing that they would be better matched side by side, I offered to resign my seat in favour of the former gentleman as soon as we should stop to change horses at Mountrath. He thankfully accepted my offer, and in less than ten minutes the change was effected.

“I then found myself, for the first time, by the side of the unfortunate being whose recklessness, and the calamities attendant thereupon, had so lately been the objects of my interest. He had been aroused by the bustle of changing seats and horses; and, as I looked upon his strange eyes and reverend beard, I determined

that the fault should not be mine if he did not unbosom himself more fully to me before the morning broke.

"I had a flask in my possession.

"Hullo, Riordan,' cried one or two, as that gentleman gave a start at the mention of the flask, 'was it yours he had?'

"No; it was not Riordan's! It was not that legacy left by a departed uncle; but it was very like it. Well, having shared its contents with him, I opened the fire, by asking him casually, whether he were a stranger in that part of the country.

"He withdrew his gaze from the heavens, upon which it had been fixed since he had returned me the little glass I usually carried for the purpose of dividing my healthful doses carefully. A shadow seemed to have passed over his face when he looked at me; he pressed his forefinger thoughtfully to his temple for a moment, and then said,

"No—I have not been—but yes—yes, I surely must know this place; but it seems greatly changed. My friend told me we were to travel this—Oh! to be sure,—I have been here before.'

"He spoke undecidedly, and in disjointed sentences. The last few words were said slowly, and a sigh that followed them made me regret that I had asked the question. As I felt myself that pressing the subject further must be torture to him, I immediately turned the conversation into another channel.

"We discoursed for a time upon various subjects; and I was rejoiced, as well as surprised, to find that, gradually as we proceeded, he warmed, and his countenance assumed a lively expression. He seldom looked at me, but sat as he spoke with his arms folded across his chest, and his eyes riveted upon the torches of the sky. I was much enlightened whilst listening to a brilliant discourse relating to the heavenly bodies, so logically set down, that I feel assured Mr. O'Connor was not far astray when he said he believed in the stars, for he must assuredly have made astronomy one of his favourite studies during some portion of his chequered life. Be that as it may, a couple of hours passed swiftly away, and my journey was rendered an exceedingly pleasant one.

"One portion of his conversation lives vividly in my memory; and if I am not trespassing too much upon your patience, gentlemen, I shall be happy to narrate it."

A unanimous wish that he should proceed, if he did not himself feel fatigued, was the immediate response.

Mr. Lomer continued:—

"I am, not,' said my companion in the closely-buttoned frock, 'what I have been; I am altogether changed; I am a different being, both in mind and body. The life of man is made up of strange and incongruous materials. Pleasure, Hope, Joy, Success, Pain, Despair, Sorrow, and Misfortune forcing themselves alternately into the little space of time allotted him for seeing the sun, and seeking out a resting-place in the loathsome charnel-house. Mine has been a strange and varied existence; but the ills, I am sorry to say, have forced the blessings too often to kick

the beam. Had we all our lives to live over again, I often ask myself, should we act differently? Common sense argues that we ought; but Experience—that hoary prophet, who takes his being from the death of past deeds, and ever points with his chastening hand at follies in the prospective that may be shunned, but are not—proves that we should not. Man is essentially a creature of passion; sound judgment and his nature are antagonistic. And why is it so? Because Wisdom is not a child of Earth, she is a dweller amongst yonder stars. Folly and Absurdity are our portion; the legacy has been bequeathed to us by our first parents. We note it with pain in our children, as it grows with their growth, and strengthens with their strength.'

"He paused a moment, placed his hand to his forehead, as if to collect his ideas, and then turning full upon me his pale face, which seemed almost spectral in the glare of the moon, asked me abruptly,

"Are you a believer in dreams?"

"My answer did not seem at all satisfactory to him. I merely said that I had but little faith in them. He gazed fixedly at me for a moment, and then shaking his head mournfully, said,

"You will change your opinion, young man, before you are much older.'

"Again his hand to his head. This time the expression of his countenance was decidedly one of pain. He clenched his teeth and breathed heavily.

"I ventured to ask him, whether he felt unwell.

"No, no, no," he replied, eagerly; and then, in a lower tone, 'I'll tell you what it was. Closer—closer still; the vulgar must not hear it. It was the whisperings of Destiny. I uncover my head to her divinity.'

"So saying, he removed his hat, presenting to my view a head partially bald, of the most noble proportions, and fringed with long silvery hair, that trembled lightly in the chilly breeze. He lifted his eyes, as if in mental supplication to the spangled concave above us; and as I gazed in admiration at the striking picture, I felt that I could fully enter into the feelings of those respected antiquaries who wander for amusement and research among the crumbling monuments of bygone ages, which arise in all the sublimity of hoary grandeur, amid their own cheerless ruins, giving to the world an idea of what they once had been.

"And you don't believe in dreams?" he said, carefully weighing every word, and still looking upward. 'I am older than you, and I do; mark that. Have you faith in the agency of the stars?' he asked, after a momentary pause. 'Do you believe that Fate is their minister?'

"I have not studied the glorious theme," said I, 'sufficiently to make you an answer.' I feared to say no; you may judge from what cause.

"I see you are an unbeliever, young man," he continued, calmly. 'I pity you from my soul. Listen! The star of my nativity is now in the ascendant. To-night it shines brightly.

You cannot see it ; and even if you could, its language would be mute to you ; you would not be able to note its peculiar aspect.' He became silent. I feared that the thread of his thoughts was entangled, and that symptoms of the malady from which he so long had suffered were again busily at work. I heartily regretted that I had changed my seat ; but the deed was done, and I dared not then venture to make another move. I felt nervous, the more so when he laid his thin white hand confidentially upon my arm, and, bringing his face closer to mine, said in a low tone, ' You shall hear *my* dream.'

"I was in a fix. Like a king at chess, check-mated where his castle had stood, I had but two moves. One was into the arms of my besieger, the other—off the board. As I knew that the latter course would subject me to a heavy fall upon a hard road, I determined for the time to hold my ground warily, and resume my place beside the coachman at the first available opportunity.

" 'I like your face,' he resumed, in a low tone ; ' it is frank and open. I like your flask ; it has an invigorating tendency. Have the goodness to share its contents with me again.'

"I did so willingly. He relished it greatly.

" 'Thank you,' he said ; ' that refreshes me. Now, there is one thing about you that I *do not* like.'

" 'Indeed ! what is that ?' I asked, nervously.

" 'Your want of faith in dreams ; your ignorance of the stars. The latter are the rulers ; the former the mirrors of our destinies. At times they may distort the truth, but they have always their righteous ends. My dreams do so at times ; yet have I confidence in them. They possess over my mind the same influence, and awaken in my breast as sacred an awe as did the oracle with the ancients. To what have they ever tended ? To the power of one star. I see it again to-night. There it is !—it beckons me. Now, what do you augur from that ?'

"My breath was inhaled with difficulty. His eyes were peering closely into mine. I felt my heart palpitate in an unwonted manner. I knew not what answer to make ; but said, tremulously,

" 'I regret that I am no diviner of signs.'

" 'I read your soul,' he rejoined. 'It is a large one. So is mine. There exists an affinity between our spirits. I know it. They may yet be blended together. The same star rules us, although our fates are distinct. You marvel at my words ; I feel that you do ; yet are they true,—true as the unalterable vault above us, that sparkles with dazzling meteors. I dreamt, that the night upon which that star beckoned me would be my last. It has done so within the hour. I must obey its call. A short time will decide the question. If I have spoken falsely, remain an unbeliever ; if on the contrary, change your faith. Farewell !'

"He grasped my hand fervently as he spoke, and then withdrawing from his breast a written paper or manuscript, which had doubtless been commenced many years before, yet preserved with

the greatest care, he handed it to me, saying, still in a subdued tone,

"Read that when we part. It is a disjointed narrative of my life. It may be a guide to you. Take warning by me. You are young in the crafts of the world. Continue so. Farewell!"

"He replaced his hat firmly upon his head, folded his arms tightly upon his breast, leaned back against the luggage on the top of the coach, and was fast asleep in five minutes.

"I was perfectly petrified at what had passed. A madman beside me, his bequest in my possession, and I as yet uninjured! Could he be in reality asleep? He seemed so, for he snored lustily. I called the attention of the man in the frieze coat to a part of our late conversation, but said nothing of the paper. He bade me not to mind him, said that such was his way, and that, notwithstanding his wanderings, he was perfectly harmless. I replied that my position was far from being pleasant, and that if he would permit me to resume my seat on the box, he would be placing me under an especial obligation. He immediately acquiesced. We changed without more ado; and as I felt myself once more comparatively safe, I thrust the manuscript into my pocket, and fell into a doze.

"When next I opened my eyes, the torch-bearers of the night-queen had extinguished their lights. Morning had opened her curtains in the east, for the passage of the rising sun. Zephyrs kissed our cheeks, but their breath was chill. I glanced at coachy Joe; he nodded a good morning. The position of my eccentric companion of the night was still the same, his keeper, Mr. O'Connor, being also wrapped in a heavy slumber. We were about to enter a large town, when the shrill blast of the guard's horn gave token that he was at the moment no sluggard. The sound upon the clear air was sharp and loud; it awoke the echoes around us, and the proprietor of the frieze coat behind us, but had no effect whatever upon the tall, thin man.

"Your friend sleeps soundly," I said, after having returned his morning salutation.

"Oh, he does so generally," he answered, "but I'll soon wake him up." Saying which, he laid his hand upon his shoulder, and shook him rather harshly. The only effect produced by the attempt was the falling of the sleeper's arms from their folded position. They hung strangely, and in right angles before him. Another shake, and the hat fell off. "Hallo!" cried the keeper (for such I afterwards learned was his vocation), "what game is up here?"

"I stretched across, and lifted one of his bony hands; the touch was sufficient.

"Good Heavens!" I ejaculated, as it fell heavily upon his thigh; "his dream was a truth. The man is dead!"

"The utmost excitement and consternation prevailed within and without the coach. The poor old lunatic, who had shared my flask, delighted me with his early conversation, and ultimately affrighted me with his strange faith in dreams, had verified his

own inconceivable prediction: 'The night that my star beckons me shall be my last!'

"He was removed from the coach by O'Connor, at the town we were entering, at the moment of the discovery, a fallen monument of life's uncertainty. Apoplexy was doubtless the cause, and the pain that drew his hand so often to his forehead during the latter portion of our conversation, was evidently a premonitory symptom of his approaching dissolution.

"Again the horn rang out, and we rolled away from the hotel, leaving behind us that peaceful candidate for a solitary niche in the unnumbered 'catacombs of eternity.' We left him to the care of his faithful keeper, and the verdict of a coroner's inquest. Of my own faith in dreams I shall not venture to speak, nor yet shall I question yours. Gentlemen, my glass is empty, and my story told."

CHAPTER V.

"ELEMENTARY EDUCATION."

ALTHOUGH we were swiftly verging towards that "witching hour of night, when churchyards yawn,"—(*vide* "Hamlet" for the continuation)—not one of us appeared inclined to take old father Time by the forelock, ere he cast another day into his capacious wallet—by seeking the sweet companionship of the sheets. Cigars had, since nine o'clock, assisted the majority of the company in the consumption of their wine; and as fresh ones had been lighted by some three or four gentlemen, I determined, although somewhat fatigued by my journey, and considerably elated by my slight potations, to remain, whilst a friendly cloud continued to be blown. A call upon Mr. Riordan for one of the many anecdotes with which his brains were stored, met with unanimous approbation; and as he was by far too much experienced in such social campaignings to keep his allies long in suspense, he stretched his limbs a little more in the horizontal position, and thus began:—

"I am not gifted, gentlemen, with the talents that, like the tale of King Richard the Second, might 'send my hearers weeping to their beds,' nor do I at the present moment wish to be the owner of them. Neither shall I

"Converse of worms, of graves, and epitaphs,
Make dust my pillow, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth!"

I have no such ambition; but if it prove agreeable, I shall feel delighted in giving to you a slight account of my early days, my scholastic reminiscences, and the strange chance upon which the fate of my life has turned.

"No one present has ever been favoured with a sight of the Garden of Eden, therefore your opinions of that place must have been hypothetically formed. But, answer me this, have any of you ever been to Ireland?"

"I have," from half-a-dozen tongues or more, answered the question.

"Then you know that the Garden of Eden was only a kitchen garden compared to it; or if you don't know it, allow one that does to assure you of the fact. They were both laid out upon the same principle,—Eden first, Ireland afterwards; but the second edition has been revised and improved—"

"Considerably abridged also," suggested Lomer.

"Granted," continued Riordan, without a smile; "abridged of its parliaments, and its right to distil poteen. But no more of that; those glorious privileges shall yet be restored, and the days of my ancestors revived."

Having delivered himself, with due emphasis and discretion, of this prophetic and somewhat patriotic speech, and inserted both his thumbs in the arm-holes of his extensive waistcoat, he continued—

"Fergus O'Riordan was my grandfather—"

"How is it, then, that the 'O' is not prefixed to your name," asked one, "if your grandfather gloried in it?"

"My dear inquisitive friend, the reason is, or ought to be, sufficiently obvious. No Saxon tongue could get round the 'O,' for it was a round and a large one; so, in pity for the national failing, and out of veneration for the great departed, who revelled in the honour conferred by that luscious vowel, I detached it from my surname, but determine to have it on my tombstone.

"This ancestor of mine owned, together with the 'O,' as large a heart, as jolly a soul, and as whiskey-proof a constitution as were ever allied within one upright tenement of the best home-made manufacture. He was very fond of me, taught me my catechism, and how to cross a country after the hounds. He also took a pride in teaching me the rudiments of Latin, and the right way to handle a patent hair-trigger; but his chief delight existed in giving me practical lessons in my prayers, and initiating me into the noble mysteries of mixing punch. In short, he was a man of unlimited accomplishments.

"When in the hunt, his tally-ho o'ertopp'd the huntsman's call,
For few could ride, could fight, or drink, with him of Riordan Hall;
With six red bottles 'neath his belt, he'd cross a five-foot wall,
And on his knife at twenty yards he'd split a pistol ball,
Like a jovial Irish gentleman, as of the good old times."

When Mr. Riordan had relieved his feelings by singing the above-quoted lines, in pious respect to the shade of his grandsire, he applied one corner of his handkerchief to one eye, and the full tumbler to his lips, as if to drive away some supposed intruder, and thus continued:—

"I was, as you may imagine, extremely attached to him, and as the liking was reciprocated, we were constant companions. But a day of separation arrived, and I was sent to school. He missed me very much, especially of an evening; and I missed him also, for he allowed me a great many perquisites, although my office

was a perfect sinecure. That from which I derived the greatest emolument was keeping a strict reckoning of the number of tumblers of punch he drank after dinner. I had a penny for every one he mixed, so that I might be careful and correct in my calculations; and the pennies, as I received them, were to lie, by a standing rule, at my side, but furthest from him, on the table. His limit was eighteen, and my business was to see that he never permitted himself to exceed that number. Whenever I made a mistake, by slipping a piece or two surreptitiously into my pocket, in order to make my earnings the greater, that remarkable old man was sure to detect me; and by way of a severe punishment, and for the purpose of giving me a positive token of his disapprobation, he used immediately to give me a sixpence extra, and send me to bed. But the good, kind soul never sentenced me to suffer alone, for he usually imposed a heavy penalty upon himself; and in proof of his sorrow at my short-comings, he would sit alone, and drink an extra tumbler for every penny he had given me. I have said I missed him; I leave you, gentlemen, to judge how much."

Another application of the handkerchief, and a heavy sigh, spoke the burthen of his grief, ere he resumed his narrative.

"Well, I was sent to school, but that was not at all to my taste, the more especially as it was a boarding-school. My spirits became exceedingly depressed. I made few acquaintances, but was constantly employed in thinking of home, and how my dear grandfather could possibly manage to get on at his whisky and water, without his juvenile secretary and Ganymede. He must have made fearful mistakes; I felt it—and mourned the unjust cause.

"Lessons were puzzles to me that my mind could not unravel; and my brain seemed gifted with the peculiar qualifications so useful in a sieve, for whatever I learned was gone again in a moment. I had a great deal to contend with. The boys saw that I was dull, and being precocious in their annoying propensities, they contrived, by way of amusement, to make my sorrows a subject for their mirth. The masters were surprised at my stupidity, and liberal in their punishments. Like all gentlemen of the same class, they seemed determined to get sense into my composition by some means; when they failed to drive it in at the top, they adopted the other expedient. I am free to confess that, whatever I learned at that school, was owing to the latter process.

"One day, the chief master, annoyed at my idleness, obstinacy, or some such cause, asked me, in despair, what I was fit for?—what I could do? I answered him boldly, that I could ride a race, bleed a horse, follow a hunt, strike a shilling from between his fingers at twenty paces, or mix whiskey punch with any lad of double my age in Ireland. But the dolt could not see any evidences of genius in any of my qualifications, and bade me count my misdeeds by the canings I received. A practical illustration was then afforded me, but I found it beyond my powers to calculate the numbers. I tried it for a time, but it did not possess the charms of my former vocation. I ceased to count, and the canings

were doubled. Flesh and blood could not bear it; so I resolved at last to make a bolt of it, and run.

"I speedily put my resolution into practice, but was unfortunately taken in the act, by the senior boy of the school. He was whispering fond tales of love to a rustic milkmaid beyond the wall of the school; and as I innocently dropped, as I thought, upon the ground, from my airy elevation, it so happened that I dropped between them. My very blood boiled, as I, a lad of eleven, found myself dragged along towards the gate, by a herculean Milesian of nineteen. I struggled fearfully; but I was only as a reed in his hands. He gave me into the custody of the tutors, was complimented for his detective qualities, whilst I was confined and flogged for desertion.

"My prison was the general dormitory. For a week I was alone, my thoughts tending all to vengeance against Cunningham, for he was the destroyer of my peace. I knew that he was stronger than I was; but I also recollected that science, judgment, and determination were the stepping-stones to power. I resolved upon righteous retribution, gave up my tasks, and took my canings thankfully. I gloried in them; they inured me to blows, and, profiting by their daily administration, I got myself speedily into fighting condition. I fought with his proxy (that, let me inform you, was his pillow) for hours, labouring hard at every stroke, and grimly smiling at every punch I bestowed upon my yielding opponent. I was surprised at my exercises (not Latin, but pugilistic), one afternoon, by the head master. He thought I must have been mad; so, having gazed at me for a moment in amazement, he asked me what I was at? I answered him gruffly,

" 'Getting well up in my lesson.'

" 'Oh, indeed!' said he; 'and is that the way you do it?'

" 'Invariably,' answered I; 'it gets me into better training.'

" 'Oh!' he said, abruptly quitting the room, 'a change will refresh you.'

"I looked after his receding figure, wondering what the change might be; but I was not long left in suspense, for he speedily returned, and with him my Ajax-like foe. I did not tremble, not even at the appearance of the cane, but glanced at Cunningham, and from him to the pillow. It was at the top of some boxes at the end of the room, as high above me as I calculated his head ought to be, with a bundle of clothes at the back of it to shield my knuckles from the wall. That glance was assuring. I had not deceived myself in the height; the last indentation was precisely in the centre, corresponding, as far as altitude and proportion were concerned, with the bridge of my opponent's nose.

" 'Horse him up!' shouted the master, 'gymnastic exercises are at times beneficial for active constitutions.'

"Cunningham advanced eagerly to obey, but, with the force of a catapult, my clenched fist struck him between the eyes, and, like another Romeo, he took 'the measure of an unmade grave.'

"The master drew back in amazement. He was a coward at heart, and feared a similar visitation. Then for the first time

I trembled, but it was with rage, and ere my antagonist was again firmly upon his feet the floor resounded with his fall. Wellington, when he closed his telescope, on the memorable field of Waterloo, was not more sure of victory than was I. I seized him again as he rose—the sight of his swelling eyes and bleeding nostrils was a wavering of the enemy in my favour. Again he kissed the dust, and, like Zanga bestriding the prostrate conqueror, or Achilles with the vanquished Hector at his chariot wheels, I looked a hero, and only panted for fresh foes. Cunningham was dragged from the room. I was left alone in my triumph, and, if not ‘monarch of all I surveyed,’ I knew that ‘my right there was none to dispute.’

“A letter was that night despatched by a special messenger to Riordan Hall, and the next morning my grandfather arrived. He listened to the master’s story, blamed me for being so hasty, and gave me half a sovereign as a mark of disapprobation. At noon I left the school, and accompanied him home in the chaise, consoling myself with the pleasing reflection, that whilst I was enjoying freedom and a delightful ride, Cunningham was confined to bed in a separate room, with a poultice of linseed meal to his distorted countenance.

“We sat in silence for some time in the old family chaise. My grandfather did not speak; a something evidently weighed heavily on his heart. He seldom looked at me, but sighed betimes. I did not like those symptoms, for the one simple reason, that I did not understand them. So I reclined lazily in my corner, and the lowness of spirits became sympathetic. At length he spoke, and his voice that, notwithstanding age, and an attachment to the tumbler, never before either ‘piped or whistled in its sound,’ now, from some cause, or causes, in which I was evidently concerned, trembled considerably, and was with difficulty made audible. I feared what was coming, yet longed to hear it; and his great reserve in broaching the subject added materially to my own trepidation.

“‘Myles, my lad,’ he said, sorrowfully, ‘I have heard all.’

“All!—what was the all? That I had punched the head of a rival. That could never annoy him, for he had oftentimes laughed himself sober, as he sat looking at the encounters that took place between myself and our gardener’s son. What could he mean? I continued silent.

“‘Myles,’ he continued, ‘I intended to make a gentleman of you—a real gentleman—a priest. I’ve now changed my mind.’

“He ceased, took a pinch of snuff, and looked out of the window.

“Now, although I knew very well that there was none of the stuff in my composition from which holy fathers are generally compounded, yet I felt hurt and humbled at the words he had let fall. I mildly and deferentially asked,

“‘Why so, grandfather?’

“‘Don’t call me grandfather, Myles, my lad; I am of no kindred to you. You have disgraced the blood of the Riordans, and I disown you.’

“‘Disgraced them!’ I said.

“‘Ay, disgraced them! placed a blot upon the name that has descended untarnished to me since before the flood.’ A big tear rolled down his still ruddy cheek. ‘Myles, Myles, you have done that; and you may carry to your grave the assurance that you are the first of the line that ever did so.’

“‘Unsullied shades of Saint Patrick and Fin-ma-cool! here was a bog I had walked into! What remained for me to do but ask, in my innocence,

“‘What have I done?’

“‘Done!’ he cried, fiercely, ‘done! Why, nothing! That’s where you fix the stain upon our shamrock-wreathed escutcheon,—an indelible blur, that must change the tripled leaf upon which it has fallen, either into a thistle or a leek.’ The poor old soul leaned back in the chaise and sobbed aloud. ‘Myles,’ he again resumed, ‘you have not a soul big enough for a process-server,—and theirs is supposed to be the smallest. A bailiff is a saint to you, and an attorney an angel on a tombstone.’ Again a long pause. ‘I was thinking of making a gauger of you just now; but you’re not fit even for that. Myles, a clerkship is your doom!’

“‘And why a clerkship?’ said I.

“‘Because, you rascal,—and here he wept again,—‘because you had not the honourable feelings in your soul to prompt you to shy an inkstand at the head of the schoolmaster, when you had polished off the scholar. Had you done that, and got killed for it,—very pathetically spoken,—‘I could have forgiven you, gloried in you, and placed a monument over your grave. But you have not done so, and I disown you. You are no longer a descendant of mine.’

“‘Fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians, that alter not, was his decree. One week afterwards I was indentured as a clerk. Thirty-one years have since elapsed, and that good old soul has been six-and-twenty of them out of the world’s turmoil. The grandson is still strong, hale, and hearty; fond of congenial spirits, and capable of mixing his own liquor. But, can you believe it? he is now about tearing himself away from the best society, and encamping beneath the hangings of a single bed.”

We broke up immediately after Mr. Riordan had concluded. In twelve minutes, according to my usual calculations, I found myself in bed, and within the three minutes following I was fast asleep.

CHAPTER VI.

A SLIGHT DISSERTATION UPON BRANDY.

The next day, having concluded my business and written my letters, I strolled into the smoking-room, in order to while away an hour. I had thrown myself into a seat, and was already turning over in my mind the events of the day, when the door opened, and a clear musical voice said,

"Brandy and cold water, sir! Did you ring?"

I turned round in my chair to look at the owner of the tongue that could discourse such eloquent music.

"Yes, please; six-pennyworth, and a cigar."

In the course of a second I had only the door to look at, for pretty Miss Gratton, the barmaid (my Hebe on this occasion), had vanished to prepare my nectar. As she had stood with the handle of the door in her hand, I certainly admired her, and came to the conclusion, during her temporary absence, that whoever had prefixed the "pretty" to her name, had done her no more than justice.

"Do you require a light, Mr. Bobbin?" she asked.

I felt my consequence growing apace. Even the barmaid had caught my name.

"If you please, Miss Gratton."

A grating sound—a slight combustion—a smell as of sulphur—and the wavering flame was before me, held down to coax its progress by as well-formed and delicate a set of fingers as I had ever seen attached to a female's hand.

"Will you pay now, Mr. Bobbin, or shall I enter the account in your bill?"

"Which you please," I said, fully determined nevertheless to pay at the time, were it only for the gratification of seeing her return to me with the change.

"Oh, just as you please,—only if you pay me now it will be ninepence; if I enter it, and you pay in an hour, it will be a shilling."

"Indeed! and why is that?"

A pretty shake of the pretty head belonging to the pretty Miss Gratton, was followed by,

"I don't know, but such is the rule."

"Then take the money by all means."

She took it and departed. The change was brought in to me by the waitress. So far I was disappointed.

And now for a slight digression.

What is a glass of brandy and water? Why are they mixed? and for what reason do men imbibe the compound? If strong drinks (when they can be had *strong*) tend to demoralise a nation, why does that nation's government derive so great a revenue from their consumption? Is the principal ingredient really good? or can it be possible that it is decidedly bad? There are various opinions extant upon the subject. Many able discourses have been delivered concerning it; many elaborate sermons penned in its disfavour; many startling proofs deduced from its abuses; many suicidal acts laid to its charge. Poverty, degradation, ruin, lunacy, murder, despair, and a host of such unpleasant *attachés*, are considered as its chief officers; and yet the very men who exclaim against it, who preach about it, shudder at it, and advise others to flee from it, are frequently found sufficiently stubborn and blind to their own convictions, to sit down in their most calm and lucid moments, ring for the waiter, and give the same order that I did.

Now, so far as I am myself concerned, I agree with honest Iago, that good brandy, like good wine, "is a good familiar creature, if it be but well used." I am willing to go even further, and unblushingly own that in many cases I like it. I esteem it a wholesome companion. We never fall out. I have sometimes upset it, but it never yet has returned me the compliment. It treats me well, therefore I enjoy its society. It raises depressed spirits, and invigorates the inner man. Take, for example, the glass I had at the time before me, and leave the cigar—that soother to the senses, immortalised by Byron—out of the question. What effects had it upon me? Why, these:—I thought of the obstacles before me, as I mixed it, and felt as a pigmy amongst giants. As I sipped it, I considered my first opinion slightly erroneous. As I finished it, I became amazed at my former despondency; and when I called for a repetition of the beverage, I considered myself an unshorn Samson amongst the Philistines.

I was alone, and having nothing to disturb my equanimity, I fell unconsciously into a delightful reverie, as I sat with my legs stretched before me upon a chair, eyeing the circular clouds that fantastically weaved themselves into various unstudied devices, as they arose from the tip of my ignited cigar, or were expelled from my active lips. I sat looking at them, I say, but I did not see them. They assumed the appearance of slight and almost imperceptible curtains hanging between Benjamin Bobbin as he was, and Benjamin Bobbin, Esq., as my fancy painted him—I saw the gentleman distinctly, and with such an agreeable subject for contemplation, how can it possibly be supposed that I could waste a thought upon the smoke? Yes, there he was, looking all that a man should look in my mind's eye; a Rothschild on the Exchange; a Hudson amongst the railways; a Leonidas amid his Spartans; a Quintus Curtius, *pro bono publico*; a Cicero in the Senate; a Crichton in ordinary; and last, not least, an Adonis. But how vain are day dreams! they are the most unsubstantial bubbles that Folly blows; a spider's web is an iron net in comparison to them: a breath will break the one, a thought will disperse the other. Well, as I before stated, I was thus agreeably and unprofitably employed with the incorporeal things that came like shadows, so departed; but, alas!

The loveliest day that e'er shone had an ending!
 Bright Hope fades in time, and can cheer us no more;
 So my sweet dreams were broken, as these words were spoken
 Too roughly by Boots—"Here's the 'bus at the door!"

I did not require the "'Bus," but felt considerably annoyed at my sudden transition from the pagodas of Chimera into the mundane homes of common sense. I had been very unceremoniously disturbed, and considered myself the more aggrieved, inasmuch as "the unsubstantial pageant" had faded, and left "not a rack behind."

Self-communion had no further charms for me, so I strolled leisurely into the commercial room, where some ten or twelve

gentlemen were variously employed. Some were writing, others reading; and a few testing the merits of the tea-pot; a little group engaged in a low conversation; whilst my plethoretic Milesian friend, in the society of Mr. Lomer and a tumbler of whiskey-punch, was making certain audible remarks, called forth by the leading article in the newspaper he held in his hand, which made the subject of expatriation its theme, and treated especially of the migration or exodus of the finest peasantry in the world, from that fertile island,

"Great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea."

It was the first time we had met since last night, so he shook me warmly by the hand, asked me how I felt, and whether the day's experience had proved satisfactory.

I thanked him for his kind enquiry, and gave him to understand that I had no right to complain.

"Of course not," he said, laying down the paper, "there is no use whatever in repining—I never do. Leave that course to nervous women and decided fools. Wise men, when difficulties confront them, push on and conquer—weak minds become disheartened—gaze at each obstacle, until what was before a mite appears a mountain, or else sit down and groan themselves into stupidity. As far as I am myself concerned," (he continued with greater energy,) "I could prefer stopping up every crevice in my bed-chamber, and lying down to sleep with charcoal burning beside my pillow—to doing as I have seen some men do—upbraiding themselves for faults that are only imaginary, and railing at the evils which foresight could not have evaded, or experience overruled."

At this juncture our *tête-à-tête* was interrupted by Mr. Lomer, who asked Mr. Riordan whether he felt disposed to delight the brethren with one of the many stories for which he was so widely noted.

"My dear friend," said the individual addressed, "my name is Myles Riordan, that everybody knows, and my greatest delight is in being enabled to please the friends, amongst whom fortune, and the chances of the road, may cast me, and that every one ought to know, therefore stand not on ceremony, but command me. If you require an anecdote to season your brandy, my memory is at your service."

"Did you say memory, or invention, Riordan?" asked an elderly gentleman with a smile on his red face, and white hair fringing his bald scalp.

"Memory, Mr. Hodge, memory. And now I'm ready; are you all charged and all attention? I'll tell you of a ghost."

PASSAGES IN THE LAST WAR.

FROM 1799 TO 1810.

THE great achievements of Wellington in the Peninsula, with the unparalleled termination of Waterloo, stand so boldly forward on the canvas of history, that they cast unduly into the background many important events which preceded and accompanied that period. Yet a clear understanding of these is necessary to connect the chain of which they formed subordinate links. Much valuable information on several points is supplied in a volume recently put forth by Sir Henry Bunbury,* an officer of high rank and considerable experience, both in the military and diplomatic branches of public service. His name and well-known abilities are a sufficient guarantee for the soundness of his opinions, which he delivers fearlessly both as regards the men and the measures which fall within the scope of his narrative. A perusal of these pages will again force upon us the lamentable conviction that the mighty energies of England have often been frittered away by the folly of ministers and the incompetence of ill-selected commanders. It was not until we had paid dearly for experience that we got into the right track, and discovered the proper materials for smoothing the road. The author, in a preface, expresses his regret that truth compels him to subtract something from the reputation of several brave but over-rated men; and adds, with justice, that he could not show the real causes of failure without unveiling the weaknesses of these individuals. This is one of the most painful duties of the historian; but there is no reason why he should shrink from it, if he is convinced that his views are correct, and he can show sound evidence in their support. False delicacy, undue partiality, or one-sided information, have so biassed the opinions of many early biographers and chroniclers, that half the business of a modern writer consists in correcting their mis-statements, and in winnowing out grains of fact from bushels of surrounding exaggeration. The stern necessity of telling the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, was a leading reason avowed by the Duke of Wellington for not writing his own memoirs. He felt disinclined to unsettle opinions which had long been formed respecting particular events, and the leading actors in them. We have lately had an authentic account of the first campaigns of the British troops in the Low Countries, in 1794-5, from the late Sir H. Calvert. The second expedition for the recovery of Holland in 1799, is now faithfully recorded by Sir H. Bunbury. It was even more disastrous than the first, and ended in a convention, instead of a long circuitous march to the coast, which, although harassing and difficult of accomplishment, was, at

* Narratives of some Passages in the Great War with France, from 1799 to 1810. By Lieut.-Gen. Sir Henry Bunbury, K.C.B. London, 1854.

least, not inglorious. In the last abortive attempt, the means provided were fully adequate to the end. Why, then, did the enterprise so signally fail? Simply, because we were ill-informed as to the state of feeling in the country, our plans were badly combined, our troops were inexperienced, and the commanding generals of the enemy, although not of first-rate pretension, were superior to ours. The Russian contingent, too, acted as a clog rather than a help, and distinguished itself more by drunkenness and plundering than by hard and effective fighting. The English and their new allies fraternised unwillingly, and soon conceived a mutual dislike and mistrust. The Duke of York was merely a nominal leader, for he could undertake nothing without the consent of a council of war—an ordination of Messrs. Pitt and Dundas, which showed that they placed little reliance on the abilities of their own elected commander, and were determined to reduce him to a cypher, while they nullified the chances of success. It is an old and true saying amongst soldiers, that a council of war never fights. Great generals in difficulties usually extricate themselves by their own sagacity or hardihood, and seldom seek safety in the multitude of counsellors. When Sir John Moore, at Corunna, without his ships, and in presence of a superior enemy, determined to accept battle, he called his subordinate generals together, not to listen to their opinions, but to impart his own; and when some ventured to propose negotiation, he rejected the alternative with disdain. The Duke of York proved himself an admirable home commander-in-chief. He brought the army to a high state of efficiency, was kind and amiable in temper, beloved of his personal friends, zealous in his duties, and brave to excess; but candour must admit that he lacked the quick executive qualities which turn the tide of battle, the varied resources and prompt decision which influence the fate of a campaign. Sir H. Bunbury draws his character, and those of his associated council, with clearness and impartiality. His portrait of Sir Ralph Abercromby is graphically sketched, and presents the good and gallant veteran to the life:—

“The general was a little too old for hard service, and he was extremely near-sighted. Allowing for these defects of nature, Abercrombie was a noble chieftain. Mild in manner, resolute in mind, frank, unassuming, just, inflexible in what he deemed to be right, valiant as the Cid, liberal and loyal as the prowtest of Black Edward's knights. An honest, fearless, straightforward man; and withal sagacious and well-skilled in his business as a soldier. As he looked out from under his thick, shaggy eyebrows, he gave one the idea of a very good-natured lion; and he was respected and beloved by all who served under his command.”

With equal fidelity he gives us Sir David Dundas, remembered by the present generation as the author of the old military textbook, much of which is now exploded; a manual perpetually quoted and commented on at mess-tables during the last war, not often applied to practice, and very sparingly understood. Each of the eighteen manœuvres was a *pons asinorum*, which pains-

taking colonels and majors stumbled at, and seldom surmounted. Our service requires something more clear and concise, instead of the ponderous volume still in use, which would be well exchanged for such an abridgment as that of Prussia, scarcely equalling the bulk of a monthly army list. Simplicity and celerity are the great desiderata of all military movements. Dundas was a stiff, pedantic soldier, who had risen from an inferior position. During the temporary retirement of the Duke of York in 1809, arising from the inquiry demanded by Colonel Wardle, Dundas filled the office of commander-in-chief as a sort of *locum tenens*, and gave great disgust to the junior regimental officers of the army by condemning them to wear fringe epaulettes, and long cloth gaiters, with some hundred and twenty buttons to each, after the fashion of the unpicturesque-looking gentlemen in West's "Death of General Wolfe." Had he reigned long enough, he would inevitably have restored the powder and pigtails.

The military character of England, which had sunk to a low ebb, by the failure of our continental enterprises in 1794 and 1799, rose again with the better-planned expedition to Egypt, and the battle of Alexandria in 1801. In the short space of two years a rapid advance had been made in the organisation of the army, and its capability of undertaking great operations. Our soldiers conquered tried veterans in a fair field, and proved what they were capable of doing when well commanded. The landing at Aboukir on the 8th of March, and the general action of the 21st, were evidences of bravery and skill combined, which surprised continental Europe, and inaugurated with a good omen the prospective glories of the next twelve years. The Egyptian campaign was entered on with smaller means than the service required, and on a very diminished estimate of the French forces, but the result realised all expectations, although the English commander-in-chief was killed, and his successor, General Hutchinson, was so unpopular, that many of the officers next in rank caballed against him, and opposed his measures almost to the point of direct mutiny. Sir H. Bunbury was not engaged personally in this service, but he has gathered some new and interesting particulars, from conversations with officers of high character who were there, and which are not to be found in the quarto volumes of Sir Robert Wilson and Major Walsh. Unhappily, the glorious memories associated with Egypt in 1801, were tarnished by the subsequent disasters of 1807. These are related in this volume without prejudice or concealment, and the blame is laid on the shoulders justly entitled to bear the unenviable load. The battle of Maida, fought in Lower Calabria, on the 4th July, 1806, was one of the most brilliant affairs of the war, and although unimportant in political results, proved of great permanent value in establishing the character of the British troops. Sir H. Bunbury shows how this impromptu victory might have been turned to better account, and thinks little of Sir John Stuart's generalship, either in the action itself, or in the subsequent operations. But if the English commander was not exactly Hannibal or Wellington, neither was his opponent Regnier, Turenne, or Na-

poleon. With a superior force, he suffered himself to be soundly beaten; and as if by a retributive fatality, the victors were led by the very officer whom, in his account of the Egyptian campaign, Regnier had spoken slightly of, as a very common-place individual, without mark or ability. Stuart at Alexandria commanded the Foreign Brigade, which bore a distinguished share in that hard fight, and was brought into action with skill and valour, at a very critical moment. Stuart contributed much to the victory of the English, while the inactivity of Regnier, with the strongest division of the enemy, materially co-operated in the defeat of the French army. We never could make out why Regnier was so long accounted a man of talent, and how he obtained so many opportunities of proving the contrary. At Sabugal in Portugal, on the retreat of Massena in 1811, he committed greater errors than at Maida, and handled his masses so unskillfully that he lost fifteen hundred men in an action, against incalculably inferior numbers, which Lord Wellington justly designated as one of the most glorious that British troops had ever been engaged in. But Regnier was a scholar, a man of science, and an able penman. The writer of this notice being once in conversation with a French officer on the events here alluded to, the latter remarked, "*Ma foi, Monsieur, quant au Général Regnier, c'est absolument une encyclopédie ambulante!*"—which proves that a walking polyglot dictionary may be a very poor executive general.

From 1806 to 1810 Sir H. Bunbury filled the important post of Quarter-Master-General in the Mediterranean, which brought him in immediate contact with the leading authorities, and enabled him to acquire the most correct information on all their plans and proceedings. This portion of his narrative is thus invested with double interest, and even where his opinions may not be implicitly received and acknowledged, the facts to which they allude are faithfully represented. Sir Sidney Smith bore an important part in some of these transactions. His successful defence of Acre, in which he, for the first time, showed that Napoleon might be checked, established his reputation, and many thought him a second Nelson—an opinion in which the gallant officer himself warmly participated. But, though infinitely intrepid and fond of fighting, either by land or sea, he lacked the profound sagacity and comprehensive genius of England's greatest admiral; he could carry a ship anywhere, and bring her back again, but it would have been dangerous to intrust him with a fleet. He was overloaded with courage, but he wanted ballast. His life and adventures have been expanded into volumes, yet the pith of his character is well condensed by Sir H. Bunbury, in a few vigorous sentences. "Sir Sidney," says he, "was an enthusiast, always panting for distinction; restlessly active, but desultory in his views; extravagantly vain; daring, quick-sighted, and fertile in those resources which befit a partisan leader; but he possessed no great depth of judgment, nor any fixity of purpose, save that of persuading mankind, as he was fully persuaded himself, that Sidney Smith was the most brilliant of chevaliers. Let me not, in expos-

ing this brave man's foibles, omit to add that he was kind-tempered, generous, and as agreeable as a man can be supposed to be who is always talking of himself." Sir John Moore and the victor of Maida are contrasted as follows. Those who remember, and were personally acquainted with, both, will recognise the peculiar points of distinction between two leaders who had little in common. "Every quality in Moore was real, solid, and unbending; in Stuart all was flighty and superficial, though there was a good deal of original cleverness. The former was penetrating, reflecting, and, though his manner was singularly agreeable to those whom he liked, to those whom he did not hold in esteem his bearing was severe; while Stuart was vain, frivolous, and sarcastic."

Of all the mistakes perpetrated by the British cabinet, in their ill-judged liberality at the close of the war, perhaps the greatest was the evacuation of Sicily, and the surrender of that fine island to the effete monarchy of Naples. A country which might by this time have been one of England's noblest outposts, rich and happy in itself, full of resources, and capable of supporting a quadrupled population, has been condemned to remain an enslaved appanage of the most ignorant and bigoted tyranny in Europe. Assuredly we have no cause to love or respect the Bourbons of Naples. Queen Caroline, of that house, hated the English, and planned a second Sicilian Vespers for their especial benefit. It was no fault of hers that the benevolent plot exploded without mischief. That we cared little for their pretensions was evidenced by the recognition of King Joachim in 1814. That brilliant soldier might have continued to reign in fair Parthenope, but for his own madness, which ended in the fusillade at Pizzo. The Sicilians have more innate courage than the Neapolitans, and would beat them now single-handed, if they were disciplined and commanded by English officers. Murat commenced his reign in Naples well, by the taking of Capri; a dashing exploit, which reflected small credit on the naval superiority of England. Although the Maltese regiment ran away, it was impossible to suppose that none of our cruising men of war would arrive in time to cut off and capture Lamarque and his three thousand brave grenadiers. The place was of trifling value in itself, but the moral effect of losing a maritime post told disadvantageously for England, while it materially enhanced the reputation of the new monarch. The expedition to the Bay of Naples in 1809, which produced no effect beyond the temporary occupation of Ischia and Procida, ought certainly to have restored Capri to us, as a permanent trophy. The little island was an eye which looked directly into Naples, and laid open all that was going on there, while it perpetually reminded the Neapolitans of their naval impotence at sea. A wing of a British regiment would have made it secure; seven hundred Maltese produced its loss. Colonel (afterwards Sir Hudson) Lowe has been unjustly blamed for giving up a post, which he defended ably under the circumstances, and which ought to have been relieved. But he has no right to be held responsible for the errors of his superiors. As if in retort for the demonstration against his capital, Murat, in 1810, assembled a large force

for the invasion of Sicily, urged by the repeated remonstrances of Napoleon, who said to his brother-in-law, "I send you troops, go and drive out the English, and win the other half of your kingdom for yourself." The preparations on both sides made the summer a very lively one in the Straits of Messina. Daily combats between the gunboats became as common as ordinary field days, and the opposite batteries exchanged long shots, by which some brave men were killed. The English bivouacked on the sand every night for two or three months, and marched back to their cantonments soon after sunrise. At length, on the 17th of September, an abortive attempt was made, to the southward of Messina, which ended in the capture of a Corsican battalion, and so evaporated King Joachim's dream of the conquest of Sicily. Had he landed his whole force, instead of a weak detachment, he and they would inevitably have been captured; for we had at least 15,000 good British troops to comfort him, well posted, full of courage and confidence, and the people of the country declared enthusiastically in our favour. The ships of war would have cut off his retreat, and by refraining from the hazard, he spared the arms of France a disaster which would have equalled the capitulation of Baylen. Such was the poor conclusion of much boasting and preparation, and thenceforward Murat, until summoned to join the grand Imperial army, on the invasion of Russia, confined himself to the suppression of the brigands and swarming insurrection, in the two Calabrias. Throughout this domestic war of extermination, superintended by General Manhés, a man of unrelenting cruelty, acts of barbarity were committed on all sides, to which the history of the civilised world affords no parallel, except in the proceedings of the Spanish invaders during their subjugation of Mexico and Peru. The evidence rests on the very unexceptionable authority of Colletta, in his blended character of historian and minister of war. The name and popularity of Murat were thus indelibly injured in the opinion and regard of his new subjects; for though by nature he was personally averse to cruelty, he suffered this course to be pursued under his authority, while the atrocious particulars were in all probability concealed from his knowledge. Many of these Calabrian banditti escaped into Sicily, and enlisted in the "Free Corps," under British pay and uniform. They became tolerably good soldiers according to their natural gifts, and acquired something like discipline; but they were ever prone to handle the stiletto on slight provocation, and gave incessant employment to the provost-martial and judge-advocate-general. As skirmishers they were useful, but in line they counted for nothing. When Murat abandoned all idea of an attack on Sicily, and drew off his armament, a large portion of the English garrison of the island became available for action in Catalonia, and on the south coast of Spain, where they did something as a diversion, and would have done much more, had they not been clogged by inefficient commanders. In studying the past with reference to the future, it is ever desirable to remember that more profit may be extracted from failure than success, if we look below the surface and search deeply for true causes.

THE THEATRES OF LONDON.

THEIR HISTORY—PAST AND PRESENT.

BY T. P. GRINSTED.

On the 15th of May, 1800, George the Third commanded the performances at Drury Lane, which comprised the comedy of "She Would and She Would Not," and the farce of "The Humourist." The Sovereign had just entered the house, and was bowing in acknowledgment of his cordial reception, when a pistol was raised by James Hadfield (generally termed Hatfield), in the direction of the royal box. The movements of the miscreant were fortunately observed by a gentleman, who instantly seized his arm, by which means the weapon became elevated, and the charge lodged in the roof of the box. Hadfield died in Bethlem Hospital, on the 23rd of January, 1841, having been incarcerated upwards of forty years.

About this period (season 1801-2), Drury Lane boasted of a very effective company, including twenty-five male performers, whose weekly salaries amounted to 255*l.* 14*s.*, and twenty ladies, who received weekly 157*l.* 10*s.* This was exclusive of salaries under 3*l.* John Kemble, as actor and manager, received weekly 56*l.* 14*s.*; John Bannister, 17*l.*; King, 16*l.*; Pope, 18*l.*; Michael Kelly, 16*l.*; Suett, 12*l.*; Dowton, 8*l.*; Charles Kemble, 10*l.*; Grimaldi, 4*l.*; Mrs. Jordan (the high priestess of Thalia), 31*l.* 10*s.*; Mrs. Crouch, 14*l.*; Mrs. Mountain, 12*l.*; Mrs. Bland, 12*l.*; Miss Decamp (Mrs. C. Kemble), 12*l.*; Miss Mellon, 5*l.*; Miss Tyrer (Mrs. Liston, still living), 5*l.* The star system—that ruin of the stage—was unknown in these days.

The new and splendid theatre saw not its fifteenth birthday, having fallen a victim to the devouring element on the 24th of February, 1809,—five months only after its rival (Covent Garden) had experienced a similar calamity. A dinner had that evening been given to the principal performers and officers of the theatre by Mr. Richard Wilson, at his house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and about eleven o'clock the toast was given—"Prosperity and success to Drury Lane Theatre." The honours were being done by the assembled guests, when Miss Wilson rushed suddenly into the room and announced that the theatre was in flames! Lincoln's Inn Fields was completely illuminated; the flames spread from Drury Lane to Brydges Street, forming a pillar of fire about four hundred and fifty feet in breadth, "arching the horizon like a fiery cloud." Sheridan was in the House of Commons at the time, taking a prominent part in the debate. On the members becoming acquainted with the conflagration, it was moved that the House should adjourn, in compliment to the feelings of Mr. Sheridan; but that gentleman declined the honour,

remarking that "public duty ought to precede all private interest." The accident is supposed to have originated in the carelessness of some plumbers, who had a fire in the theatre whilst effecting repairs. It being a Friday in Lent there was no performance that evening. The house was insured to the amount of 35,000*l.*; the original cost of its erection was 129,000*l.* The burnt-out company played for six nights at the Opera House, and then went to the Lyceum.*

Phoenix-like the house again rose from the fire, and opened its doors to the public on the 10th of October, 1810, when "Hamlet" and the "Devil to Pay" were the pieces represented. To signalise the opening night, the committee of management advertised for an address to be then delivered. Forty-three aspirants entered the poetic arena, anxious to have their names honoured with a station—

"Mid bards of old, immortal sons of praise."

Of this number all failed in reaching the standard raised by the committee, and the required composition was supplied by Lord Byron. This circumstance led to the "Rejected Addresses" of Horace and James Smith, a production inimitable in its way; though flung among the laughing crowd as a mere "squib," it enjoyed a sparkling celebrity for very many years. The receipts of the new house for the first four years were as follows:—

First year	£79,925	14	0
Second year	68,389	3	0
Third year	61,585	8	0
Fourth year	49,586	17	0

The year 1814 was rendered memorable in the history of this theatre, the 26th of January having introduced Edmund Kean upon its boards. After one hundred and thirty-five nights of continued loss, the receipts rose on the nights of that tragedian's performance to an average of £509 9*s.* The only additional expense incurred was Kean's salary, and the theatre must have cleared that season by his services upwards of £20,000.

In 1822 important alterations were suggested in this, the present theatre, and the proposed plans were submitted to His Majesty George the Fourth on the 22nd of July in that year, the sovereign minutely examining and expressing his approval of the same. From that period to the present, Drury Lane has encountered many vicissitudes, and those who have undertaken its control have generally quitted it for the bankruptcy court. Elliston

* Drury Lane, previous to its destruction, was calculated to contain, in numbers and money, as follows:—

Whole range of boxes—1828, at 6 <i>s.</i> 0 <i>d.</i> ,	548 <i>l.</i> 8 <i>s.</i> 0 <i>d.</i>
The pit 800, „ 3 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i> ,	140 0 0
First gallery . . . 675, „ 2 <i>s.</i> 0 <i>d.</i> ,	67 10 0
Upper gallery . . . 308, „ 1 <i>s.</i> 0 <i>d.</i> ,	15 8 0
3611	Money, 771 <i>l.</i> 6 <i>s.</i> 0 <i>d.</i>

expended £22,000 upon the property, and subsequently failed; Price, Alexander Lee, Hammond, Bunn, and Anderson, experienced a similar fate, whilst Captain Polhill is said to have diminished on its account a private fortune to the extent of £30,000. Mr. Macready managed the house for two seasons (1841-43), but retired with a loss; and during Mr. Anderson's lease (seasons 1849-50, 1850-51) the house was open 232 nights, the money taken being £24,961 14s., or less than £108 per night, by which a loss of nearly £40 per night was incurred throughout the two seasons. The engagement of Mr. Brooke, however, and some recent operatic performances, have presented to the house a startling novelty—crowded benches!

Omitting further notice of the Cockpit and the Phoenix, a summary is here appended of the several dramatic structures which have graced Drury Lane:—

The first was opened April 8, 1663, and was destroyed by fire on the 11th of January, 1671.

The second (Garrick's) was opened March 26, 1674, and finally closed its doors on the 4th of June, 1791, being considered unsafe, and likewise too small for the wants of an increasing population.

The third was opened April 21, 1794, and was destroyed by fire on the 24th of February, 1809.

The present house (the fourth) was opened October 10, 1810, the architect being Benjamin Wyatt; but in 1822 the interior was remodelled, from designs furnished by the late Samuel Beazley. Drury Lane, it will thus be seen, has long been associated with the drama, cherishing the art in its noontide glory, and often in solitude mourning its decay. In the time of Shakspeare the best productions of the second-rate dramatists were brought forward at the temple even then to be found in its locality; the Restoration came, and linked with this spot is the histrionic lustre of the period. The plays of Beaumont and Fletcher and of Ben Jonson now enjoyed their popularity here, in companionship with those of Dryden, Lee, and Otway; and here, too, came Comedy, escorted by Wycherley, Congreve, Farquhar, and Vanbrugh—most of those writers presenting to Drury Lane their choicest productions. Blended with the annals of this theatre are the names of Hart, Mohun, Lacy, Nell Gwynn, Cibber, Wilks, Booth, Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Bracegirdle; and, in later times, those of Garrick, Sheridan, Kemble, the Siddons', Mrs. Jordan, Edmund Kean, and Macready. But too often has poor old Drury been desolate—her harp unstrung. Her walls, which once gave back an echo of the noblest wit and sentiment that ever emanated from human minds, have either mourned over the coldness of their neglect, or have shuddered at their desecration—Shakspeare and Massinger have at times been supplanted by Van Amburgh and Young Hernandez,

“ And brutes have fed where Garrick trod.”

LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS THEATRE.

Reference has been made to the patents of Charles the Second. It was on the 21st of August, 1660, that that sovereign granted to Sir William Davenant and his "trusty and well-beloved Thomas Killigrew, Esq.," a patent to erect two companies of players. This was subsequently revoked, and on the 15th of January, 1662, letters patent were issued to Davenant, and on the ensuing 25th of April to Killigrew, for the establishment of two distinct companies, which were accordingly formed and known as the "King's" and the "Duke's." The former located in Drury-lane, whilst the latter pitched their tent in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Sir William Davenant commenced proceedings at the Duke's Theatre (situate in the locality under notice) in 1662, with his own play of the "Siege of Rhodes," the performance being witnessed by Charles the Second and his Court. Downes, the chronicler of the fortunes of this house, officiated on the opening night as prompter; he had been appointed to perform the part of *Haly*, but, overcome by the royal presence, he "broke down," and was thus, as he himself observes, "for ever spoilt for being an actor." The play ran twelve nights, and was then succeeded by "The Witts" of the same author. But the glory of this house, at this early period, was the Hamlet of Betterton, who, as an actor, was (according to Cibber) what Shakspeare was as a writer. "Romeo and Juliet," "Twelfth Night," "Henry the Eighth," Webster's "Duchess of Malfi," and other plays, were successfully brought forward; but the plague of 1665 interrupted all dramatic entertainments, and the Duke's Theatre remained closed until the Christmas succeeding the "great fire," when the company recommenced their performances with Lord Orrery's play of "Mustapha." In 1671, considerable inconvenience having been experienced from the smallness of the house, &c., the Duke's company removed to the new theatre in Dorset Gardens, and thus ended the first epoch of the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre.

In 1682 the holders of the two patents joined their interests, when the Duke's company became incorporated, and the "Theatre Royal" (Drury Lane) was the sole place for dramatic entertainments. A schism subsequently arose between the patentee and the principal performers, which ended in the latter obtaining a licence for themselves; and on the 30th of April, 1695, they opened a new theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, with the first representation of the comedy of "Love for Love,"—the licence being granted by King William to Congreve, Betterton, Mrs. Bracegirdle, and Mrs. Barry.* This theatre, which had been rebuilt, was situate in the Tennis-Court in Portugal-row. Success appears to have attended the speculation for a time; so much so, that a number of inhabitants of Lincoln's Inn Fields, finding themselves incommoded by the

* To Mrs. Barry was awarded the first "benefit" on record, in the reign of James the Second, the indulgence being granted in consideration of her extraordinary merit. With this lady the favour rested until after the division of the company in 1695, at which time the patentees were reduced to pay their actors half in good words, and half in ready money. In this precarious condition, some compounded for their arrears by taking the chance of a benefit play.

concourse of coaches which the playhouse drew together, had recourse to the law to remedy the inconvenience. In 1697, Congreve gave to the company his "Mourning Bride," the prologue to which was spoken by Betterton, and the epilogue by Mrs. Bracegirdle. In a few years, however, the profits arising from this theatre were very insignificant—it once more became deserted, and thus closed its second epoch.

Upon the expulsion of the elder Rich from Drury Lane—referred to in the notice of that theatre—he employed the remainder of his life in rebuilding the house in Lincoln's Inn Fields; but he lived not to see the completion of his plans, and the theatre was opened by his son on the 18th of December, 1714, with the comedy of the "Recruiting Officer." Comic pantomimes were then introduced and rendered popular; but the crowning star of this management was the "Beggar's Opera," which was first played on the 29th of January, 1728. The popularity of this piece has continued to the present hour. Its original production is said to have made "Rich gay and Gay rich;" and the quiet residents in Lincoln's Inn Fields were again annoyed by the crowds that flocked to the neighbourhood. The structure itself, in its swelling greatness, panted for more room, and the company, in 1732, removed to the new theatre then erected in Covent Garden,—the transit of Rich from Lincoln's Inn Fields to that locality being rendered memorable by Hogarth in an amusing satirical print. From that time the glory of this olden resort of the Thespian muse became shadowed, and the house was occasionally opened for Terpsichorean and other exhibitions. Subsequent years found it totally abandoned, and modern times knew it only as the extensive china-warehouse of Mr. Alderman Copeland. Yes! the classic threshold of the Duke's Theatre—the spot associated with Congreve and Betterton—had fallen thus ignobly, and had become the resort of those whose thoughts wandered not to the past, but rather entertained the purchase of the last new dinner-service. Science, however, has claimed the spot, which now forms part of the College of Surgeons.

As illustrative of the theatres at the time of the Restoration, a leaf may be borrowed from the diary of good old gossiping Pepys, who records that he visited the Duke's Theatre on the 11th of May, 1668, "The Tempest" being then and there enacted. He says—

"There happened one thing which vexed me; which is, that the orange woman did come in the pit and challenge me for twelve oranges, which (she said) she delivered by my order at a late play, at night, in order to give to some ladies in a box, which was wholly untrue, but yet she swore it to be true. But, however, I did deny it, and did not pay her; but, for quiet, did buy 4s. worth of oranges of her, at 6d. a piece."

DORSET GARDENS' THEATRE.

Of this house there is but little to record. After patents had been granted by Charles the Second to Davenant and Killigrew—particulars of which have been given—the Duke's company quitted the Cockpit, and opened the theatre in Lincoln's Inn

Fields, after several of their plays had been rehearsed at Apothecaries' Hall. This playhouse was soon discovered to be ill-contrived and inconvenient, and Sir William Davenant sought out a new spot for the erection of one more commodious. Salisbury Court, Dorset Gardens,* was selected by him; and a theatre was commenced of greater magnificence than the one in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The spot chosen was doubtless near to where the Whitefriars Theatre had once stood; but before the completion of the house, Davenant died (April 17, 1668). The management of his property therein came into the hands of Lady Davenant, Betterton, and Mr. Harris, assisted by Charles Davenant, subsequently known as a politician and civil lawyer. The new house was opened in November, 1671, notwithstanding the opposition made to it by the City of London. The opinion of the public at first inclined to the King's company, then playing at Drury Lane; and Mr. Davenant, in Dorset Gardens, was obliged to have recourse to what was then a novelty—he called in the assistance of show and sound, introducing splendid scenery, music, singing, and dancing into some of the pieces represented. By these means an advantage was gained over their competitors, to which they were scarcely entitled by their merits.

The preference given to the Duke's company on account of these expensive accessories alarmed those belonging to the rival house. In the endeavour to check the progress of the public taste, and to divert it towards themselves, they commenced ridiculing the performances which were then so much followed. "The Tempest," "Macbeth," and "Psyche," were parodied; but the attempt was ineffectual, and the victory of sound and show over sense and reason was as complete as it has been in more modern days. Drury Lane continued to languish; but the great expense incurred in Dorset Gardens diminished the gains of the leaders to such an extent that they discovered it would be for the mutual advantage of both companies to unite their interests. The junction took place in 1682, when the Duke's company quitted Dorset Gardens for Drury Lane. The advantages anticipated from this junction were not realised; mismanagement alienated the principal performers from their allegiance, and led them, in 1695, to open the new theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Subsequent to the blending of the two companies, the house under notice was occasionally used by the united actors; but it soon became deserted. On the 25th of October, 1706, the theatre was opened for the season with the comedy of the "Recruiting Officer," the performers being announced as "the deserted company of comedians of the Theatre Royal." This is about the last year in which mention is made of the "theatre in Dorset Gardens."

* Salisbury Court and Square, where the Duke's Theatre stood, was then considered a fashionable locality. Dryden once resided here. Richardson, the novelist, had also his printing office here, in which he himself composed the types of some portion of his "Pamela," and "Clarissa Harlowe," Oliver Goldsmith being his "reader," or corrector of the press.

HAPS AND MISHAPS OF A TOUR IN EUROPE.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

CHAPTER X.

VERSAILLES.—AVIGNON.—PAPAL PALACE.—INQUISITION.—PONT DE GARD.—
 VAUCLUSE.—MARSEILLES.—VOYAGE TO GENOA.—GENOA.—CORNICE ROAD.
 —PISA.—VOYAGE FROM LEGHORN TO CIVITA VECCHIA.—ROME.—THE
 COLISEUM.

October 27.

YESTERDAY we spent in the palace and gardens of Versailles. I feel it as a relief that I am near the last hour of my last day in Paris, and thus may be excused from any attempt at describing the matchless beauties of architecture, glories of art, and unapproachable splendours of that royal wonder of the world. I found that history, romance, and poetry had given me but a faint and partial idea of the vast extent, the dazzling gorgeousness and magnificence, of this place. The picture galleries are storehouses of the treasures of centuries, where every glorious scene in the history of France or the lives of her monarchs and heroes is before you, and every face famous or infamous in her annals looks down upon you. I had intense pleasure in thus reading the splendid military and imperial career of Napoleon. But by far the grandest historical pictures are those of a later era, by Horace Vernet, who with his wondrous genius has thrown a splendour around even the war in Algiers and the taking of Rome.

A relief and a rest, after the bewildering richness of the palace and the gardens, was a visit to La Petit Trianon, the favourite retreat of Marie Antoinette. There is a mournful loveliness, a touching quietude, about this little palace and its grounds, especially at this season of the year, strangely in consonance with memories of its beautiful and fated mistress. There is, near the borders of a beautiful lake, a weeping willow, planted by her own hand—most fitting and faithful memorial; and in a retired and lovely spot, you come upon the exquisite little hamlet, a charming fancy of the young queen, where the royal family often amused themselves by playing villagers. Marie Antoinette was a milk-maid, and nothing could be more beautiful than her *laiterie*.

Genoa, November 6.

Thus far towards the seven-hilled city of pilgrimages—thus far in safety and ever-improving health. I seem to drink in healing with every breath of this balmy southern air—to receive strength from the beautiful earth I tread, and hope from the delicious skies above me. I begin to feel a glad confidence that the first great object of my tour is to be fully attained, and that, under the bene-

ficent influences of this genial climate, I shall gain vigour of body and elasticity of spirit—shall renew my life, and my joy in life.

The journey from Paris to Avignon was not one of much interest. The scenery during the latter part was very fine, but the rainy weather prevented our seeing it to advantage. Our first stopping-place was Chalons, on the Saone, a pleasantly situated, queer and quaint town, as old as Julius Cæsar. From Chalons we took a narrow, dirty little steamer for Lyons, which we reached at night and left in the morning, so had no time to see the famous cathedral and its more famous clock. At Lyons we took the Rhone, on a yet narrower and dirtier steamer, for Avignon, stopping a night at Valence, a picturesque old town, where Napoleon once studied. The scenery along the Rhone, as you approach Avignon, is exceedingly beautiful, and the foliage at this time was both soft and gorgeous in colouring. All along, the gold, crimson, and bronze tints of autumn were mingled with the brightest and loveliest living green.

Avignon, though a densely populated, busy town, with some handsome modern buildings and bridges, has a quaint, gloomy, and peculiar aspect. The noisome shadows of Popish tyranny, superstition, and persecution seem thrown upon it yet from the old Papal palace and the prisons of the Inquisition. Remembering well the vivid and powerful description given by Dickens, in his charming Pictures from Italy, we visited these places, but found them completely transformed into barracks and store-rooms, scarcely a trace of their original state and purpose remaining. Yet there was, in the very atmosphere of the dim, cavernous hall where the Inquisition sat to examine, deliberate, and condemn, and in that of the chamber of torture, something that sent a cold horror chilling along my veins and creeping through my very bones. The tower in which Rienzi was imprisoned is yet standing, but in ruins—in truth, the whole palace has an air of dreary decay and abhorrent abandonment. Thank God for the token! I could but commiserate the soldiers who swarmed in these gloomy barracks. However stupid and unimaginative they look, it seems that in stormy nights they must fancy they hear the innumerable victims “of the bloody faith” shrieking under those blackened arches—the prayer, the sob, the vain appeal for mercy, the crack of bones upon the wheel, the “sharp, short cry down *oubliettes*.”

After the chill, foggy afternoon, in which we beheld this gloomiest of all sights, we had at Avignon two of the most glorious days imaginable. On the first of these we took a carriage and drove to the Pont de Gard, a bridge built along the side of an old Roman aqueduct—a work stupendous in height and strength, but marvelously light, graceful, and airy in its effect. The scenery about this noble work has a peculiar character of quiet, lonely beauty, and bears the look of having been ever deserted since its grand conquerors and warlike masters departed. On this excursion we first saw olives, figs, and the rich pomegranate, bursting with its crimson ripeness. The second day we visited the fountain and romantic haunts of Vaucluse, the picturesque home of Petrarch.

This is the most peculiar, lonely, lovely, wild, melancholy place you could dream of in a stormy midsummer night. Nothing can surpass the beauty of the fountain itself, which gushes brightly and hountifully from the base of a bare and rugged mountain, and pours over black rocks in innumerable fairy cascades. The waters, which are of a living, luminous green, seemed just out for a special holiday. I could not realise that they always gleamed so brightly and sung so merrily in that solitary place. The waves seemed deliriously glad to escape from their prison, beneath the cold, dark hills, and leaped, and laughed, and shouted, and danced in the pleasant sunshine, and ran in and out of the green shadows of the shore, like frolicsome children just broken away from the dull tasks and stern dominion of school. The house and garden, which tradition assigns to the divine sonneteer, are yet in existence, but in a dismal state of dilapidation and dirt. The poet pilgrim to this shrine of genius must pass through perils indescribable, and encounter smells unimaginable, ere he can hope to pluck a sprig from the old laurel tree *said* to have been planted by the great poet lover.

In the evening we ran down to Marseilles by the railway. Our party filling a carriage, with the exception of one seat, we amused ourselves, as we approached Marseilles, by manufacturing another passenger out of our extra wraps. Stuffing an overcoat with shawls and umbrellas, we fashioned a portly little gentleman, whom we made to recline in a corner, grasping a walking-stick, and with his face shaded by a broad-brimmed hat. When the ticket-master came, we had the satisfaction of seeing our foolish little joke succeed beyond our proudest hopes. After receiving and counting our tickets, he looked hard at the quiet little gentleman, and said, rather impatiently, "*Monsieur, votre billet.*" "*Il dort, Monsieur,*" said one of us. So, without further ceremony, he seized the oblivious traveller by the arm, and shook him into shawls, overcoats, and umbrellas, amid uncontrollable bursts of laughter on our part. The official looked a little dark and suspicious at first, and made a long and careful *post mortem* examination of the departed; but, finding that he was composed of no contraband articles, graciously joined in the laugh, only protesting that somebody must pay for "*le petit Monsieur.*"

Marseilles I saw very little of, as I was busily engaged, for the few hours I spent there, in writing private letters, and only walked out as far as the post-office. But I believe I missed not much, as there are few sights in that city more interesting than those a stranger can have in driving or walking through its busy and noisy streets. I left France, after all, with regret; for I like the people—the common people, I mean, for I had relations with no other. Careless, unreliable, cunning, extortionous, unscrupulous, ignorant, and dirty, as most of them are, yet I like them; first, for their inimitable, unwearable politeness; and, next, for their gaiety, their sparkling vivacity, their quick wit, their nonsense, their very ridiculousness. Truth with them is a myth, a jest, an obsolete idea; but the lies they tell you are generally of the most

flattering kind—agreeable delusions, for which you feel rather obliged than otherwise; and they will impose upon you with such an air, that you really are ashamed to show proper resentment.

We were obliged to take passage to Genoa on a crowded and disagreeable English steamer; but as the sea was quite calm, and the night strikingly beautiful, we were happily able to remain on deck till very late. I was at length driven by the heavy dews into that den of gregarious discomfort, "the ladies' cabin," where my fervent adjurations to the god of slumber were for a long time baffled by the closeness of the air, and the garrulousness of two worthy English dames, who were entertaining each other with marvellous tales of successful and unsuccessful smuggling. One had had an Irish poplin torn from the sanctuary of the "bustle" itself, by order of "a nasty French officer of the customs;" while the other had once borne off in triumph to England twelve yards of "the loveliest Brussels lace" in the hem of her petticoat. From this they passed to subjects more purely domestic,—governesses, footmen, cooks,—and the last words which fell on my drowsy ear were "gooseberry tart" and "raspberry jam."

The joyfully-welcomed morning came at last, and we had a charming day, often passing very near the bold and beautiful shore of the Mediterranean, and saw the sun set at sea in a glory unapproachable by art, inexpressible by language. It was night ere we reached Genoa; so we lost the sea view of its noble bay. Yet the "superb" city was a glorious sight, seen even in the obscurity of the deepening twilight, as it rose, pile on pile of marble palaces, tier on tier of gleaming lights. We were soon able to go on shore, where we were little delayed at the custom house, on account of our passports or luggage. We are stopping at the *Locanda d'Italia*, a fine hotel, which once was a palace, they say, where we have a suite of pleasant rooms in somewhere about the twelfth story, and are very well attended, and served bountifully with excellent food.

Rome, November 13.

Genoa is to me, in recollection, like a gorgeous dream of grand palaces, old churches, splendid and strange—narrow streets, leading up steep acclivities, and down into dark hollows, lined with towering houses, whose outside walls are painted more brilliantly and variously than interiors elsewhere—with animated and striking groups of picturesque people—pale women, with shining black hair, and long white scarfs gracefully disposed about their heads, and falling in light folds over neck, arms, and bosom, walking everywhere about the crowded, dirty streets, as though through carpeted drawing-rooms, with a regal yet unconscious elegance,—men, with rich olive complexions and glossy black beards, wearing caps of brilliant red, or brown, or purple, and talking and gesticulating on the most trifling topic, with marvellous waste of passionate energy and dramatic effect;—children, limbed like sculptured Loves, with luxuriant hair, brown or raven, and cheeks round, and red, and goldened, like ripe peaches—and all these

speaking in a language wonderfully melodious and impressive, and looking out of large, deep, lustrous, yet melancholy eyes. There is to me a peculiarly sad and touching expression in these grand Italian orbs—it is half expectant, half despairing; the look of souls who have lost some great good, some priceless glory, for which they are wishing, and waiting, and searching eternally. You are struck by the native intelligence of these people. You know that many of them must be frightfully ignorant, but very few of them look so; and with the exception of the guides and priests, “blind leaders of the blind,” none are positively stupid. Their great eyes sometimes reveal the dulness of intellectual torpor, but never incapacity. The cloud is not dark and heavy enough wholly to hide the throbbing of the soul stars behind.

We spent two days in wandering through the Genoese palaces, churches, gardens, and streets—two days of rich, novel, unmingled pleasure. The palaces themselves are vast and noble, rather than beautiful; but they are rich in fine paintings, especially in many glorious Vandykes. The churches are the most magnificent and varied in their decoration I have yet seen—that of the Annunciation almost blinds one with its unveiled splendour and elaborate gorgeousness. In the gloomy old Duomo are kept the famous relics of John the Baptist—the ashes of his head, and one finger entire. In the chapel dedicated to these no woman is allowed to enter—a regulation doubtless made in holy condemnation of one of our sex, who excelled in a frivolous accomplishment, and turned it to an unholy account. In these churches, you see at all hours a few humble worshippers telling their beads and crossing themselves before the various shrines. But they are seldom so soundly wrapped in devotion as to be unmindful of the presence of strangers, whom they curiously follow with their eyes, while their lips move mechanically in soulless prayer.

From Genoa to Pisa we took carriages and *vetturini*, and travelled by the Cornice. The weather was delicious, and this journey of three days proved a long succession of glorious pictures. I had not only never seen, I had never *conceived*, anything so lovely and grand. Our road now lay along the shore of the blue Mediterranean; now off in quiet, delicious valleys, smiling with picturesque cottages, lemon and orange groves; now up and down mountains, clothed with olives and pines; now over torrents and along dark precipices; now under long avenues of poplar, and aspen, and sycamores, festooned with vines, and past gardens and hedges of roses in full bloom, sweetening the air with the very sweetness of paradise. And then the sunsets—when the splendid lights on cloud and sea seemed God's own transcendent glory made visible to man—when the very sky seemed to have descended and wrapped itself around the purple and golden hills—when heaven and earth seemed embracing in light and blending in a bridal of beauty. It were the extreme folly in me to attempt to reproduce here the vast and glowing pictures of that journey—to pour its rich sunlight or fling its grand shadows along my page—to blend its solemn sea voices,

and sad pine murmurs, and gay peasant singing with the sound of my words, and to distil into my thought the rare sweetness of its roses. Yet I believe that the vision of those mountains and valleys will never fade from my soul—that that sunlight will stream through all my future life—that that music of wave and tree will never wholly die on my ear—that those roses will be a fragrant memory in my death chamber.

The *disagrémens* of the journey—the impositions of the *veturini*, the discomfort of inns, and the persecutions from beggars—I have not dwelt upon, because, having been endured, they are so thoroughly past, so nearly forgotten.

At Lucca we visited a noble old cathedral, and took a pleasant stroll on the city walls, and at Pisa we spent half a day. The Leaning Tower, the Cathedral, the Baptistry, and the Campo Santo form the most splendid and interesting group of buildings I have ever seen. We ascended the tower, which certainly leans fearfully, and enjoyed a charming view from the summit. We lingered long in the cathedral before some delicious pictures by Andrea del Sarto, and wandered through the Campo Santo, where there is some fine monumental sculpture.

From Pisa we went by railway to Leghorn, which we found a very bustling and uninteresting place. Here, on the evening of the 11th, we took the French mail steamer for Civita Vecchia. This is a small, uncomfortable boat, and on this voyage we found it, to our dismay, crowded beyond precedent. Though not a state room or berth could be had, we were obliged to take passage by her, as a friend of Miss C—— would be awaiting us at Civita Vecchia, to accompany us to Rome. The first hours of the voyage flew lightly enough—the night was mild and beautiful. We met some American fellow-passengers, among whom was Colonel Marshall, of Kentucky, United States Minister to China, and had a pleasant chatty time on deck—where, indeed, I was disposed to spend the entire night, but was overruled by my friends, who thought me imprudent to the last degree in wishing to brave such exposure. So, about midnight, we descended into the dining cabin, where mattresses had been spread for us upon the floor. Alas! not for us alone. The place was already crowded with forlorn travellers—English, Americans, Germans, French, Italians—priests, soldiers, artists, ladies, children, couriers, and ladies' maids. After an immense amount of talk and laughter, we all got settled in our places, which were as comfortable as circumstances would allow. My companions soon fell asleep, overcome by the weariness of the day—but I was kept wide and wild awake by the closeness of the air, incipient sea-sickness, and the novelty and ludicrousness of the scene. As the atmosphere grew heavier and hotter, such a chorus of snoring was set up as was never before heard. It was absolutely maddening. Near me lay a stout gentleman, who astounded even more than he enraged me by the power and compass of his nasal organ. By his side lay his wife, looking pale and haggard as from innumerable sleepless nights. I raised myself on my elbow, and contemplated her weary face,

her sad, sleepless, wandering eyes, marvelling at her long endurance, and feeling an insane temptation to whisper to her, that, should she at any time strangle the unfeeling monster as he lay, "making night hideous" with his unearthly snore, no intelligent jury would bring in a worse verdict than "justifiable homicide." On my other side lay a lad, in that unregenerate state which Mrs. Pipchin refers to when she solemnly declares that "boys that snuffle never get to heaven." At length I grew almost frantic, and seizing all I could carry,—my carpet bag, cloak, blanket, and pillows,—I rushed upon deck. At the foot of the stairs I stumbled over a man—for what fell purpose he was lurking there, I did not then divine. As soon as I could muster sufficient strength and courage, after depositing my wraps on deck, I returned for my mattress—returned to find the stranger of the stairway stretched out upon it, and sleeping, or feigning to sleep, profoundly. There was no help for it, and in a sullen rage I staggered again to the deck; when behold! my blanket and pillows had been seized upon by some villanous marauder—even my *sac de nuit* had gone to some bourn whence no travelling-bag returns. My case was now desperate, and, going up to a brigandish-looking Frenchman, who was stretched upon a bench near by, luxuriating in a suspicious superabundance of blankets and pillows, and laying my hand on the outermost covering, I said, in as stern and relentless a tone as I could command, "*Monsieur c'est a moi!*" The guilty man relinquished it at once, with a "*Pardon, madame.*" I then made a requisition for the pillows, but could only recover one—which, by the way, was not mine, but a hard little thing, wet with night dew, about as pleasant to rest one's head upon as would be a brick folded in a cabbage leaf: yet I made the best of it—wrapped myself stoically in my blanket, stretched myself on the deck, and fell a star-gazing. The sky above me was of a deep, delicious, soul-bewildering blue, thick sown with radiant orbs—heaven's canopy of state over the queenliest loveliness of earth. The clouds were light and silvery, and assumed a thousand fair and fantastic shapes. One, I remember, took distinctly the form of a graceful woman, in the flowing Greek costume; in one hand she held a star, and seemed bending forward as though trying to blow it out. But the star was too much for her, and she finally blew herself away in vain attempts at extinguishing it.

But this heavenly contemplation becomes a decided bore when compulsory and protracted. I was getting very chill and weary, when a French lad, with whom I had a slight acquaintance, having been driven by cold from the longboat, where he had gone to sleep, happening to pass near, recognised me, and, horrified at my bedless condition, courageously plunged into the depths of the cabin, on a marauding expedition for my benefit. In about five minutes he returned, laden with spoil, in the shape of a mattress and a large pillow. He laughed very merrily, while arranging these for me, in telling how adroitly he had obtained them. He had found a stout gentleman, for whom two mattresses had been spread, sleeping on the cabin floor, and had actually succeeded in

rolling him off one, which he took possession of, with a pillow, ere the poor man was sufficiently roused to resist or remonstrate.

It is singular, that, though I had felt a righteous indignation at the heinous robberies before committed on me, I did not protest against this little confiscation, but enjoyed the joke immensely, and my bed as well, sleeping soundly on it for several hours. I was awakened by the rain; but as the sea had roughened, and I was decidedly sick, I did not go below, but wrapped myself more closely in my blanket, and "endured unto the end." Fortunately, the shower soon passed, and I took not the slightest cold.

About sunrise Colonel Marshall came on deck, and naturally expecting sympathy from a countrywoman, he had no sooner cast his eyes on me than he began to pour into my ears the story of his own peculiar hardships and wrongs. Some audacious brigand, he said, had actually stolen half of his bed and his best pillow from under him, as he lay in the deep unconsciousness of innocent slumber. I declare, that, in the dull gray of the early morning, the chilliness of the late shower, the torpor of subsiding seasickness, amid all the unspeakable forlornities of my state, I laughed till the tears rained down my face.

After going through the mere form of breakfasting in a dirty inn at Civita Vecchia, we set forth for Rome in imposing state, in an enormous diligence, with six horses and three postilions. This road runs through a bare, uninteresting, and desolate country. More than ten miles from the Eternal City we caught a view of St. Peter's, looming up like a small mountain, and every heart stood still at the sight. It was dark ere we entered Rome, yet we recognized several grand landmarks ere we reached our pleasant house in the Corso.

November 17.

Ancient Rome, as yet, affects me with a singular gloomy wonder. I gaze about me sadly rather than eagerly. I am too awestruck to be curious. We spent one day among the ruins; and though the sunshine was brilliant as that of June, and the breath of wild roses was afloat on the soft air, that day was to me one of shadows and sadness. Could all the sunshine that ever streamed out of heaven make festal brightness in the mighty circle of the Coliseum, thronged, as it is, to the eye of the spirit, with dark visions of fear and horror, of fierce fight and deadly encounter, brutal ferocity and diabolical cruelty? The blood of innumerable martyrs seems yet rising from the once trampled and gory arena, a cloud between us and the beautiful skies. What a terrible power has a place like this over the imagination! I there beheld not alone the half-sickening, half-intoxicating scenes of ancient gladiatorial combat; but, as I stood near one of the ruined passages, by which the wild beasts, ages on ages ago, were driven mad with rage and hunger, from their black, subterranean dens, into the noontide blaze of the amphitheatre, I involuntarily listened to hear them roaring and bounding beneath me.

SOCIETY IN WASHINGTON.

BY MRS. KIRKLAND.

THE Americans are a queer people, to be sure! In some respects so like children, they are in others wise and reasonable as Socrates himself. With all their bragging, they have yet never bragged half enough, nor of the right things. We have seen urchins, drest by their mammas in the best of everything, yet priding themselves immensely on a parcel of mean shining tatters, ferreted out of some old trunk in the garret, and hung about them to help to sustain an imaginary character; and even so may we observe inconsistent and vain Jonathans, undervaluing their grand and substantial advantages, aim at and sigh for things utterly worthless, out of their own time and place, all the while fancying themselves much dignified by these ill-fitting shreds of a grandam's finery. Yet, in some directions, how philosophical they are! dealing with ideas as if they were solid, tangible realities; scorning all the aids and appliances of outward seeming; able to bow down in obeisance to a principle, as if it were clothed in all the symbolism of crown, orb, and ermine. Then again, talk to them of the horrors and abominations of negro-slavery, and the impiety of daring to own men and women, and they laugh at you for an abstractionist, and point triumphantly at their slaves, as far better fed, and better drest, and more self-respecting than your colliery and factory labourers, bound to the soil by a necessity more inexorable than chains,—the necessity to eat. If they cannot always stop to give a reason, they are at least always ready with an answer, to every objection that can be brought against their present *status*; an answer which is sure to derive a certain amount of silencing force from the evident prosperity, happiness, and improvement of their new-born country. Scornfully disregarding the multitude of petty restraints which go to make up fine manners, they are yet excessively sensitive to comments, foreign and domestic, on their behaviour in society. Cast in their teeth (not inappropriately) the national vice which defiles marble floors and Persian carpets without scruple, and they will, as likely as not, deny the fact; convicted in the act, they will justify it. At once the rudest and the most humane among civilised nations, who shall do them justice? But that is not our business just now.

The increasing tendency of the Americans to prefer unmarked men for their Chief Magistrates, is very significant, on many accounts; but our present purpose does not include the discussion of general principles. The election of Franklin Pierce, after Millard Fillmore, and James K. Polk, is an indication of the fact; and those of Jackson, Harrison, and Taylor, are no contradictions of it, since they were a mere temporary ebullition of the war spirit,

consequent upon the successes of the Florida, Frontier, and Mexican wars. The universal question asked by the sovereign people, on occasion of the nomination of each of the three civilians we have named, was, "Who is he?" Yet they were no whit the less ready to throw up their caps, and give their most sweet voices for them, the instant they were lifted by a few potent hands to the position of candidates. Mr. Fillmore—sometimes facetiously called "His Accident," because he came to the presidential throne most unexpectedly by the death of poor General Taylor, hunted to the grave by implacable office-seekers—proved a popular ruler, being by nature, and in all sincerity and good intention, a compromiser, and therefore incapable of giving countenance to any public measure that should raise disputes and set politicians together by the ears. He is a man of majestic figure and bland countenance, with manners elaborately courteous, though not without self-respect. He professes himself much relieved by the permission to lay down his office, though even his friends admit that he could have been persuaded to retain it for another term, if his country had demanded further services. Perhaps the two are not incompatible after all. Certainly, nothing could excel the smiling grace with which he occupied the second place at his successor's inauguration.

Franklin Pierce has not quite so much to thank nature for in the way of personal advantages, nor yet so smooth and beaming a countenance, with which to soften refusals and pacify the disappointed. He has the typical Yankee face: sharp, keen, anxious, able, but neither dignified nor prepossessing. Slender and wiry in form, his gestures are automatic, and his voice unmusical, though somorous. The deeply afflictive loss of his only child by a railroad accident, shortly before his accession, gives naturally an additional shade of earnestness to a countenance never joyous; and the look of sadness which he now habitually wears, adds much to the interest with which he is regarded by the people.

"One touch of sparrow makes the whole world kin."

He has been somewhat in public life, but with no particular *ecclat*: and though he figured somewhat in the Mexican war, it was not very favourably. But his brother officers brought home a warm estimate of his personal character, as being unselfish and considerate of others to a remarkable degree. How he can manage these qualities, or preserve this reputation, in his new position, where he must disoblige a hundred every time he gratifies one, remains to be seen. Borne in on a triumphant vote, he is yet almost as much of an accident as his predecessor, having no more hold on the imagination, the affections, or the pride of the country. One must have been very thoroughly acquainted with the American democracy, to have foreseen that Webster and Scott would stand no chance with this *pis-aller* of a party crisis.

The President of the United States does not share the hard fate of other sovereigns, doomed to forego the pleasure of strictly personal friendship and esteem. His honours being necessarily

short-lived, no man hates him for them; and the knowledge that he is soon to return to private life, guards him against yielding himself up too much to the haughtiness of power. The President is, in truth, the most oppressed public servant in the nation, and perhaps haughtiness is the fault he is least likely to fall into, if one may judge by the aspect of things at the White House. The sovereign people, in their individual as well as collective capacity, feel that house to be theirs, to enter at all hours, and to be attended to under all circumstances. The President and his family may indeed *lock the doors* of the room they happen to be occupying at the moment, but every door not thus guarded will be liable to be entered, at any hour of the day, by booted visitors from Arkansas or Iowa. The entrance-hall of the presidential mansion looks, in all respects, like the vestibule of a second-rate hotel, all its appointments being calculated for the rough company it is generally used by; and the reception-rooms on the lower floor, being thus made common to the entire public, lack the air of neatness which graces state apartments elsewhere. Not an usher attends to see that the privilege of entrance is not abused. You go in and wander about at your leisure, among gilding, mirrors, and satin damask, and no one asks you for credentials, or hints that you had better not put your feet on the sofas. Is there any other country in the world where this state of things could exist? It seems coarse and careless, certainly; but there must be a considerable degree of refinement somewhere, to make it possible.

The East Room, used for *levées*, has been much spoken of by western members, who are shocked by its splendour, which, as they aver, helps unwarrantably to deplete the treasury of the nation. This room is eighty feet long by forty-five in width, and its extravagant decorations consist of an ordinary Brussels carpet, window-curtains of crimson damask, half-a-dozen looking-glasses, and a certain number of far from elegant sofas, chairs, and tables. Not a picture, not a statue, not a work of art of any description graces the forlorn bareness of the walls; and no American hotel parlour of any pretensions, makes half so poor a figure. Now, our Western friend does not know what an important step in his education would be the placing of a few pictures even—let them be by American artists only, if he insists on it—in this gathering-place of the masses.

The city of Washington is redolent all over of its great founder, whose honest pride was deeply gratified by the just compliment paid him by his country, in naming the capital after him, though his modesty prevented him from ever calling it anything but "The Federal City." It is a place of great interest, curiously characteristic in all respects. Correspondences without number might be traced by a less imaginative observer than Swedenborg. To our thinking, it is more really the ideal heart of its nation than London or Paris, which owe their existence and interest to an immense variety of causes, while Washington has but one. In truth, "The Federal City" is as near an abstraction as may be, spite of a few

marble piles which represent, in some sort, the departments of State; and the gothic Smithsonian Institute, which stands out a transplanted slip of Old England. Even in its laying out, Washington symbolises, in an obscure manner, the whole country; for it is built on an English plan—none other than that devised by Sir Christopher Wren for the rebuilding of London after the great fire, rejected then and there, because of its “magnificent distances,” unsuited to an area so valuable, but called up and adopted when Major L’Enfant, the “Capability Brown” of the post-revolutionary era, had scope and leave to use, for the new capital, the best possible idea, with unlimited space to work upon, and boundless (future) means to carry out the details. This fact, unrecorded as yet, as far as we know, was observed by Mr. Vinton, of Ohio, not many years since, in the London Art-Union, where Sir Christopher’s diagrams are preserved.

Whoever will stand on Capitol Hill, or still better, on the balcony of the Capitol itself, and let his eye wander over the grand scene visible from there, will, we think, be inclined to add another “circumspice” to the great architect’s epitaph. The avenues of immense width, diverging from that central eminence, carry the imagination to the remotest limits of the great empire, for the observer finds it impossible to refrain from following out, in his thought, the triangulation suggested by the commencing points at his feet. These main avenues, named from the thirteen original states, are crossed by streets, numerically designated in one direction, alphabetically in the opposites, so that when we are seeking “the corner of F. and Twelfth-street,” or “Four-and-a-half street, B and C,” we walk as among algebraic signs, surrounded by all the dim glory of abstractions. From the Capitol we look down upon the President’s house, though that, too, is upon an eminence; symbols again, though we are far from suspecting General Washington of anything so fanciful. The distance between the Capitol and the “White House” is about a mile, and the way between is a street one hundred and sixty feet in width, as yet sparsely built, and lacking the grace of architectural effect, but grand and imposing from the sweep of its descent and re-ascent, as well as because of its magnificent terminations, the state offices clustering at the western end, while the Capitol crowns the steep at the other. The whole space between the Capitol and the Potomac, southward of this great avenue,—an area of seven hundred acres,—is to be thrown into a park, including within its bounds the gardens and conservatories belonging to the nation—from which are sent to all parts of the Union the seeds and slips of rare and useful plants; the Smithsonian edifice, expressly picturesque rather than convenient; and the new monument to the Father of his country; a pile of stone as yet shapeless and huge, such as “lubbard labour” could have contrived as well as executed, but destined, in the end to be an edifice worthy at least the wealth of a great country, if not the taste and fitness of a highly civilised one. This park will be laid out in walks and groves, with a carriage drive of eight miles—a prototype, we may hope, for the other public grounds in Ame-

ican cities, thus far miserably unfurnished in this respect. It will be entered, from the Capitol, by a triumphal arch, and is to include an arboretum or scientific classification of trees—an American sylvia—planted as a border round the entire space. Evergreens are to be very abundant in it, the mild climate being particularly favourable to their rapid growth and fine size. All this is in accordance with the plans of the lamented Downing, lost by a terrible steam-boat accident last summer. Hardly even the far-famed Place de la Concorde will be more beautiful than this esplanade, with its grand adjuncts. The plan of Washington includes a multitude of open spaces intended as small parks, besides this great one.

The Capitol itself, let what fault will be found with its architecture—as who can't find fault with architecture unprotected by the shadow of great and established names?—is a splendid object, if only for its size and the dazzling whiteness of its material. And who can look at it without remembering that Washington himself laid its first corner-stone. It is three hundred and fifty feet in length, and covers an area of an acre and a half. Already too small for its purposes, great wings are being added, which with the colonnades, will more than double its present size, and make it a still more glorious object in the sunlight, as one looks up from the Potomac shore, trees and gardens clustering about its base, and flags floating above its battlements.

Within, there is much to drag down the imagination. First and foremost the state of the floors, which would disgrace Timbuctoo or a Hottentot Kraal. Then the absence of all form and order of reception, the whole thing being just like a street and a very dirty one. The Rotunda is a fine circular waiting room of a hundred feet diameter and of equal height, with a dome overhead and doors on all sides, and between the doors large pictures of scenes from American history. One panel only waits for a picture now painting in Paris by Powell, who has resided there three years for the purpose. It represents the discovery of the Mississippi by De Soto, and is said to be the best thing yet painted for the Rotunda. Those of Trumbull will, however, always possess superior interest, as containing authentic portraits of the prominent Revolutionists. It will be long, probably, before the masses here will relish pictures—especially national ones,—purely imaginative; they acknowledge as yet no reality but literality. Pocahontas throwing himself in the way of the tomahawk raised to kill Captain Smith, passes pretty well, though not exactly a "view taken upon the spot;" but Franklin working at his printing-press would please better, because there would be a real portrait of Franklin, and another, equally real, of his printing-press; the latter easily verified by a visit to the Patent Office, where stands the identical press, in a glass case, as clumsy and black as an infant demon need be. Yet the pictures of the Rotunda and the general harmony and elegance of the room exercise a silent influence, no doubt; let us at least hope it, since there are so many proofs, on all sides, that refinement is the one thing yet

to seek at this gathering of the American notables in their legislative capacity.

From the Rotunda we pass into the Library, a noble apartment on the east front, lined and shelved with iron, from the sad experience of a year or two since, when its precious contents were burnt without a possibility of help. Besides many thousands of volumes intrinsically valuable, including copies of all American copy-right books, the manuscripts, maps, and records, of material interest and importance, made the loss irreparable, at least by any power of the Government. There is, however, a private library in Washington, belonging to Peter Force, Esq., which probably is destined ultimately—long hence we may hope, since its owner is universally esteemed—to become the property of the nation, and which contains an immense mass of books, pictures, maps, manuscripts, medals, busts, coins, and autograph letters, every one of which illustrates, directly or indirectly, the history of the country from its discovery to the present moment. Mr. M'Guire, another Washington collector, possesses volumes of autograph letters of Washington, Jefferson, Adams, &c.; so that it is possible that in time the loss sustained by the burning of the Congressional library may be, in part, at least, repaired: provided always, that the country ever gets time to attend to any matters not directly bearing on its material prosperity.

The few books that were saved from the conflagration, and such as have been already purchased as the nucleus of a new Congressional library, are collected in a room on the south of the Rotunda, used as a fashionable lounging-place and social exchange by members of both Houses and strangers visiting Washington from all parts of the Union. It is pleasant to encounter there many people one likes to see for various reasons; but far more interesting to the privileged few to penetrate into a retired apartment beyond—used as a committee-room of the Senate, and as a repository for senatorial reports and documents—where sits, studying and writing, for the most unfortunate of human beings, Miss Dix, to whose untiring and self-sacrificing labours the country and the world owe so much. Some fourteen State lunatic asylums on the grandest scale, and under the most intelligent care, are already the result of this lady's benevolent importunity with various Legislatures which had before neglected the wants of the most helpless and abused portion of their population. Even the good works of that proverb of beneficent women, Elizabeth Fry, sink in comparison with the reforms in prisons and asylums of a single woman without fortune, who desires above all things to remain unnoticed and unknown. Grateful communities have again and again desired pictures and statues of her to ornament and dignify the scenes of her labours and her triumphs; but the pain which these propositions occasion her is now so well understood, that even those by whom her worth is most justly felt refrain from any further attempt to do her public honour while she lives. The object which at present occupies her time, and, more than all, her failing strength, is the establishment of a central

national asylum, which her unwearied explorations into the necessities of the case have convinced her is imperatively called for, to receive great numbers of unhappy waifs and strays who have no claims on limited State bounty. To this work she has now devoted several winters, spending the entire period of the session at Washington, in such efforts as her large experience has shown effectual elsewhere. But although she has an ascertained and sufficient majority in both houses to carry her bill, sectional jealousy and party venom always succeed in preventing its passing, by the old expedient of tacking fast to it certain unpopular and impossible addenda which at once oblige its best friends to lay it on the table.

The Legislative halls of the United States are much like others of similar character—very much like the French Chamber of Deputies. The House of Lords stands alone not only in its gorgeousness of decoration, but in the air of gentlemanly calmness and high-bred self-restraint which pervades its deliberations. Congress looks like an assembly of men of business, keen, rough, anxious, watchful. When unpleasant things are said, a “rowdy” spirit is called up in a moment. This is not to be wondered at, for Western and Southern members are in a great majority, and Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Adams—all the men whose august personal presence and irresistible weight of character used to be felt, are gone. Cass is there—calm, quiet, reserved, gentlemanly; but his abilities and accomplishments are shorn of their beams by a settled conviction of his selfishness, his greedy spirit, and his lack of high political principles. There is Hale, a great, stalwart, keen man, the champion of the Anti-Slavery interest, whom not all the unpopularity of his favourite topic, nor the bitter wit with which he enforces it, can make personally unpopular, though in the Senate he is hated and dreaded, like a gilded bomb with its fuse for ever alight. He has, however, more of the sharp-shooter than of the trained artillery-man in his oratory, and what he says is not felt long after the echoes of his sonorous voice have died on the ear. Chase, of Ohio, also an Anti-Slavery man, and, as such, deemed by certain Southern fire-eaters a blot upon the Senate—is handsome, more delicate, more gentlemanly than his bulky friend, more silvery in speech, yet no less effective. But both are on the wrong side for general interest and recognition. Leward, again, polished, elaborate, powerful, earnest, is the best hated man in the room, and can do little by his presence for the general tone. The honorable Pierre Soulé, with his swarthy southern skin, deep fierce eyes, and diabolical beauty, is a finished courtier. Every word, every look, is just what he chooses it shall be. The lightning soul underneath is subdued to the uses of a telegraph, which carries no messages to the outward world but by order. This man, with his deliberate enunciation in a French-tinctured accent, has, perhaps, more personal power in the Senate than any other, and he uses it in favour of gentlemanliness, always. If he killed a man, as he might naturally enough be expected to do if one should affront him, it would be without a violent gesture or an

unhandsome word. If it be objected that this is not an American character, it will be because the objector has not calculated the distance between Boston and New Orleans.

A large proportion of members of both houses figure during the session in Washington society, which is free as air to all who come properly accredited. It is only in summer that the Washington ladies, including now in this term the wives of heads of departments, take time to sleep. As long as Congress sits, so long do routs and balls, dinner parties and supper parties, crowd one upon the other upon the devoted population of the Federal City. Without the heavy splendour and unpleasing costliness of New York or Philadelphia, these assemblies, from their advantage in the constant presence of distinguished and eminent persons, possess a character of superior refinement. The younger people are like other young people—they live and breathe and dress and eat only to dance; from ten at night to two in the morning the vibration never ceases, and harp and piano, “sackbut and psaltery, and all manner of music” that can be danced after, know no rest. Clouds of *tulle*, showers of roses, incense of flattery and bouquets, make enchanting the gas-light, and intoxicate fair-haired brains, as they did of yore the brains of these belles’ grandmothers.

“So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old!”

But with the elders, conversation is the amusement, and for this Washington affords, of course, unusual advantages; for if there be any talent or cultivation, joined with even moderate fortune, anywhere in the United States, it is sure to find its way to Washington, sooner or later; and, wholly free from the weight of any privileged class, ability finds its level and real merit its due reception. No exception to this remark is found in the presence of the government functionaries; for without a tinge of servility of manner, these “public servants” are obliged to recognise, at all times and places beyond their own especial bureaux during office hours, their equality with their constituents. Of course they are at liberty to defend themselves from the aggressions of ignorance and ill-breeding, but they assume no state, and pretend to no social respect not accorded to other gentlemen. It must be confessed that the world has never before seen such a spectacle as Washington presents in this particular, but a full exposition of its social aspect would require more space than we can spare.

The Torlonia of Washington, Mr. Corcoran, entertains in a style no whit inferior to that of his noted prototype at Rome, though his palace and its gallery are but miniatures of Italian magnificence. The Greek Slave of Power graces one end of this beautiful room, itself enough to throw the glorious light of Art over the whole dwelling. If wealth could purchase princedoms in America, there are few men who would become the State better than Mr. Corcoran, though he is said to have risen by sheer force of talent from very humble beginnings.

General Scott, who resides permanently at Washington as headquarters, is a man who loses the social advantages he has fairly earned by military ability, success, and integrity, by the weakness of vanity, or the vanity of weakness. Never had giant so little dignity. No one can converse with him half an hour without wondering that he has ever done anything. There is a strange mixture of respect and contempt in the public estimate of him; and the late attempt to create the office and rank of Lieutenant-General for him, as a reward for his past services, failed as much by means of the prevalence of the latter feeling, as because of the reluctance of many patriotic persons to any increase of military power and patronage. At the late Inauguration, General Scott was "nowhere," if we may be allowed an Americanism literally correct in this case. Clearly the people of the United States do not intend to give undue encouragement to military ambition.

The change of chief ruler is accomplished here with extraordinary quietness. General Washington is said to have had a taste for pomp and ceremony, quite natural for the times in which he lived. What would he have said of his successor of the fourth of March, 1853, in plain citizen's dress, passing from Willard's Hotel through Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol, in an open barouche, bareheaded under a snow-storm, not even an umbrella intercepting the view claimed by the "sovereign people" who thronged the way in thousands? General Washington, in his state costume of black velvet, with lace ruffles and a dress sword, his hair powdered and a cocked hat carefully poised above it, must have made quite another figure; his majestic height, and a presence which struck every beholder with an involuntary respect, more than supplying the lack of regal paraphernalia. General Pierce is a man with whom one might ride in an omnibus every day for a year, without once thinking to inquire who he was; not that he is contemptible, but common-place—what the Americans call an *average* man. Beside him in a carriage sat Mr. Fillmore, not uncovered, for he had ceased, when the black ball at the Observatory dropped noon, to be a public servant, and as a private gentleman he took no notice of the demonstrations of the crowd. A few companies of infantry, some showy troops of light horse, and a specimen or two of that wondrous flying artillery that, by way of trial, once flew up the forty marble steps that lead to the Capitol, formed the main portion of the *cortège* besides the government functionaries. Then there was a prodigious following on foot, on horseback, and in carriages, not to speak of those spirited "Fire-companies," that make part of every procession in America, dragging gorgeous engines, and hose-carts like triumphal cars waving with flowers and banners. Amid all this, not a policeman was seen. Everybody did that which seemed best in his own eyes, and yet all was orderly. A company of "Fantastics" or "Callithumpians"—foolish fellows, ludicrously drest, and marching to mock bands of music—showed themselves somewhere on the track of the procession; but they were soon taken in hand, and sent flying in all directions, not by the authorities, however, but by the "sovereigns"

in person. The press about the Capitol was, of course, very great, but not a loud word was spoken. Ladies passed in and out of the throng without difficulty, and in spite of the anxiety to secure positions from which the Inaugural Address could be heard, there was no pushing. An Italian crowd in Holy Week, or a French one at a *fête* in the Champs Elysées, could not be more civil. Strange that men who cannot refrain from social enormities within doors, can be so humane and self-governed, in cases where rudeness is least noticed! A great platform had been erected on the east front of the Capitol, and this was soon filled with officials, members of both houses, and ladies. In the midst was a table, the plainest that could be found, one would think; and on this table—a pitcher of water! Think of a coronation! A small open space was left behind the table, and in that soon appeared the new President, with the Chief Justice, who was to administer the oath. This was done in dumb show, of course, as far as the crowds below were concerned, and it is to be noted that during the ceremony the snow continued to fall on the uncovered heads of the dignitaries, while the spectators were sheltered by hats and umbrellas, no carriages being allowed within the grounds, on account of the crowd. A very few minutes sufficed for the installation of the new ruler, and, without loss of time, while the people were still shouting, he pulled off his overcoat in a very business-like manner, and began his speech. The scene was remarkable. There was the dense crowd of people, deemed by a good part of the world only half civilised in manners, calm and quiet as Eastern sages, listening with critical ears to a man who the day before was but a country lawyer from a little State of the Union, now endued with the power of a constitutional monarch, which he is peaceably to relinquish at the end of four years. Facing the speaker sat Washington, in colossal marble; cold, severe, watchful, and with all the dignity that ever belonged to earthly hero; seeming to try his successor by a judgment almost unerring in his mortal life, and now, to the imagination at least, sublimely pure in the clearer light of a world removed from passion and prejudice. The orator, too, was demonstrative of the spirit of the hour; he had too much of the lawyer in his pleadings and his gesticulations. The speech was energetic in its exposition of future policy, but the exposition itself seemed undignified under the circumstances. It was too much like what is called in the United States a “stump” speech; an electioneering address, out of place when the post of honour has been won. But there was enough of the moral sublime in the scene taken as a whole, to counterbalance or overpower this individual error of taste. That a democratic people should do nothing, on this, the chief national occasion, to delight the public eye, seems anomalous; but it has been observed that as the Americans consider government as, at best, only a necessary evil, they are not prompted to any gay or festive manifestations connected with the institution. The exercise of a keen critical spirit is not favourable to pomp and parade, which appeal to the imagination; the people are too much occupied in watching and weighing their chosen minister to care for the mere

externals, and, in general, the Americans have no taste for shows, though they love show. De Tocqueville says it is because they are a commercial people and calculate the cost. Perhaps it is rather because they are a new people, made grave by the necessity of providing and learning. When they do attempt public spectacles, such as commemorative processions, funerals, &c., they are mean and paltry, and the people laugh at them, even while they throng to see them, while the more instructed shun them altogether.

The national anniversary, July 4th, is the signal for everybody who can afford it to rush out of town, and the streets are filled with country people, foreigners, and children. Intensity is the law of American life; its *pabulum* is excitement, not superficial, but deep and serious. When the period for this has past—perhaps this is deferring a change to the political millennium—we may see quite another phase of character in the self-governed, who may hope by that time to be in some sense masters of themselves and their destiny; a nation of philosophers, able to do what they will, and to show why they do it.

When the procession passes from the Capitol towards the "White House," it simply reverses the order of its commencement—leaving the old President at a hotel, and carrying forward the new one to his four years' palace, where he must instantly prepare to play the host, receiving anybody who chooses to call, after first having given audience to foreign ministers and other officials. The city being thronged with strangers—hundreds having walked the streets all night for want of a lodging, after every bed, chair, table, and floor was packed—the rush at this first levee may be imagined. But it all goes off quietly, and after a couple of hours spent in being gazed at and shaken hands with, the tyro in sovereignty has leave to seek his private sofa, where, let us hope! his attendants shampoo his weary limbs, and

"Lap him in soft Lydian airs,"

to prepare him for next day's labours.

Meanwhile, the released man feels like a bird with wings new plumed for a flight into the warmer atmosphere of home and friends. Occupying the suite of rooms at Willard's, just vacated by the new-comer, he sits, serene and smiling, to receive, not the condolences, but the congratulations of his friends: Mr. Fillmore's trooped about him, with feelings of sincere regard, for no "accident" ever won so many golden opinions. With his grand person and gracious manner, he joins an air of dignified reserve and self-poise that inspires confidence even in a politician. This gentleman retires from office under peculiarly gratifying circumstances; for, really, nobody has a word to say against him, while, from his cabinet, he received a testimonial of regard such as, so far as we know, is unprecedented in the history of the United States—a letter expressive of their grateful sense of his conduct towards themselves, with the highest commendation of his fidelity and devotion as a public officer. To all this the ex-President

replies, with much feeling, of which a single paragraph will give some idea of the terms in which the American chief magistrate is accustomed to live with his official advisers:—

"No President was ever more fortunate than myself in the selection of his Cabinet. No manifestation of unkind feeling, or even a hard word, has ever disturbed the harmonious action of the Council Board. This cordial unanimity has not only advanced the public service, but has been at all times to me a source of unalloyed satisfaction. I shall ever reflect upon our social and official intercourse with great pleasure, and cherish, to my latest breath, the disinterested friendship with which it has been marked."

And thus, with no attempt at state or form, the discharged official slides back into private life, to appear again at the bar or on the bench, in military or civil service, or at the plough, like a greater than Cincinnatus, Washington, who, loaded with laurels and blessings, felt it a privilege and delight once more to traverse at leisure his fields at Mount Vernon, entering with new pleasure into the minutest details of the management of his estate, and receiving his friends with the simplicity and freedom of an ordinary citizen.

Mount Vernon was named by the elder brother of Washington, who had served under the stout old Admiral. It lies some fourteen or fifteen miles below Washington, on the Potomac, or River of Swans, over whose waters the eyes of the hero of American independence were never tired of wandering. Here, in a simple family vault, lie his precious ashes, destined, in course of time, to be placed under the huge monument now erecting to his memory in Washington, a perishable thing in comparison with the world's sense of his deserving. No traveller from any quarter but takes this hallowed spot in his way, and all ships, as they pass, lower their flags in reverential remembrance of him who sleeps below. The house he loved better than palaces still stands, though unhappily decaying. The government should buy it and preserve it religiously, and will doubtless do so, though probably not till time has done further mischief. There is the large old rural dining-room, unornamented save by consecrated relics of the past, showing the very aspect it presented to La Fayette and all the noble brothers in arms who used to love to gather there, about their venerated chief. There is the bust of Washington, by Houdon, cast from life in 1785, grand and massive in its contours as that of the Capitoline Jove, but full of human thought, passion, and tenderness, such as the plastic art never portrayed from imagination alone. Enthusiasm sometimes asks, "When shall we look upon his like again?" but this prosperous and happy country of his love and pride may be well content to let him remain for ever unique and unapproached in his glory, since only great and terrible emergencies ever call forth—perhaps it were better to say create—such men.

The monument is designed to be, in the end, something far different from the huge mass it appears at present. Around the shaft or obelisk, which alone is begun, and which is to be carried to the

height of six hundred feet, is to be built a circular temple or Pantheon, of two hundred and fifty feet diameter, intended to contain statues and pictures of Revolutionary worthies and others who may have performed signal service to the State. Below are to rest, besides the ashes of Washington, the remains of those whom the country delights to honour; and the whole will be a centre of consecrated and ennobling national memories, to which succeeding generations may resort as to a fountain of patriotic feeling. Every State of the Union sends a block of native marble for the structure, and on each of these blocks is a characteristic dedicatory inscription. Should this grand design reach actual consummation—which, it is to be feared, may not happen in our day—it may laugh at artistic criticism, and claim to be judged by its own rules; or to stand uncensured until a rival memorial shall arise, of equal magnificence and for the preservation of memories equally august. Every day sees the esteem and personal affection of the people of the United States for their first President increase, and every year adds to the numerous memorials of him, which States and cities and private individuals are ambitious to possess. In New York has lately been opened a collection of pictures and works of art, called the Washington Gallery, in which are the most valued and authentic representations of the “patriot, hero, sage”—from the age of sixteen, a fine, glowing boy, to that last portrait, painted in 1794, which Washington mentions in one of his letters, as the “best likeness” that had yet been made of him. He was at that time sixty-five years of age, and the muscles of his face and form had lost some of their firmness. But the qualities for which he was most remarkable are still there; the calm self-possession so different from coldness; the dignity so far above haughtiness; the traces of passion that had been a servant, not a master; the patience which, having had its perfect work on earth, was then humbly waiting for the award of a higher and more awful tribunal. Though not remarkable as a work of art, this picture has an especial value from having the suffrage of the great original, and because it bears in every line the evidence of simple truth.

Returning, after some digressions, which it is hoped the reader will not deem unpardonable, to the city of Washington: the Smithsonian Institute is one of the most curious objects that attract the visitor. The fruit of an English bequest, this tribute of science and benevolence to the spirit of liberty is without a parallel in its origin, and perhaps hardly more commonplace in other respects. Fanciful heads and hands had the care of details in the carrying out of Mr. Smithson's grand idea, and the result has been a curious specimen of the pepper-box Gothic, very pretty to look at as a decoration in the great park, but suggesting its object, and fitting its place, as little as a Chinese pagoda for a citizen's country box, or a garden “ruin,” which turns out to be a dairy. Certainly, that long array of towers, turrets, and cloisters seems ill adapted, at first view, for purposes of science, and, unhappily, the impression of unsuitableness is by no means diminished upon interior examination. In length, four hundred and

fifty feet, and having an extreme breadth of one hundred and forty, it covers a vast extent of ground, compared with the available space within, since the towers are, one and all, simply useless. The fund, originally about half a million of dollars, has not as yet been encroached upon, as the building was not commenced till interest sufficient for its erection had accrued; and the design of the Regents (the President of the United States and his Cabinet, with some other high functionaries, forming this board, *ex officio*) is to divide the income into two parts, one part devoted to scientific research, and the other to the formation of a library, a general museum, and a gallery of art. The scientific branch is under very able direction, in the person of Professor C. S. Henry, whose name is no stranger in Europe since his discoveries in electromagnetism, &c., and whose whole heart and soul are devoted to the studies suited to his position. Several scientific works of world-wide value have already been published by the Institute, under his direction. The library numbers already ten thousand volumes, and is increasing very rapidly, Mr. Jewett, the assistant-secretary of the Institute, and acting librarian, being also an enthusiast in his branch. His plan for avoiding the incessant labour of amending and renewing catalogues, is considered very happy. He proposes to stereotype all titles separately, and to preserve the plates in alphabetical order, inserting additional titles as need arises. This promises very much to lighten the labour of librarians, and the cost and delay of that order without which the grandest collection must become comparatively useless. The museum is as yet but a beginning, but has received some valuable scientific donations; and the gallery of art has not even been commenced, unless we reckon as its germ a few specimens, rather curious than beautiful, and a fine collection of engravings and works on art. This department will naturally fill slowly, but in this country it needs only an impetus, which some accidental cause is very likely to supply. There is a vast amount of slumbering or struggling talent in the United States, which, as circumstances become every day more favourable to its development, will, ere long, begin to make itself felt in the domain of art. In sculpture, particularly, American genius is at work, and is destined, as it would appear, to shine to a degree hardly to have been expected so early in the history of a utilitarian and unpoetical people. One obstacle to the steady and efficient encouragement of art in this country must ever be the want of permanence in private fortunes, though there will be, doubtless, in time an appreciation of really meritorious works that will prevent their proving "bad property," in the sales that inevitably follow the demise of an American millionaire. Until this point in taste is reached, few will purchase very costly works of art, and until costly, *i. e.* exquisite, works of art are brought to view, the public taste for it must grow slowly. All is progress here, however; and improvements that would lag elsewhere, waiting for the entire concurrence of causes, here dart forward in the most marvellous way and under what would be total discouragements elsewhere. De

Tocqueville, indeed, insists that a democratic society will be likely to produce rather a great number of middling works than a few of the highest merit. "In the confusion of ranks," he says, "every one hopes to appear what he is not, and makes great exertions to succeed in this object. This sentiment, indeed, which is but too natural to the heart of man, does not originate in the democratic principle, but that principle applies it to material objects. Many of those who had already contracted a taste for the fine arts are impoverished; on the other hand, many who are not yet rich begin to conceive that taste, at least by imitation; and the number of consumers increases, but opulent and fastidious consumers become more scarce. The productions of artists are more numerous, but the merit of each production is diminished." This oracular writer, whose vaticinations on the New World are always worthy of respect, did not, could not, take into account circumstances which have arisen as unexpectedly and as much without precedent as the general condition of the people whose tendencies he analysed with so much philosophical acumen twenty years ago. The increase of wealth since that time has been such as no theories had supposed, and foreign travel has become the every-day occurrence among people who do not even belong to the wealthy class. That proximity to Europe which M. de Tocqueville thought would tend to render the American satisfied with imported works of art, has but warmed his taste and increased his knowledge of such productions to a point which will force him to attempt to become himself an artist. What he will originate, if originality be any longer possible, remains to be seen; what he has done is sufficient to prove that he is not going to be satisfied with an occasional view, or an imperfect reproduction of the treasures of European galleries.

We must hardly quit the Federal City without mention of one of its most important central advantages, the National Observatory, which the country owes to that very original person, Mr. John Quincy Adams, who underwent, in his advocacy of it, an amount of derision which was almost persecution, but which only incited his bull-dog pertinacity to a more fixed determination. Up to his day the Americans were entirely dependent on Europe for nautical data and meteorological observations. At present, under the care of Lieutenant Maury, the whole round of necessary instruments, and the skill required for their best use, are at home and constantly occupied in valuable labours. The great equatorial telescope, in its revolving dome, is but one of the grand and costly appliances already collected in this great building, which scornful unbelievers used to call Mr. Adams' "Lighthouse in the skies."

ASPEN COURT,
AND WHO LOST AND WHO WON IT.

A Tale of our Own Time.

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS,

AUTHOR OF "MISS VIOLET AND HER OFFERS."

CHAPTER XLIII.

LEE WAY.

THE Minister was as good as his word, and Bernard Carlyon had the satisfaction of apprising Lilian, about a week after the conversation between Selwyn and the Earl, that he had received a permanent appointment, which was already valuable, and which would, in due official course, be exchanged for something better. He had also the internal comfort of reflecting that he owed this entirely to his own exertions in the trial-sphere into which he had been introduced by Lord Rookbury, for Selwyn, in the upright discharge of his duty, deemed it right to apprise Carlyon, that his former patron had conceived a dislike to him, and that his advancement was by no means to be an additional item in his debt of gratitude to the Earl.

Selwyn, who regarded Carlyon with considerable interest, did not hesitate to add a few words, rather of hint than of remonstrance, and based upon the story which the Earl had compiled, touching Bernard's susceptibility to feminine attraction. The Minister did not give much credence to the tale, as presented to him, being well aware of his noble friend's talent for defamation, but on the supposition that where there was so much smoke of scandal there might be some fire of fact, he, good naturedly, counselled Bernard to increase his chance of winning one of the prizes of life by concentrating his attentions. He refused to say more, but parted very kindly with Carlyon, and adding a hope that though their connection ended, their acquaintanceship might not do so; and Carlyon, on his side, expressed a regret, which was sincere, at resigning the employment which had brought him into constant and confidential intercourse with the high-minded and intellectual statesman.

Despite what Selwyn had told him, Bernard determined to call upon the Earl, and make formal acknowledgment that his promotion had grown out of the introduction originally given him by Lord Rookbury. The Earl received him with much cordiality, having, in the interim between that time and his talk with Selwyn, got over, not only the rage in which we left him, but, at least, a dozen succeeding bursts of wrath, and having also arrived at the

conclusion, that as his evangelical friend would infallibly do what he had promised, there was no use in contesting the matter further. So his lordship assured Carlyon that he had never entertained any doubt of his rising as soon as his talents should become appreciated, and that he, the Earl, had therefore abstained from urging upon the Minister to attend to Bernard's interests, feeling that it would be more gratifying to the latter to know that he was the architect of his own fortunes. In fact, therefore, the Earl said, Bernard really owed him nothing, a statement to which the newly-appointed Secretary to the Salvages and Contingencies Office gave ready assent.

Lord Rookbury then began, *more suo*, to discuss the doings of the Wilmslows, and others with whom they were both acquainted. Bernard had for some time heard nothing of the Aspen Court family, the young ladies having ceased to send him those united literary efforts of which we saw specimens in other days, and he was interested in hearing how the curious *ménage*, which he had helped to arrange, was proceeding. Lord Rookbury was as frank as usual when speaking of other people's affairs. Mr. Wilmslow was, he said, as great a blockhead as ever, but his vices were taking a more sullen and selfish character—he drank hard, and squandered away a good deal of money at billiards and other amusements.

"But where does he get the money, and where does he find the players?" asked Carlyon, remembering that Molesworth was not likely to supply the former very liberally, and that Aspen Court was at a most inconvenient distance from the nearest provincial town where anything like Henry Wilmslow's set could be found.

"Well, I have been fool enough to lend him a good deal of money," said the Earl, "and he has bought a horse, and rides off to Bristol and other places, and relieves his amiable family of his society until he gets cleaned out."

"I hope he duly appreciates your singular kindness," said Carlyon, who was hardly entitled to put, point blank, the question, why Lord Rookbury threw away his coin so absurdly. Of course, however, the Earl knew what he meant, and told him so.

"Suppose," said Lord Rookbury, "that I do it to annoy Mrs. Wilmslow, who hates me. Or suppose that I am a better Christian than that, and try to render good for evil, by alluring Henry Wilmslow to leave his wife and children to their own quiet avocations, instead of worrying them with his vile ill temper and viler good temper. Or suppose that he has assured his life in my favour, and I want him to break his neck that I may get my money."

"The last supposition is not impossible," said Bernard, not over-pleased with the Earl's tone of banter, and desirous to throw in a shot in return.

"No," said Lord Rookbury; "but it is not the right one after all. You know that I did myself the honour of proposing to Miss Wilmslow."

"Your Lordship intimated, one evening, that you had done so."

"Safe man. But your own special confidante, Mrs. Wilmslow, told you so herself, and mightily deplored that such a wicked person as I am should have taken such a liberty."

"You were pleased to follow it up by a greater one, my lord," said Bernard, "which cost me some hard riding."

"Surely you do not grudge the trouble which made you such a hero in the eyes of the Aspen Court ladies. That galloping up and delivering them from the rabble they consider the most magnificent feat ever heard of. I think little Amy has made a ballad in which you are compared to St. George overthrowing the dragon, the balance of glory being rather in your favour. By the way, you threatened the ringleader in that brutality with your vengeance and my own, united, and told him he should be ruined and transported."

"I dare say I did," said Carlyon, "for I was in a reckless rage."

"But you ought always to keep your promises to the humbler classes," said the Earl. "It is a duty we owe them to set an example of adherence to truth. As you promised in my name, I considered that I was bound to see that your engagement was fulfilled, and the excitable toll-barrister is at present under sentence of transportation."

"He was a great ruffian, certainly," said Bernard, "but after the chastisement I inflicted, I meant to have done with him."

"Never do things by halves. As soon as I heard the story, I set a lawyer to work—not my solicitor, of course, he goes to church, and speaks at missionary meetings—but a struggling fellow with a tainted name, whose devotion to a titled client would make him stick at nothing. I did not ask any questions, but I fancy that certain publicans, who naturally loved our friend for selling liquor without a licence, were interested in inquiring among *their* clients into his defects; and if I say that a very abusive exciseman was set upon him, and that he was incensed into a savage onslaught upon a queen's officer, I fancy I am only tracing some of the steps by which Mr. Attorney Sliver earned his guerdon. You may be sure that on the trial, evidence of the gentleman's general amiability was not wanting, and it so happened that I dined in the company of the judge who tried him, and incidentally brought out the anecdote of his behaviour to the Miss Wilmslows. His lordship, of course, could have no judicial knowledge of this fact, but he happens to have daughters whom he worships, and I fear poor Bownudge was no better off for his judge's recollection of my improving conversation over night. So I have saved your credit. However, to speak of pleasanter people, why don't you ask after the family? or do you hear so regularly that you have no need of any information?"

"I have heard nothing from Aspen Court for a long time," said Bernard.

"Theseus has abandoned the Ariadne of Aspen, eh?" returned Lord Rookbury. "Still you will be glad to know that, despite your desertion, two of the three young ladies are as well, and look as

well as ever. But as for the third"—and the Earl spoke more gravely.

"Kate?" said Carlyon, involuntarily.

"Kate is the second," said Lord Rookbury, composedly. "You know best why you should instinctively suppose that Kate had suffered."

Carlyon did know best, but he did not know what to say, and the Earl did not help him. After a pause, Bernard said,

"I hope nothing is seriously the matter with poor little Amy."

"I fear," said Lord Rookbury, "that the poor child is not long for this world."

"What! Amy," exclaimed Bernard, much shocked. "That sunshiny little face!" He stopped to hear more.

"A cloud has come over that sunshine," said the Earl, in a tone of real feeling, "and I doubt whether a darker shadow be not approaching faster than is believed at Aspen Court. I have seen some sad business in my time, Carlyon," he continued, "and there is not much that I need a physician should tell me. But a physician will have to tell a cruel story to poor dear Mrs. Wilmslow before long."

"It will kill *her*," said Carlyon, in a low voice. "She is the best mother in the world, and is devoted to all the girls, but little Amy she idolises."

"And I will tell you why," said Lord Rookbury, once more speaking in the calm voice of one who analyses a subject, but without sympathy. "That child was born just as the dream that Henry Wilmslow was anything but a selfish profligate came to an end. Amy is the link between her mother's happiness and her desolation. That link is about to be broken, but Mrs. Wilmslow has too strong a sense of duty to let her heart break with the sorrow."

Carlyon listened with much surprise, as Lord Rookbury uttered these sentences. Bernard had never heard him give so much proof that he could appreciate a woman's nature or her goodness. That evil old man, who had walked in his reckless way over the world's best gardens, he had, then, sometimes owned the beauty of the flowers he had snatched and cast away. More often, perhaps, than the younger man imagined.

"I believe that you are right," said Carlyon, who had always done justice to the noble nature of Jane Wilmslow. "I believe that you are right," he repeated. "She will live for her other children. What is it that has fastened upon poor Amy?" Tears came to his eyes as he spoke, for world-worn and ambitious as he was, there was a place in Bernard's heart for some who were neither, and he had kept little Amy there.

"It is, as you will have supposed, consumption," said the Earl. "But it is most probable that she would have strengthened, and have mastered the disease, but for a fatal shock which you will well remember, and which, prostrating her, left her helpless too long to give hope that she could again resist the old enemy."

"The fright—the skeleton—the day she first entered Aspen

Court," said Carlyon, the scene recurring to him with painful distinctness.

"Aye, the freak of that mad clergyman has struck down Amy Wilmslow," said the Earl. "I believe," he added, savagely, "that one has the consolation of knowing that no curse one could devise comes up to what he suffers already, or it would be a sin to speak of him without an execration."

"He is irresponsible," said Carlyon, with a pitying recollection of Eustace Trevelyan, and it may be, softened by another recollection—that he had met him in the society of Lilian.

"Nobody is irresponsible, sir," said the Earl, relapsing into one of his wayward fits. "Amy will die, and that man will have killed her, and I wish it were left to me to settle whether his starting and whimpering should save his neck from the gallows."

Carlyon did not deem this outbreak worth a reply, and Lord Rookbury, incensed, mended matters with another.

"Or if he is irresponsible," said the Earl, "his responsibility must be transferred to somebody else. There are a priest and a niece, I understand, who have charge of him. Where were they, when he was devising that infamous jest? The death of poor Amy is chargeable upon the heads of that priest and of the girl."

"You talk atrocious folly, and you know it, Lord Rookbury," said Carlyon, with his face in a flame at this reference to Lilian. "It would be even more reasonable to lay the poor child's fate to your ungentlemanly conduct in detaining her and her sisters at Rookton, and exposing them to the ruffianism you were boasting you had punished."

It was, we know, one of this strange old man's characteristics, that in the midst of one of his vilest tempers he could be suddenly brought to his senses, if the individual whom he assailed confronted him with an audacity like his own. It was not that he was in the slightest degree cowed, but he liked to see self-assertion. His tone immediately altered.

"I should be very, very sorry to think so, Bernard. The detaining them at my house was a whim, but it did no more than a rainy evening would have done, and on the whole, I believe they were more amused than annoyed."

"Their mother regarded the affair differently," said Bernard, indignantly.

"And under what impression she did so, you know best," retorted Lord Rookbury. "I am indebted to you for having led Mrs. Wilmslow to believe that I had invited her daughter to a house where somebody's presence implied contamination, you being well aware, not only that I am incapable of such an outrage upon ordinary decency—I don't speak of morals, I have no morals, and never pretended to any—but you, I say, knowing perfectly well that the only person, not a menial, living at Rookton Woods, was little Lurline, whom, moreover, I took especial care that they should not see."

"Your lordship utterly mistakes and misstates the case," said Bernard. "I never exchanged a word with Mrs. Wilmslow on

such a subject as your domestic arrangements, until the day when I learned that the young ladies were at Rookton, and then it was only to allay her feelings by the positive assurance that I believed the little girl you speak of to be the only lady in the place.

"By Jove, I believed it was you who had told her of all sorts of horrors," said the Earl, dropping into a familiar conversational tone. "To be sure, I ought to have thought better of you, and a great deal worse of somebody else. Of course it was that vulgar hound Wilmslow, who must have filled his wife's head with such trash."

"I never supposed Mr. Wilmslow capable of much invention," said Bernard, coldly.

"Nor I," said the Earl, laughing. "Of course I may have amused myself by telling him any rubbish that came into my head, but it was foolish in him to believe it, and ungentleman-like to repeat it. Half the charm of social life would be destroyed if a fellow were to be so ungrateful as to retail against you the fictions you composed for his entertainment."

"We were speaking of a graver matter," said Carlyon. "Setting aside whatever has interrupted us, may I ask your lordship whether a medical man is in attendance at Aspen Court?"

"No," said Lord Rookbury, "for Mrs. Wilmslow does not see the danger—or else will not bring herself to believe that she sees it. Of course, a stranger could hardly advise it. Indeed, hardened as I am to most other people's troubles, I would sooner suffer some personal hurt than undergo the task of breaking the matter to Amy's mother."

"Yet it ought to be done," said Bernard, musingly. "And then, if there should be a chance of saving her, and we throw that chance away—"

"I have thought of that," said the Earl. "But I tell you frankly, Bernard, that I cannot and will not face that woman, who has been treated almost as badly in this world as ever created woman was, and tell her that another blow is to descend upon her. I don't mind a woman's crying, and clinging to one, and vowing that one's cruelty will kill her, and all that—I have seen too much of it—how easily it is got up, and how little it has to do with anything but her selfishness; but I will not, at my time of life, willingly undergo the actual suffering of looking at the quietly borne agony, which I foresee will soon be read in Mrs. Wilmslow's face. Damn *me* if I can, or *will*, then," said Lord Rookbury, with unusual emphasis.

Bernard, we have seen, had little regard for his noble friend, and small belief in his sincerity; but the tone and manner of Lord Rookbury made it impossible to doubt that for once he was giving utterance to his feelings.

"A friend of such a woman ought to make any sacrifice of his own comfort for her sake," said Bernard. "After what your lordship has said, I have made up my mind."

"You propose to go to Aspen Court, and inform Mrs. Wilmslow

of her child's danger. It would, no doubt, be doing, I will not say a kindness, but something higher. I say, unaffectedly, Bernard, that I honour you for undertaking this work. Will you take a suggestion from me?"

"Assuredly," said Carlyon.

"Let the visit answer two purposes. Take down with you a first-rate physician, but do not let him make his errand known until he has, unobserved, examined the poor child, and until you have prepared Mrs. Wilmslow. You are not in the highest favour with Wilmslow himself."

"I am happy to say I am not," said Bernard.

"Exactly. But it is as well to avoid unpleasantness. Wilmslow will obey any directions from me as implicitly as the block-head's nature will allow. I will desire him to be especially civil to you, and to your companion, who has come, by my desire, to look at Aspen Court, for reasons which Wilmslow will understand, or think he does. That will secure him perfect freedom of action, and you can manage the rest. Does any particular name occur to you as that of the man you would take down?"

"I am rather intimate with Rockbrook," said Carlyon. "If he would go, he is precisely the man."

"Pooh—we'll make his refusal impossible," said the Earl, opening a cabinet, and taking out a cheque-book. "He is a first-rate fellow, and will do what any second-rate fellow would be afraid to do, namely, lend himself to the little deception without fear of compromising his dignity."

The Earl wrote two cheques, one for a magnificent fee, and the other for a smaller amount.

"That for Rockbrook," he said, showing the sum to Carlyon, "and this please to use for expenses. Nay," he said, earnestly, "you will confer a very great obligation upon me by letting me feel that, though too great a coward to do this myself, I have, in some degree, assisted you in doing it. Put it up, it is not worth a second word. I suppose that you can leave town to-morrow. Not before, because I think my letter to Wilmslow should precede you—it will prevent his wife's being taken by surprise at your arrival. You hesitate as to that? Pray be frank, I fear that you have some good reason."

It is not necessary to trace the exact line of thought which traversed Bernard's brain. What he said was,

"It just seems to me as possible that Mr. Wilmslow, regarding the proposed visit as one of business, might not keep the young ladies at home. I don't know whether they have made any acquaintance in the immediate neighbourhood, but—"

"You are a very clever man, Bernard," said the Earl, "and it is only my age that gives me the advantage over you. I have it, however, at that price, and I see what you mean, but will not say. The second Miss Wilmslow's pride has been roused by finding that, though she cares very much for you, your affections are placed elsewhere, and you think that delicacy will scare her away when she hears that you are coming, and that she will take a

sister with her. Now, my word for it, she will remain and confront you."

"At all events," said Bernard, who was indisposed to prolong the discussion, "I am glad that your lordship has clearer views on a certain point than you had when I first visited Rookton Woods."

"Not a bit clearer," said the Earl. "I told you then that the young lady's heart was yours—those were my words. I see no reason for retracting them. You may marry her now if you like. It would please her mother—it would certainly please herself; and as for that blatant ass, who would be your esteemed father-in-law, he must do as I please. Only, if you do make the marriage, you must keep your wife out of the Forester set, as I doubt whether Miss Kate and Polly Maynard would altogether fraternise, or sororise, or whatever the word is."

"I admire the ease with which your lordship turns from a grave subject to a light one," said Carlyon, "but I cannot just now imitate it, for I am sincerely grieved at what I have heard to-day. I will see Rockbrook at once. I think I shall just be in time to catch him at St. Vitus's Hospital, where he visits."

"I talk as others think," said the Earl. "My dear young friend, we should all go mad in one day if we gave anything the continuous attention which it is deemed decorous to affect in speech. You might as well try to keep the eye fixed for half an hour, as the brain, and lucky for us that it is so. Broach that theory to the students at St. Vitus's, and good bye."

But Carlyon recurred very often, during the rest of that day, to the bright face and fearless eyes of poor little Amy, and thought sadly of her merry laugh being hushed for ever. Some of us may have thrown our hearts open to a little fairy of the kind, and she has dwelt therein, saucily, and as she pleased; and one day we have learned that our fairy has become an angel—perhaps one murmur may be forgiven us where she is gone—but, most surely, those who have loved the child will forgive it in one another.

CHAPTER XLIV.

OLD FRIENDS AGAIN.

MOST of the misfortunes of our lives are of our own making, an old truth, illustrated in the position in which we left Mr. Paul Chequerbent at the close of the last chapter of his history. Without dwelling upon the undertaking in which he had engaged himself, and which was not likely under any circumstances to lead to an honourable or profitable result, so far as Paul was concerned, the very last steps which he had taken materially conduced to render his overthrow more disastrous than it would otherwise have been.

He had closed the street door of the house, and had thereby excluded the porter, Galton. And he had tied by the leg, to an

armchair, the only other person in the place, except himself. His own precautions, therefore, increased the chances against him, and when the creature that had occupied the strong-room dashed forth upon him, and brought him to the ground, his situation became perilous in the extreme, and the recollection that he was beyond all aid, came upon him so powerfully as, in combination with the fright, to deprive him of consciousness.

There were doubtless many very bad things in that lawyer's strong-room, but there was nothing quite so evil as Paul, in the few moments between his opening the door and being thus prostrated, had, perhaps, believed. Those who have done us the honour to read this narrative from the commencement, and whose patience and forbearance will ere long be rewarded in a marvellous manner, will remember our mentioning that Mr. Molesworth had a partner named Penkridge, who resided at Norwood, and there kept a menagerie, wherewith he frightened himself and his neighbours. Mr. Penkridge used to haunt the docks and other quarters where he was likely to pick up additions to his collection, and used, of course, to be fearfully cheated by guileless sailors who had brought over the animals as pets, sailors who never made a voyage in their lives, and who bought for trifling prices, of country showmen, creatures for which the confiding Penkridge was happy to pay formidable sums. It was an edifying sight to see the mild, neat Mr. Penkridge seated upon one of the narrow hard boards which serve for seats in the hotels of Ratchliffe Highway, and surrounded by four or five dirty, crafty, crimp-like fellows, the party listening—Penkridge all faith, the confederates with approval—to a clumsy yarn touching the capture of the animal which the attorney was just then buying. Few of Mr. Penkridge's quadrupeds had, according to the sellers, killed less than six or seven men; and the aggregate slaughter which the united menagerie must have committed among helpless natives and gallant officers in the Queen's and Company's service was frightful. His last purchase, however—that of a striped hyena—bade fair, as we have seen, to deserve a ferocious reputation; though, as it happened, this had been bought on the strength of its gentleness to its owner, the gentleman whom Paul had tied by the leg. Mr. Penkridge had purchased it too late in the day to receive it at Norwood, and a happy idea had suggested itself for its lodgment in the meantime. The keeper, under whose eye and short iron stick it was really docile, had been brought to the office, to be received for the night, and dispatched with his interesting charge to Norwood in the morning, and the porter conceived the notion that the strong-room would be a capital place of security for the beast. Galton had shown much attention to the plebeian Van Amburgh, and had gone forth on hospitable thoughts intent, when Mr. Chequerbent's ill fortune led him to the door of the mansion. It is sad to think, too, that Mr. Galton's kindness was not well rewarded; for, on that person's returning with the materials for supper, and finding the door, which he had left ajar, closed against him, he had no resource but

knocking. In this he had to persevere for a long time in vain; but at last the noise aroused the wild-beast man, who, starting up, was brought to the ground, chair and all, by Paul's device. As soon as he could extricate himself, which process he assisted by a series of choice comminations, he blundered to the door, and opening it, he admitted the person whom he supposed to have played a practical joke upon him, and with one well-delivered blow floored his astonished host. The two men wrangled and quarrelled for some time; but at length the truth dawned upon them that a third party must have mingled in the business; and search being made, Paul was found, to their great consternation, lying senseless in the distant office, the hyena, which had abandoned him after the first bite, crouching on a shelf, amid old declarations, and pleas, and other fangs of its relatives, "the furred law cats." Paul was removed to the porter's bed; and as soon as the others had arranged the falsehood by which the porter's abandonment of his post was to be screened, a surgeon was fetched. Mr. Chequerbent was soon restored to consciousness; but the wounds he had received were serious, and would probably, the doctor thought, be attended by violent inflammation. Quiet and constant care were pronounced absolutely necessary; and, after some deliberation, the aristocratic Paul Chequerbent, whose own bewilderment left him small voice in the debate, was actually removed to St. Vitus's Hospital.

His reception at that establishment was somewhat more agreeable than he had expected; for he had some uneasy misgivings lest the whole forces of the hospital, including three or four doctors of great West End repute, would be turned out to welcome him, and that his misfortunes, as retailed by the latter, would furnish a theme for the conversation of the metropolis. But St. Vitus's did not appear to share in Mr. Chequerbent's estimate of his own importance; and after a brief examination by the house-surgeon, who confirmed the view of the medical man first called in, Paul was assisted to the "Galen Ward," and deposited in one of sixteen small, curtainless, cleanly-looking beds which stood in two rows in the formal, yellow-walled chamber; the whole proceeding taking place in the most quiet manner, and the officials acting as composedly as if they were in the habit of seeing aristocrats eaten by hyenas. The hard-faced nurse gave Paul rather a keen glance, which was probably satisfactory, for she proceeded to pay him, not only the ordinary attentions she owed to a patient, but others by no means of routine, and which credible witnesses assure us the hospital nurse reserves for those who have the power and the will to be grateful. Mr. Chequerbent, indeed, aware of this peculiarity, took an opportunity of apprising her that he was a gentleman; and was somewhat comforted in his affliction by her assuring him, with a smile, that there was no need to tell her that. Moreover, the Galen Ward happened at that time to be about half empty, and out of the seven or eight other patients only one had an unpleasant peculiarity.

In the gloom of the ward, Paul had ample leisure for appropriate meditation, and he repeatedly addressed himself to review

his recent adventures and general position ; but was diverted from a dispassionate survey thereof by the continual recurrence of irritating feelings whenever Carlyon and Angela became the subject of his thoughts. Finally, he resolved to send for Heywood, and explain that he had been wounded in endeavouring to discharge the priest's bidding ; and shortly after forming this resolution, he fell into an uneasy sleep.

He was awakened, after a couple of hours, by feeling hands traversing his person lightly from head to foot, pausing at intervals in their course. Arousing himself, he could make out, by the dim light burning in the ward, that a very tall figure, in white, was standing by his bedside. Before he could utter a word, the figure bent down and whispered, earnestly,—

“ Don't speak, sir, or you'll be disappointed in your order.”

“ What order?—what are you talking about?—who are you?—and what do you want?” demanded Paul, in the agitation of one who is suddenly roused.

“ Hush, sir ; pray do,” said the figure, looking round with much apprehension. “ I've measured 'em all but you, and I should be very sorry to disappoint a gentleman.” And by this time Paul could see that his companion was a cadaverous-looking man, who held a two-foot rule in his hand.

“ Five ten I made you, sir ; but, to be comfortable and correct, we'll go over it again.” And, before Paul could remonstrate, the rule glided along his body, the measurer pausing at the feet, and apparently considering whether he should allow anything extra.

“ We'll say six, sir, anyhow,” said the man. “ Copper nails, shields, and handles, of course. And what will you please to have in the inscription? When did you obiit?”

“ When did I do what?” said Paul, believing himself listening to the nonsense of a dream. “ Obi it—what's that? Obi, or Three Fingered Jack,” he muttered. “ But I must be asleep ; and yet I am not either ; and this fellow is real,” he added, giving the man a push.

“ Obiit is Latin, sir, I've heard,” whispered the man, in a humble tone.

“ And if it is,” said Paul, incensed, “ you need not come to one's bedside in the middle of the night to tell one that. Be off with you ; I believe you are mad.”

“ I have had that said to me many a time, sir,” said the man, still very humbly ; “ but it makes no odds when I know quite different. Will you be pleased to name your date, sir, and it shall be put in correct.”

“ What date, confound you?” said Paul, sitting up in bed in great wrath.

“ Nay, sir, nay, that don't look well,” said the other, laying Paul back, and keeping him straightly stretched out. “ There, sir, that's the way we should lie.” And with his hand on Mr. Chequerbent's chest, the other held him down, despite his struggles, but continued to address him deferentially.

"If you would only mention the date, sir, I could be going about my work."

"What date, once more?" demanded Paul, furiously.

"When you was pleased to die," said the other. "I have measured you, and you shall have it home any time you please to appoint. Here's my card, sir. They call us extortionate, but your respected executors will have no reason to complain of my charges."

"A madman—a madman," shouted Paul, nearly frightened out of his senses. "Here, take him away—lock him up—manacle him, somebody."

But the moment he raised his voice, the other, with the cunning of insanity, threw himself on the floor, and crept away so rapidly to his own bed, that the drowsy eyes of the nurse, who was awakened by Paul's shouting, failed to detect his movements. Paul's explanations to her were received indulgently—more indulgently than a plebeian patient's would have been under similar circumstances; but she evidently disbelieved his story, and smoothing the bed-clothes, told him to go to sleep again, for that he had had an ugly dream. To please him, she walked round the ward; but if one man was more fast asleep than another, it was the individual who had, as Mr. Chequerbent asserted, come to his bedside. He was, in fact, snoring. Finding the nurse not only incredulous, but indisposed to contest the question, Paul requested her, for his comfort, to place near his hand a small thin poker which he had observed in the ward; and this she did, remarking, as if he had been a child,—

"There's its pretty poker, then. It shall beat the hobgoblins, it shall. Now go to sleep." And the good-advice she gave, she speedily proved that she was not above taking.

Paul, as soon as she was gone, quietly took the poker, and concealed it, on his right hand, under the bedclothes. He then waited the further movements of the man who had disturbed him. This watch was long, for the cunning of the other prevented his moving a finger for upwards of an hour. Then, he rose slightly, and looked stealthily round the ward, and at last, stealing from his bed, he proceeded to repeat what he had probably done before approaching Paul. The latter could see him gliding from bed to bed, and silently measuring the inmate of each—as for his coffin—noting on a card the result of each calculation. But though he looked wistfully at Paul's bed, he seemed to have an instinctive fear of again attempting the operation from which he had been scared, and finally he returned to his own couch. Weary with pain, Paul at length could keep watch no longer, and again he dropped off into slumber, this time heavier than the last. The maniac, unsatisfied, was more wakeful, and just before dawn, he resolved on a renewal of his attempt. Again Paul, in his sleep, felt the measuring rule traversing him, but he could not rouse himself to give the alarm or the *coup* he had meditated. The man completed his work, and as he did so, he detected the poker lying beside Paul, who was sufficiently disturbed

to be able to hear him mutter a curse upon the carelessness of the sexton, who had left one of his tools lying about. He then stole away. Shortly afterwards the nurse made her round, and Paul, completely wakened by her tread, called her to the bed-side, and said, in a whisper—

“Now, nurse, will you believe me? That fellow has been here again, and has taken away the poker, and has got it in his bed.”

Turning suddenly, the nurse's eye caught a slight movement in the couch of the other man.

“Pooh, pooh! dreaming again,” she said, loud enough to be heard by the monomaniac. “It is nearly morning—get one more sound sleep before the light comes in; and don't talk any more nonsense. Nobody has been awake except yourself.” She then placed a finger on Paul's lip, and retired.

In a few minutes three stalwart servants of the hospital entered, wearing list slippers, so that a footfall might not be heard. They proceeded rapidly, and as by preconcert, to the bed of the maniac, and before he could offer the slightest resistance, he was in the stringent embrace of a strait-waistcoat; his legs were strapped together, and he was borne away. He uttered no cry, but just as he was conveyed through the door, he said in a loud, but respectful tone—

“You see, gentlemen, that it is not my fault, if you should not get your coffins in time.”

“We could have no idea that he was in *that* sort of way,” said the nurse to Paul. “He was always quite quiet, and took his medicine like a lamb. He was in the undertaking line of business. But putting one thing and another together, I shouldn't wonder, now, if he hadn't been measuring the ward for their coffins every night for the last three weeks.” This was an unguarded admission for the vigilant lady to make, but Paul did not draw the natural inference from it.

“I see his hand move,” she continued, “but of course I didn't pretend to, because them lunatics is so artful, and he might have done us all a mischief if he had known he was watched. But our people know pretty well how to manage, and we didn't lose much time, sir. I haven't found the poker, though.”

Search was made, but the instrument was not discovered until the morning, when it was found under the mattress of the patient, whose bed adjoined that of the madman. It must have been the motion of his arm, after placing the article where it could not readily bear witness against him, that caught the eye of the attendant. Paul, even in his trouble, was a little amused at the report made next day to the medical gentlemen, and at the extreme care with which the nurse invited attention to the fact that, having had her suspicions of the condition of the patient, but not liking to charge him hastily with being mad, she had made him the object of her sedulous watch, night after night, and on the first unmistakable symptoms had taken steps for the protection of her other charges. But her charges knew better than

to invalidate her claim to the praises of the medical staff, for as Paul put it, "No *mens sana*, when not in a *corpore sano*, makes an enemy of the person who has his *corpus* at her mercy."

It was one or two days after this that Carlyon, leaving Lord Rookbury, hastened to St. Vitus's Hospital to secure the services of Mr. Rockbrook. As he waited in the hall, the priest, Heywood, came down, passed him with a slight bow, and went out.

"Has he been confessing some Catholic patient?" said Carlyon to Mr. Rockbrook, who followed Heywood.

"No," said Rockbrook, "he came to see a young fellow with an odd name, who met with an odd accident. Exchequerby—no—but it is something about the exchequer, too. What's that name in the Galen Ward, the hyæna bite, Warren?"

"Chequerbent," said the dresser, who was in attendance on his chief.

"I never heard of more than one person of that name," said Carlyon, "but it can hardly be he. Can I see him, when we have spoken?"

The visit to Aspen Court was speedily arranged, Mr. Rockbrook, a man of decision as well as of skill, taking just three minutes to consider whether he could be spared from town, and announcing the result by desiring Carlyon to meet him at the mail train next evening. As he took the cheque, he said,

"This would be too much by half, but your friend the Earl cheated me out of about the balance ten years ago, when I had attended a lady specially recommended to me by him. I suppose this is conscience money, and he is pleased that he has had the interest in the meantime."

"Much his way," said Bernard. "But don't let me detain you. I should like to see the patient, however, because if he is *my* Chequerbent, he will be glad to see me."

But Bernard mistook, for Paul was not at all glad to see him, and looked so sulky—he fancied that he was being dignified and reserved—that Carlyon could not understand the case. Paul would give no account of the accident, would accept no service, and begged that Mr. Carlyon would not consume his valuable time in visiting an hospital.

"This is all nonsense," said Bernard, as soon as he had made out that Paul was really offended with him. "Somebody has been setting you against me. That won't do. I appeal, point blank, to your own gentlemanly nature, and ask you whether the terms on which we have lived justify you in quarrelling with me without telling me why. Come, Paul, treat me fairly, and then be as haughty as you please."

The word was well chosen. Paul had wished to appear haughty, and as his haughtiness was acknowledged, down he came from his pedestal.

"I don't deny it, Carlyon," he said, "that you have often acted a friendly part by me. But if you cannot see that your present conduct has cancelled for ever all kindly memories, I despair of convincing you."

"My dear fellow," said Bernard, "never use portentous words until you are quite sure they are deserved. And first tell me what you mean by my present conduct."

"You cannot doubt my meaning, Carlyon. I wish to abstain from introducing the name of a lady into our quarrel."

"We have no quarrel yet, I tell you," said Bernard. "But as my conscience entirely acquits me of ever doing or saying anything with reference to any lady which could give you uneasiness, I am afraid I must ask you for her name."

"Do you mean to deny," said Paul, "that you have certain matrimonial projects?"

"On the contrary," said Carlyon, "I mean to affirm the fact most strenuously. What is your reason for desiring that I should continue a bachelor? Have you discovered that I am your elder brother, or anything of that kind? You shall be none the worse by my marriage."

"Don't make a joke of it, Carlyon," said Paul. "I shall be a great deal the worse by your marriage."

"I wonder why," said Bernard, slowly, and in an amused tone. "You cannot well be the lady's unjust guardian, whom I am to call to account—I don't know, though—perhaps you may be. You never saw her—possibly that is another proof of your neglect—yes—"

"What do you say?" cried Paul, sitting up in bed, and opening great eyes. "I never saw her? Are you mad?"

"Do me a favour, Paul," said the other. "Just look straight in my face, and pronounce to me the name of the person you suppose I want to marry; because I see, very clearly, where you are."

Paul was brightening up enormously, but providentially he remembered his dignity, and restrained himself.

"I had reason to believe," he said, in a voice in which delight would make itself heard, despite his endeavours, "that the nobleman who has done you so many favours was going to do you another, and confer upon you the hand of his newly-found daughter."

"What!" said Bernard, laughing, "your friend, the pretty actress? That was your notion? Make yourself easy. To say nothing of the presumption of thinking to win against you, because in truth the thought never entered my head, you might have given me credit for some regard for your feelings. I do not think I ever showed myself very unmindful of them."

"You have not, you have not," said poor Paul, who was ready to cry. "But you have taken such a load off my heart."

"You were no wiser than you ought to have been, when you let anybody lay it on, Master Paul. Who was it? That Jesuit whom I met down stairs?"

"Never mind who," said Paul. "It's all over. I am very much obliged to you for coming to see me."

"Thank your friend the priest," said Bernard. "You ought to have sent for me. But for the merest accident I should never

have known that you were here. However, you are in first-rate hands ; I will specially commend you to Rockbrook, though that is not necessary. And now tell me how you came to get bitten by the wild beast."

"It is very simple," said Paul, colouring. "I opened the strong-room at the office, and the beast inside flew at me."

"Why, what were the other fellows about, not to tell you that the creature was there?"

"They were all gone," said Paul. "The hyæna," he added, as if desirous to get away from the other part of the story, "was a new pet of Penkridge's. So Galton told me, after the accident."

"Did you know the beast was there, then?"

"Of course not. Do you think I should have been such an idiot?" He stopped, for it suddenly occurred to him that Carlyon had suggested a most capital account of the affair, and one too good to be destroyed. "Of course, I mean," he added, "I did not know it was a hyæna, or I should not have opened the door. I thought, from its voice, that it was a dog of some kind, and any dog I can easily quiet."

Carlyon had no clue to the real story, but something in Paul's manner convinced him that Mr. Chequerbent was not speaking the exact truth.

"Well," he said, "it is lucky that things are not worse. By the way, I did not know that you were acquainted with Mr. Heywood. If you had gone to Aspen Court with me you would have met him, but you preferred to go to a ball, and be locked up. How did you make his acquaintance?"

"He introduced himself to me, at the Fortress, as a friend of yours, and showed me a good deal of attention," said Paul. "I breakfasted with him at his rooms."

"When?"

"The morning before the hyæna affair."

"It was then that he put into your head the notion about me and Miss Livingstone?" said Bernard.

"No, indeed it was not," said Paul ; which was true, for this had been done on the night before.

"Paul," said Carlyon, "one word, and you will pardon it, because I have, as you will admit, earned the right to-day to sin against you once and be forgiven. I do not ask any questions, but Heywood would not have invited you to breakfast if he had not intended to use you as a tool. Beware of him. If I made a guess at certain matters I should pain you needlessly, but all I say is—beware of that priest. And now—by Jove, here is a handsome woman—and coming to see you—and a young lady too."

Never was a disagreeable conversation so agreeably broken off, for here entered our splendid friend, the Junonian Mrs. Sellinger, with her full figure and bright dark eyes. But what of her, when another figure escapes from her protecting hand, and runs, half crying, up to Paul, and calls him a wicked old thing for not sending for her? O my Lady Anna, are these your Rookton manners?

THE BOULOGNE FETES, AND THE FRENCH EMPEROR.

THE meeting of the Prince Consort of England and the Emperor Napoleon the Third on the quay of Boulogne, was certainly one of the most remarkable events, as well as the most striking scene, of our times. For the latter, it was one of the greatest triumphs achieved by his race, a triumph of the politician, not the warrior, but as much calculated to raise the Emperor in the eyes of France and of Europe as the battle of Austerlitz itself. Most fully was it due from England and her Prince to recognise the merit and the value of so steady and seasonable an ally. Prince Albert felt so, and performed the duty he came upon with frankness, as well as dignity. But there was in the Prince's bearing, at the same time, and in the expression of his countenance, a gravity, a solemnity, and even a sadness, that evinced how much he felt the tricks that fortune had played French dynasties, and which unavowedly brought such a personage to be the guest of the Château d'Eu one season, and of the Château de Capécure another.

If the demeanour of the Prince was grave, that of the Emperor was much in contrast, and, indeed, very unlike himself; for Louis Napoleon is in general calm and impassive, cold and scrutinising. On the present occasion he was highly pleased, and he showed his gratification to the full. Instead of being calm, he was elate; instead of being cold, he was mercurial, profuse of attention and cordiality. But, indeed, he has always been more frank and cordial in his intercourse with the English than with his countrymen. Whoever wanted a proof of the sincerity of the Anglo-French alliance in the breast of the Emperor, had but need of seeing him at Boulogne. And Louis Napoleon is the man to be a warm friend or a bitter enemy.

There was as great a contrast between the suites of the royal and imperial personages, as between themselves. The Prince came with the war minister and commander-in-chief of England, with the lougest heads and the sharpest observers he could command; with the exception of Drouyn de L'Huys, the Emperor had with him no one of more importance than an aide-de-camp, no general officer even, except old Schram. The aim of the English Court was to make it appear a military visit. It was at first planned that the King of the Belgians and the King of Portugal should meet Prince Albert at Boulogne. But this would have had the appearance of a congress of Coburgs; and, to avoid it, all these personages chose different days of arrival, and took previous epochs of departure.* The meeting was a mere one of officers. But the Emperor was the French generalissimo. It

* The Belgian ministry resigned, in disapproval of the king's visit to Boulogne.

was he who commanded the camp, he who manœuvred the troops. No other French military notability was present; therefore the information which the English visitors acquired must have been derived from their own observation, or from the Emperor's answer. For there was no one else to question or to explain.

If the French Emperor had the advantage in unity and concentration of intelligence and power, the English Prince and his followers showed far greater simplicity and dignity of costume. Napoleon the Third has a very chaste and sober livery for his servants, dark green. His Guards are not so fortunate; they are clad in two of the most gaudy and ill-assorted colours that could be together, that is, *turquoise* blue and *lie de vin* red. There are reds and blues that go together, as artists will tell, but such colours as these swear at each other, as the French express it. Nothing could be more beautiful than the uniform of the *Cent Suisses* under the elder Bourbons, from which the idea of the *Cent Gardes* was taken. The latter are half cuirassier, half *Colifichet*; and our Life Guards looked to great advantage by the side of them.

Two hours after his arrival, the Prince proceeded to visit the nearest camp along with the Emperor. Napoleon's old camp at Boulogne, in the valley south of his column, was admirably chosen for shelter against any enemy from sea, but the bottom of the valley was damp. None of the old ground has been occupied by the present camp or camps, which have spread their canvas in full view of the sea. From thence the coast must look beautiful, its cliffs crowned with rows of tents, and a stirring population of soldiers amongst them. Tents are picturesque and romantic. The same cannot be said of the wattled huts, with which the French soldier soon replaces these, and which remind one of a military colony on the banks of the Don or the Dnieper, instead of recalling *La Belle France*. Still the Boulogne camp, as it is entered from Honvault, is pretty. The Château of Honvault itself is fine. It is the most ancient of the region. And when Our Lady of Boulogne was threatened by the English some centuries back, they flung her sacred image down the deep well of the Château de Honvault, as the safest sanctuary. About Honvault the huts have replaced the tents, but they are ornamented with grassy seats, and here and there with a little garden, whilst pillars and basins, to serve the part of fountains, have been erected, and give a more civilised vestige in the midst of the ranges of mud huts. Mrs. Stowe, in her book of travels, describes the splendid seat which was erected at Satory for the Emperor to sit and contemplate the review. This, which Mrs. Stowe mistook for a seat, was the altar erected for the celebration of the mass. One not so splendid, but in a far more commanding position, has been erected at Honvault, and forms one of its most striking objects. The camp of Wimereux and that of Honvault are separated by a valley of sand, rescued from the ocean, in which Napoleon sought to form a basin. At high tide flat-bottomed boats might enter and get out. A part of the great flotilla lay there. A

more miserable or desert place was not to be seen. It is now a village street, with several gay and solidly-built cafés,* restaurants of more doubtful character, and other buildings for the authorities and attendants of the camp. A new bridge unites both sides of the rivulet. At Wimereux one can mark the difference between the regiments who have been in Africa, and those of more indigenous habits. The former have adopted the little low tent of the Arabs, where half-a-dozen persons crowd under canvas not two feet from the ground. The cooking, the sutlers, the whole aspect and habits of these regiments differ from others; though there are no Zouaves in the camp, all that could be spared of such soldiers having been sent on more appropriate service to Turkey.

There are drawbacks to the beauty and picturesqueness of a camp—drawbacks the same as those which mar the beauty and decorum of life, and which it is the great taste and merit of civilisation to hide. It is astonishing with what art and success we have succeeded in hiding and putting out of the way the slaughterage, and the sutlerage, and the sewerage. When we recur with Rousseau to the simplicity of nature, we find a world of very simple and very nasty things, which sophisticated man gets rid of. A camp is, for some things, more in a state of nature. And a camp is not all tents and uniforms, and regimental bands and gay reviews. It is, to be plain, a very dirty place, as well as a brilliant one. And one can understand, at Honvault and Wimereux, the melancholy tale told of Varna and Aladin, where regiments were obliged to change quarters to escape the pestilence which their own refuse and dirt-heaps had caused. And yet the French put wonderful order in their camp life, seem at home in it, and show a wonderful instinct, which Britons do not, for living in harmony and in great cheerfulness and activity together.

The camps in the department of the *Pas de Calais* offered every opportunity for whoever were inquisitive to discover the sentiment and condition of the French army. There were just as many soldiers out of the camp as in it, quartered on the farm-houses and dwellings around, living at the *cabaret*, and beyond the *surveillance* of spies or police. In Paris, the military form a class apart. To speak to a soldier, or even to a workman, would attract the attention of some police agent, who would forthwith interfere or make a report. There is apparently no such thing at the camp, and the whole of the soldiers are attached to the Emperor. The soldier is evidently the object of his personal care and solicitude. Their bread, their pay, their rations of meat, their equipment, their tobacco, their rights, have all been the object of imperial improvement and legislation. The private foot-soldier has two sous a day above his rations, an artilleryman seven. Five sous a day are allowed for half a pound of meat. And bread is served out to all. Nothing is prettier to observe than the way in which the French soldier makes himself at home

* Orders have been just issued for supplying stores and other requisites to enable the troops to stay in camp all the winter.

where he is billeted. His coming is often a severe annoyance, for he must be provided with a good bed, and the only one in the house belongs, perhaps, to its masters. They are obliged to cede it, and sleep on the floor. Still they welcome the soldier with politeness, and receive the same courtesy from him. In general he does not cause them so serious an inconvenience as above mentioned. And, at all events, such is the good feeling that he even eats his provisions with the family, or at least by the kitchen fire. And though he has no right to nourishment, he receives it. This kindness the soldier is always eager to repay. In the country he does so by aiding in agricultural work; in town, he makes himself useful. And numbers of soldiers may be seen in Boulogne acting the part of *bonne d'enfans*, bringing out the children to walk, with a good-nature and amiability which mark and honour the French character. There are crowds of English round Boulogne. Soldiers or officers are at times quartered upon them. We need not say that they receive such compulsory guests with every kindness and attention, and there never is cause of complaint on either side.

It is to be feared, however, that Cobden and Bright are right in saying that the present war will disturb and adjourn pacific ideas and pursuits. The Emperor has this year taken the entire young generation of twenty-one. Of 320 youths in a district, for example, not more than twenty were exempt, and these twenty were, no doubt, the weakest and shortest of their race. The numbers of the French army have been increased within the year full 200,000 men. Under Louis Philippe, no parent and no youth considered the army as a profession, except one to slumber in, for those who could do no better. But now, every one seems to feel that great careers are open in the army, and whether the present struggle lasts, or is interrupted, that war will be the normal state of the continent, until the great armed masses of all countries have broken up.

A great many people in England consider the present state of things and mode of government in France as impossible of lasting and becoming consolidated. There are two systems of government in France struggling for mastery, which may be called the Byzantine system and the constitutional one. The Byzantine is that which at present exists, that of the Emperor and a paid functionary aristocracy, an army of civilians as well as of soldiers. If the French peasant, the French workman, and the French provincial citizen, find the Byzantine system work to his benefit, he will prefer it to the constitutional. If such a state of things permanently gain the ascendant in France, it will of course continue to prevail in Germany, whilst the countries of the south of Europe will follow the great example. In that case, England will be left alone as a constitutional monarchy. The accomplishment of such a result is more advanced and rendered much more likely by the present war, which greatly consolidates the Byzantine system in France. We believe in its duration for a considerable time, but not its permanent establishment. We

entertain no enmity to Napoleon the Third, whose recent policy is admirable, and in whose past policy there is much to be excused. But the tendency of the man and his empire are no less what we describe, as antagonistic to the great principle of freedom, upon which every English interest and sympathy are based.

Whilst the success, ascendancy, civil establishment, and military development of Napoleon the Third thus threatens to make the Byzantine system triumphant for a time over the constitutional, not only in France, but in Europe, it also weakens the great feudal or hereditary principle of sovereignty. It favours absolute government, and makes the people look to and respect it; but it is to absolute government of the most fit—of the man who can wield the sceptre and grasp the reins of power, rather than the rule of him who pleads the right of birth or race. It was the same in Byzantium, where one dynasty so easily replaced another when it established the claim of virility or talent.

Let not, therefore, our admiration for an able administrative monarch, and even for a faithful and zealous ally, blind us to the nature and tendencies of his government. On this, however, we can have an opinion, not an influence. We cannot interfere in the internal concerns of France; and whilst we get the frank support of a Bonaparte, which an Orleans would not give, we can cry *Vive l'Empire*, and let the monarchy, however constitutional, sink to the political Hades. The Emperor flatters himself that he does give the French all the freedom that they require,—and he represents the alliance as that of two free nations against a despotic one; and certainly Napoleon is not a harassing or leaden despot like the Russian. What or whosoever will not interfere with politics, the French government will leave undisturbed; even the support of order is less troublesome than it used to be in constitutional times.

The great recommendation of the present Emperor, his dynasty, and his mode of government, to the French, is its great aptness to represent and further the interests and aggrandisement of France, undisturbed by any of the obstacles, necessities, weaknesses, or defects of other dynasties or governments. The Bourbon policy was essentially a family one; but Charles the Tenth and Louis Philippe sacrificed the English alliance to it. The interests, grandeur, or glory of France were quite secondary in their political views, of which the first and predominant object was the dynasty, not the country. From 1815 to 1848 there was no national policy, not even a sentiment of it in the country; and it was the discovery and conviction of this that, more than any other motive, alienated the French from the Bourbons.

Fortunately for Napoleon the Third, his dynasty is no consideration. He has no relations upon surrounding thrones; nor has he a relation for whom he might desire to procure a throne. Napoleon's views with regard to Italy and Spain are totally exempt from any dynastic bias; and this is the great reason why he can have become, in so short a time, the trusted and sincere ally of both England and Austria. They know he has no *arrière pensée*;

they know he will not visit Windsor, as Louis Philippe did, with a secret determination to trick the Queen of England, and run off with the Spanish succession for a younger son. Louis Napoleon's naturally free position in this important respect, he has rendered more free by what was one of the wisest acts of his reign, though all the world thought fit to stigmatise it as the most foolish. We allude to his marriage with a lady, of high noblesse, indeed, but unconnected with any reigning house. When this event took place, thousands of wiseacres exclaimed, "What a confession of weakness and disesteem?" And yet the marriage of the Emperor is one of the greatest claims to the confidence of Europe and of his own subjects; for it is a proof and a guarantee to both of the utter indifference of the Emperor to dynastic considerations or family alliances. When we think for a moment, that had the Czar not opposed Napoleon's marriage with more than one German princess allied to his House, that at this moment a princess either of Wirtemberg or Weimar, or of other Russian connection, might be seated on the imperial throne of France; and if so, what a bar to our alliance—what an obstacle to the independence of the East, or to the war which is to achieve it!

For this reason, if for no other, it is to be regretted that the Empress was not present at the reception and festivities of Boulogne. By paying attention and honour to her, England would be but doing an act of justice and policy, and showing that we are above those relics of exclusiveness which events are every day contradicting and overthrowing. A camp, to be sure, and military displays, did not demand the presence of the female portion of the Court; but on other opportunities it would be wise to bestow the fullest measure of courtesy to an imperial family, the very merit of which is its want of pretension and its disconnection with great reigning Houses.

Amongst the guests of the Château de Capécure, not the least remarkable was an officer in dark uniform, with a black boiled leather helmet and brazen spike. This was the Baron de Wedel, a Prussian officer sent from Berlin to compliment the Emperor and assist in the reviews. Considering the part that Prussia has played in the events of the war and its accompanying negotiation, the presence of the envoy was an act of either suppleness or impertinence. We have no doubt it was the former: for King Frederic William is extremely anxious to keep well with all the world, and to do all he can for his imperial brother-in-law by feigning friendship and agreement with his foes. We long since said that Prussia, or its court, had no interest in the present war, and that it was absurd of us to expect more than its neutrality. The recent note, in which Prussia declares that she thinks every point gained by the Russian evacuation of the Principalities, and in which it objects to the guarantees over and above demanded, clearly defines the position of Prussia. Frederic William evidently leans to Russia, and shows himself more friendly than Austria; and as Austria, through Russia's support and influence, did attain the

mastery in Germany, Frederic William hopes that he can win by his conduct that preference of Russia, which will make Prussia preponderate in her turn. Whilst England and its government see this, and whilst English prints denounce it, no French journal utters a stricture. The Imperialist papers, on the contrary, favour Prussia. The Emperor Napoleon's Government makes allowance for the position in which Prussia is placed; and M. de Perigny continues to swear to the sincerity and honesty of the Court of Berlin. Nothing, indeed, is more remarkable than the contrast between the temper of the great Napoleon and that of his nephew, as shown by the official organs. Both were equally masters of the press; but the great Napoleon was for ever in choler and hostility, denouncing this power, sneering at that Court, and offending by his words, even when he did not do so by his acts, the other potentates of Europe. The *Moniteur* had always a word to say against the Czar; it dealt in epigrams against the Queen of Prussia; and, of course, kept a running fire of vituperation against perfidious Albion. If we turn from the *Moniteur* of that day to the *Moniteur*, and *Constitutionnel*, and *Pays* of this, we shall find the very contrary, not only the most perfect courtesy towards other powers and crowned heads, but even a universal trust in their sincerity and good intentions. Even the Czar, whom we English anathematise, is very quietly treated in the French prints. Austria, which liberals consider the target of their attacks, is, on the contrary, the very worthy and respected ally of France. And even Prussia, whose attitude is semi-hostile, provokes not the least acerbity from the impassible *Moniteur*. On the contrary, whilst Chevalier Bunsen is withdrawn from England, Baron Wedel never quits the side of the Emperor Napoleon; his black leather helmet is to be seen everywhere. The *suaviter in modo* which marks the Emperor Napoleon's relations with, and treatment of, foreign powers and their representatives, together with that certain *quantum* of the *fortiter in re* which he has shown, has certainly won for him golden opinions amidst the courts of Europe.

It is difficult, indeed, to measure the very great increase of power and consideration which has accrued to France and to its ruler from the events of the last year. Napoleon the Third was up to this moment but a sovereign of inferior degree, owing to the supposed insecurity of his tenure, and his implied incapacity to make great efforts. That what he has done has elevated him to the first rank, we need not pause to prove. Not only Napoleon, but France itself, took in the East but second rank. The defeat in Syria had greatly humbled it in the eyes of Orientals; and the late dynasty could see no manner of washing away this stain but a kind of permanent cavil and underhand antagonism to England. Louis Napoleon has done away with the stigma, not by thwarting England, but by making England do it for him. The shores of the Black Sea show some 60,000 French and 25,000 English; and in the expedition undertaken by the allied forces, it is a French Marshal who commands. We do not say but that this is very right; we see nothing to blame or to reproach. But the fact is

there, that France takes first rank as a power in disposing of the affairs of the Levant.

Another effect which must be admitted to have been produced by the present war as it has as yet been carried on, is certainly the diminution of that respect and awe previously inspired by a purely maritime puissance. This high character and universal respect was gained by England in the course of its great struggle with France. The events of 1854 have, however, gone to show, that the most powerful fleets, without a proportionate land force, can make little impression upon first-rate powers like Russia or Austria. The conclusion is certainly unfavourable to the solitary grandeur and *prestige* of England. Should the war last another year we feel confident that this conclusion will be disproved. Such a man as Napier, left to his own will and resources, would soon disprove it. But up to the present moment the assumption that an army is necessary to render a fleet available, stands more than uncontradicted, and certainly adds to the power of France, which is the nation in the world best provided with both means of offence at once.

We are very far from considering this as a subject of regret. France and England, if the policy of both countries be rightly conceived and followed out, have the same interests in the Levant, and that French power should make itself acknowledged and felt can only be advantageous to Western Europe. France and England have undertaken a great enterprise, an enterprise of which the humbling Russia from her ascendancy in the Black Sea and on the Danube is but a small portion; for, in undertaking to preserve Turkey in Europe from the Czar, we have undertaken to preserve Turkey from itself. In other words, we have to reorganise and reconstitute the country from the Danube to Thermopylæ. Some letters full of ability and information, in the *Times*, recently have informed the public of what a strange amalgam is the population which fill that State—Greek and Slavon, Albanian and Vlachs, Rouman and Mussulman. With the Turks and without the Turks it is of this amalgamation that must be made into a nation. This is the task undertaken, and it will require all the united power and wisdom of France and England to accomplish it. Austria will prove but an obstacle, and an obstacle as difficult to set aside as Russia itself. And therefore the more powerful France is, the better.

There was no Austrian officer or representative at Boulogne, which is remarkable, as numbers of Austrians attended the reviews of Satory. But with his army in a foreign territory, menacing and menaced, the Emperor of Austria may deem the time past the time for reviews and sham fights. The Court of Vienna has indeed declared, that it is not about to make war upon Russia, and that its attitude in the Principalities will be neutral. This however, is but prudent. The allied armies are absorbed in their great expedition. The fate of the war, at least of the campaign, depends upon that expedition. Its success may

produce peace, or its failure may do so. Austria, therefore, wisely reserves herself for new contingencies and a new campaign. If we wanted her active co-operation in this campaign, we should have marched into Bessarabia, not sailed to the Crimea. But her declaration that the Emperor Nicholas ought to evacuate the banks of the Danube as well as the Principalities, and give up the protectorate of Eastern Christians, makes an inevitable breach between Russia and Austria. And should the enterprise against Sebastopol not bring peace, Austria will no doubt enter in campaign, and England and France will and must support her either by passing the Pruth or landing a large army in Lithuania. Austria's position with respect to the allies is thus cleared up. But it is plain, at the same time, that she brings neither Prussia nor Germany with her, but leaves Prussia on her flank a rival.

Such were the political views to be taken from the camp at Boulogne. They were accompanied by the conviction that Russia will not yield until she is beaten in the field, and that even the capture of Sebastopol will not humble nor incline Nicholas to peace. All foresight is therefore turned to another campaign, a campaign probably on the shores of the Baltic, and the capture of any fortress in the Gulf of Finland would be the commencement of this. Any new enterprise is to be deferred till the ensuing season, and the possession of even Cronstadt would be useless, unless as a step to further operations against St. Petersburg, and six weeks open water do not allow time for this.

Amidst the guests at Boulogne, Suleiman Pacha should not be overlooked, who forty years ago was one of the great Napoleon's officers, and since that time has run an honourable career. Selves or Suleiman is the remaining representative of a defunct policy, that which poured French Mediterranean greatness upon Egypt, and prompted it to the partition, if not the conquest, of the Ottoman Empire. Mehemet has gone, and Ibrahim and Abbas, and with them has gone the very dream of French empire and influence in Egypt. The Emperor when he offered the other day to abandon French patronage over the Latins and Latin churches of the Holy Land, told plainly that his ambition did not run in the direction of Syria or the Red Sea. Suleiman Pacha, with the policy and the military power he represented, was as much a mummy as any contemporary of Cheops disinterred from a sarcophagus. And he looked on, indeed, in wonder and abstraction, as if the imperial world before him were no longer his world, but something new and incomprehensible.

In order to complete the picture of those present at Boulogne, it is necessary to put in the shadow left by the absent. One of the first things that the Emperor Napoleon did on arriving this time at Boulogne, was to pay a visit to the Conte de Bethune, who lives in the Chateau of Souverain Mouliu, at no great distance from the town. There is some connection. But neither the Conte de Bethune, nor any other of the nobles of the *Pas de Calais*

honoured review or banquet with their presence. The noblesse indeed, are few in the department. Except the Conte de Bethune and one more, there are no very rich proprietors. Two thousand a year is the maximum of landed fortunes. As very few attain that, their absence personally was of little import. But it seems the Legitimists are in high dudgeon, notwithstanding the coquetry which Napoleon at first evinced towards them. Far from following the example of the Marquis de le Rochejaquelin in rallying to the Emperor, the visit of Prince Albert must have filled them with rage, and swelled that hatred which French Legitimists bear to England. All at present are making vows for Russia, and, indeed, in everything they put themselves against the current, the ideas and the wishes of the age. The greatest misfortune that could befall them would be their attaining power; for they would run a muck not only against France, but against Europe.

Notwithstanding the unquestionable solidity and strength which the Emperor has succeeded in giving to his government, by contenting the masses, obtaining the adherence of placemen, and winning the support of the upper commercial class in the provinces, he has not gained many personal friends. Except Larochejaquelin, he has won over no Legitimist. No Orleanists have rallied. Many, who would desire to do so, durst not face the universal condemnation of friends and associates. Even Dupin, dying to take place under the Emperor, durst not. The rude apostrophe which he received from Montalembert was a broadside that almost sunk him. Nor have the republicans shown an instance of defection. Yet the present moment is one which the Emperor might take advantage of. Such men as Cavaignac or Lamoricière would greedily accept military commands, if too much were not demanded of them in the way of glaring oaths of allegiance. But the Emperor is unforgiving and unforgetting. He wants that ready affability of demeanour which can convert a foe into a friend. The great Napoleon himself had little of this. He had the skill to conciliate both Republican and Legitimists, many of whom were permanently attached to him; but Napoleon the Third will, in private affection and personal attachments, be never more than the Emperor of the Imperialists.

Public attachment to him is much stronger. By his great attention to the army, and by other means, he has certainly won to a great degree the attachment of the army. A few military laurels, and consequent promotion, would put the seal to this. Those who serve the State in a civilian capacity have even better reason to be attached to him, for he has largely increased their remuneration and swelled their importance. He has diminished the land tax, and the salt tax, and the *octroi*, which secures the gratitude of an important class. And every employer of labour looks to him as the only means of keeping down communism and popular pretension. Labourers throughout France have full employ, high pay, and a cheap loaf. If these are not foundations of empire, where are such to be had or laid?

As to us Englishmen, we cannot but feel grateful to the Em-

peror of the French, and desirous that he should consolidate his government and his reign; but no one can suppose them compatible with the narrow fraction of liberty allowed to an intellectual nation. No Englishman will from his heart long pardon despotism, and put implicit trust in it. And it is only in the belief that dictatorial powers are for the moment necessary, that one can overlook or be silent as to the assumption in a sister country. This is, therefore, a considerable drawback to the cordiality and confidence which we have to the Emperor Napoleon, and to the pleasure with which we behold him in amity and companionship with the Prince Consort of England.

It is said that the French universally accept his rule. We have just enumerated the classes, that not only accept, but applaud it. But, notwithstanding its momentary strength, we cannot take the present tranquillity and tolerance of the French people for either adherence or permanent acquiescence. As long as the present generation lasts, the generation which has seen 1848, 1849, and 1850, it is probable that the French will bear the ills they have, rather than fly to others of which they have had such alarming and distressing experience. But a new generation of French, we may depend upon it, will sweep all we see to perdition, if something more liberal be not done or instituted to satisfy the pride and the wants of a sensitive nation.

SEVASTOPOL.

THE appearance at this moment of Mr. Scott's travels in Russia is peculiarly well timed. All eyes being now turned toward the countries and localities of which his book treats, necessarily gives an additional interest to the subject; but the volume before us possesses within itself those elements which most conduce to render similar works popular; and it does not, therefore, derive its value alone from the great events which are taking place on the very spots which it so well describes. It has the first great merit of bearing the stamp of truth and accurate observation, and has evidently been written without the mere object of *making a book*. The consequence is that an interest is kept up throughout, from the absence of that elaboration on trivial incidents which is too often indulged in by writers of travels. At the same time the author has avoided giving laboured descriptions of objects which possess in themselves but little attraction.

These travels, which began in Finland, extended to Astrachan, and terminated at Odessa, include visits to all the great fortified places of the Russian dominions, both in the north and the east, which have been, or are likely to become, the points of active operations by the allied fleets and armies. The tour through the

Crimea is extensive ; and the notices of that almost untravelled country, its people and antiquities, are highly interesting.

Mr. Scott's journey was undertaken before, and embraces a wider range than that of Mr. Oliphant ; and he appears not only to have remained longer in the towns and fortified positions, but to have had greater facilities, and, in some instances, unusual opportunities for gaining information concerning them. He has, therefore, been enabled to correct some inaccuracies into which the latter gentleman has fallen, and, if our memory be faithful, those also of other recent writers. For example : we believe that Captain Spencer says there are four casemated fortresses of three hundred guns each at Sevastopol ; a statement shown by Mr. Scott to be exceedingly exaggerated. General Mackintosh recommends the allied armies to be landed at Theodosia ; and proposes that part of them should be marched by the southern coast of the Crimea to Sevastopol. A plan which the following interesting passages concerning the latter place, extracted from Mr. Scott's volume,* will show to be impracticable, and which the description of the coast itself in another part of the book also confirms :—

“ The port of Sevastopol consists of a bay running in a south-easterly direction about four miles long, and a mile wide at the entrance, diminishing to four hundred yards at the end, where the ‘ Tchernaiia Retchka,’ or Black River, empties itself. The average depth is about eight fathoms, the bottom being composed of mud in the centre and gravel at the sides. On the southern coast of this bay are the commercial, military, and careening harbours ; the quarantine harbour being outside the entrance. All these taking a southerly direction and having deep water. The military harbour is the largest, being about a mile and a half long, by four hundred yards wide, and is completely land-locked on every side. Here it is that the Black Sea fleet is moored in the winter ; the largest ships being able to lie with all their stores on board close to the quays. The small harbour which contains the naval arsenal and docks, is on the eastern side of the military harbour, near the entrance. The port is defended to the south by six principal batteries and fortresses, each mounting from fifty to a hundred and ninety guns ; and the north by four, having from eighteen to a hundred and twenty pieces each ; and besides these are many smaller batteries.

“ The fortresses are built on the casemate principle, three of them having three tiers of guns, and a fourth two tiers. Fort St. Nicholas is the largest, and mounts about a hundred and ninety guns ; on carefully counting them, we made a hundred and eighty-six. By great interest we obtained permission to enter this fortress. It is built of white limestone ; a fine sound stone, which becomes hard, and is very durable, the same material being used for all the other forts. Between every two casemates are furnaces for heating shot red hot. We measured the calibre of the guns, and found it to be eight inches, capable of throwing shells or sixty-eight pound solid shot.

“ Whether all the guns in the fortress were of the same size, it is impossible to say ; but my belief is that most of the fortifications of Sevastopol are heavily armed. We entered Fort St. Nicholas through the elegantly-furnished apartments of the military commandant, situated at its south-western end.

“ At the period of our visit there were certainly not more than eight hundred and fifty pieces of artillery defending the port towards the sea, and of these about three hundred and fifty could be concentrated on a ship entering the bay. Other batteries, however, are said to have been since built. We took some trouble to ascertain these facts by counting the guns of the various forts ; not

* “ The Baltic, the Black Sea, and the Crimea, comprising Travels in Russia, a Voyage down the Volga to Astrachan, and a Tour through Crim Tartary.” By Charles Henry Scott. London, 1854.

always an easy matter where any suspicion of our object might have subjected us to grave inconveniences. Sevastopol is admirably adapted by nature for a strong position towards the sea; and it will be seen from what we have stated above, that this has been fully taken advantage of to render it one of the most formidably fortified places in that direction which could be imagined.

"We are well aware that the *casemated* fortresses are very badly constructed; and, though having an imposing exterior, that the walls are filled in with rubble. The work was carried on under Russian engineers, whose object was to make as much money as possible out of it. They were, moreover, found to be defective in ventilation; to remedy which some alterations were subsequently made: but admitting all their defects, they are still strong enough to inflict some amount of injury on an attacking fleet before their guns could be silenced. And when that is accomplished, supposing there are now nine hundred and fifty pieces, there would still remain five hundred guns of large calibre, in strong open batteries, half of them throwing shells and red-hot shot, independent of mortars. This is a force of armament against which no fleets have been tried, not only with regard to the number of guns and weight of metal, but the nature of the projectiles; any single shell fired point blank, and striking between wind and water, being sufficient to sink a ship.

"If Sevastopol can be so easily taken by the allied fleets alone, and without land forces, as some people appear to imagine, it would be very satisfactory to know what amount of resistance it is expected that Portsmouth could offer to an enemy with her seventy or eighty guns, not above five-and-twenty of which are heavier than thirty-two pounders.

"We do not mean to assert that it is impossible to destroy Sevastopol from the sea alone, but we believe that it could only be accomplished by an unnecessary sacrifice of life and ships with our present means; and that it would be nothing short of madness to attempt it, unless we had a reserve fleet on the spot to insure the command of the Black Sea in case of failure.

"In speaking of the means of defence at Sevastopol, we have left the Russian fleet out of the question. This, however, is not to be treated either with indifference or contempt; for while we are ready to admit that neither in the strength of the ships, in the quality of the sailors, nor in any other respect can it be compared to those of England and France, yet there can be no doubt of the Russian seamen being well trained in gunnery, nor of their being endowed with a kind of passive courage which would lead them to stick to their work when not called upon to exercise their seamanship, in which they are very deficient.

"There were in the military harbour of Sevastopol twelve line-of-battle ships, eight frigates, and seven corvettes, comprising the Black Sea fleet, independent of steamers. We visited, amongst others, the *Twelve Apostles*, of a hundred and twenty guns, and the first lieutenant accompanied us over her. She was a remarkably fine-looking ship, in excellent order, and very neat in her fittings. One thing which instantly struck us was the absence of hammock-hooks; but we learned that beds were luxuries which the Russian sailors never dream of, the decks forming their only resting-places.

"On descending to the shell-room we examined one of the shells, and found it fitted with the common fuse. Now, as at that time it was believed that the Russians possessed a percussion or concussion shell superior to any in the world, we were anxious to ascertain whether this was really the case; but from the inquiries we made of the lieutenant, we are convinced that such a shell existed only in imagination; that the common fuse was in use throughout the service, and may be so to the present day. The ports of the ship were marked with lines at different angles, to facilitate the concentration of the guns.

"We thanked our conductor for his politeness, and, in doing so, expressed our admiration of the ship. 'Yes,' said he, 'she is worthy of your praises. She was built on the lines of your *Queen*, now in the Mediterranean, by a Russian architect, educated in one of the royal dockyards of England.'

"The town of Sevastopol is situate on the point of land between the commercial and military harbours, which rises gradually from the water's edge to an elevation of two hundred feet. It is more than a mile in length; and its greatest width is about three quarters of a mile, the streets entering the open steppe on

the south. It was partly defended on the west, towards the land, by a loop-holed wall, which had been pronounced by one of the first engineers of Russia as perfectly useless; and plans for completely fortifying the place in that direction were said to have been made; but whether the work has since been carried out we know not, though we have a deep conviction that strong defences will be found to exist there by the time a besieging army arrives. These, however, being hurriedly raised, can neither be of sufficient magnitude nor strength to offer a serious resistance to a long-continued fire of heavy artillery; and unless these fortifications are on an extensive scale, and embrace a wide circuit, they may be commanded from so many points, that, attacked with heavy guns of long range, their speedy reduction becomes a matter of certainty.

"None of the sea batteries or forts are of the slightest service for defence on the land side. Indeed, the great fort, 'St. Nicholas,' has not a gun pointed in that direction; and such an armament would be perfectly useless if it existed, as that part of the hill on which the town stands rises behind it to a height of 200 feet. In fact, all the fortresses and batteries, both to the north and south of the great bay, are commanded by higher ground in the rear.

"The first and all-important consideration in reference to an attack on Sevastopol by land, is to ascertain where an army would find the most desirable place for disembarkation. Theodosia has been named amongst other localities; and it has certainly a beautiful harbour and many other conveniences, but the distance from the scene of action is a serious drawback. The troops would have to march over about a hundred and thirty miles of steppe, as it would be necessary to keep to the north of the mountains, where their progress could be easily arrested. Should wet weather set in, this steppe would become in a very short time quite impracticable for heavy artillery and baggage, as there are no roads whatever; and our little experience of rain showed us how rapidly the country became converted into a state closely resembling an Irish bog.

"Yalta is another port where men and material might be safely landed, and where but little opposition could be offered; but although united to Sevastopol by a good road, this is in many places cut out of the face of the perpendicular rock, and could not only be defended by the enemy with facility, but a few hours' work would render it quite impassable.

"Between Yalta and Balaclava, on the southern coast, there is no available point; but if the latter port could be taken, and the surrounding heights secured, every requisite for advantageously carrying on operations against Sevastopol would be at once obtained. Distant only about ten miles from that town, and connected with it by an excellent road, Balaclava so infinitely surpasses all other places for the attainment of the object in view, that there cannot be two opinions on the importance of possessing it, and its admirable harbour would be of incalculable value to the fleets. Nature has, however, made it so strong, that if the Russians have fully availed themselves of the facilities for defence, it might become a work of some difficulty to dislodge them; but it is very doubtful whether they have had sufficient time to erect batteries which could hold out long against the force that could be brought to bear on them. Supposing the whole of the batteries defending the harbour to be destroyed, no ships could enter with safety until all the positions on the heights which surround and overhang it had been carried. The coast between Balaclava and Cape Chersonesus being abrupt and precipitous, furnishes no suitable localities for the required purpose; but some of the bays on the northern boundary of the Chersonesean peninsula may possibly be found available. Were the allied armies in possession of the Chersonesus, they would find plenty of water, for there are two good sources towards Balaclava, though independent of it. One of these has been carried by an aqueduct to Sevastopol, and supplies the reservoir near the public gardens of that place. Destroying this aqueduct would be of no service towards reducing the town, as that from Inkerman would still remain, and the great fitting basin contains an immense quantity. Besides which there are wells and some small streams at the head of the military harbour, whence the place formerly drew its only, though not very plentiful, supply. Another plan for attacking Sevastopol might be adopted by landing to the north of the bay of Inkerman, destroying or taking Fort Constantine, and the other batteries

from the rear, and thence bombarding the naval arsenal, the town, and ships; and, indeed, this is the only alternative if a footing cannot be effected in the Chersonesus.

"The streets are built in parallel lines from north to south, and intersected by others from east to west; and the houses being of limestone have a substantial appearance. The public buildings are fine. The library erected by the Emperor for the use of naval and military officers, is of Grecian architecture, and is elegantly fitted-up internally. The books are principally confined to naval and military subjects, and the sciences connected with them, history, and some light reading.

"The club-house is handsome externally, and comfortable within. It contains a large ball-room, which is its most striking feature, and billiard-rooms, which appeared to be the great centres of attraction; but one looked in vain for reading-rooms, filled with newspapers and journals. There are many good churches; and a fine landing-place of stone from the military harbour, approached on the side of the town, beneath an architrave supported by high columns. It also boasts an Italian opera-house, the first performance for the season at which took place during our visit; but we cannot say much for the singing; the company being third-rate, and the voice of the 'prima donna' very much resembling at times a cracked trumpet.

"The eastern side of the town is so steep that the mast-heads of the ships cannot be seen until one gets close to them. Very beautiful views are obtained from some parts of the place, and it is altogether agreeably situated. A military band plays every Thursday evening in the public gardens, at which time the fashionables assemble in great numbers.

"As Sevastopol is held exclusively as a military and naval position, commerce does not exist. The only articles imported by sea being those required for material of war, or as provision for the inhabitants and garrison.

"On the eastern side of the military harbour, opposite to the town, is a line of buildings consisting of barracks, some storehouses, and a large naval hospital, which we inspected. The wards are good, but too much crowded; many of the arrangements are bad, and the ventilation in some parts exceedingly defective, the effluvia being most offensive.

"Sevastopol is not the port of construction for ships of war: they are all built at Nicholiev on the River Bug, as Petersburg is the building-place for Cronstadt. But here all repairs are done, and stores and materials of war in great quantity kept in the naval arsenal. The works that have been accomplished in the little port appropriated to this department are immense. The quays are well and strongly built of limestone with granite copings, under the superintendence of an English master mason. Along the eastern quay were ten large stone buildings for storehouses, then in the course of construction, five of which were already finished.

"But all other works sink into insignificance at Sevastopol before those projected and accomplished by Colonel Upton, under immense engineering difficulties. They consist of a great fitting basin, into which open five dry docks—three at the end, and one on each side of the entrance canal. As there is no tide these docks are above the level of the sea, and the ships are floated into them by locks, of which there are three, having a rise of ten feet each.

"To supply the basin, and thence the canal, the water is brought eleven miles by a beautiful aqueduct of stone, into which the Black River has been turned beyond Inkerman. This passes at one part through an excavated tunnel 900 feet long, and is constructed on arches in five or six other places.

"To form a great reservoir, and thus to insure a constant supply of water, an enormous dike of stone, like those of the pools of Solomon, near Bethlehem, was built across a mountain gorge, but on a much more stupendous scale. Mr. William Upton superintended the engineering department, and the work was achieved with perfect success; proper sluices being constructed to prevent too great a pressure in case of unusually heavy rain. Soon after all was finished, however, a terrific thunder storm arose; the valley rapidly filled with water, and a great land-slip from the side of the mountain took place, the sluices were thus blocked up, and the flood at last poured over the top, taking away tier

after tier of stones, until there was left nothing of the work of years but a jumbled mass of ruin. When we stood upon the remaining portion of this masonry, and marked its extraordinary strength and solidity, we could scarcely comprehend how the rushing of any amount of water could have produced such results.

"In order to make sufficient space for the docks, the canal of which leads from the southern extremity of the little port, it was necessary to cut away a portion of the mountain, and on the top of the great perpendicular wall thus made, now stands a massive pile of stone buildings, used as the sailors' winter barracks. In case of an enemy penetrating the dockyard port, these barracks might be held as a formidable position by men armed with the Minié rifle; and it has been suggested, that a couple of line-of-battle ships in the basin, with their broadsides to the port, and commanding it, would also form a battery of great power. Thus, in an attack by sea alone on Sevastopol, every inch of ground would have to be contested. A large filter has been erected, from which pipes are carried to the quay, into which a stream has been turned from the aqueduct; and when a ship requires a supply of water, she or the tanked barges have only to go alongside, a hose is attached to the pipe, put on board, and the process is accomplished with the greatest facility and expedition. No expense has been spared to render this naval arsenal perfect; and we doubt whether, in many respects, there is another in Europe so convenient, always supposing the works projected to have been carried out. The streets of Sevastopol, as may be expected, teem with soldiers and sailors; indeed, no one unconnected with the services lives there, and all but Russians are discouraged or forbidden to do so. The Jews were at one time ordered away from it entirely, but some few have been allowed to return. It was said that no foreigners were permitted to remain there more than twenty-four hours; but during a sojourn of ten days we met with no interference, although we visited and curiously examined all parts of the town, and everything worth seeing in it."

"On leaving the harbour we had another opportunity of taking a general view of those extraordinary fortifications which we had previously examined in detail, both on shore and from boats; and our opinion was confirmed, that with all their defects, whether in scientific principles or in carelessness of construction, a great sacrifice of life would follow an attack by sea alone with our present armament. But there appears no reason why England and France, with the talent and resources they have at their disposal, should not with facility produce artillery of a weight and range so great as to batter down these fortresses in succession, while at the same time their own ships remained comparatively free from danger."*

On the whole we can highly recommend this volume to our readers. It is written in an easy and unaffected style, rising, when the occasion calls for it, to much animation and graphic power.

* "These remarks were written before the late experiments were performed with Mr. Lancaster's gun."

ASPEN COURT,
AND WHO LOST AND WHO WON IT.

A Tale of our Own Time.

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS,

AUTHOR OF "MISS VIOLET AND HER OFFERS."

CHAPTER XLV.

THE PRIEST AND THE PEER.

HEYWOOD satisfied himself in the course of a quarter of an hour which he spent by the bedside of Paul Chequerbent, that the latter was effectually disqualified from rendering him service or co-operation for some time to come—much longer than the priest deemed it desirable to wait. Consoling Paul, therefore, with some wholesome assurances that he would soon be convalescent, and that in the meantime his interests with Lord Rookbury's daughter should not suffer, Heywood departed, little imagining that in less than an hour from his leaving St. Vitus's Hospital, the Lady Anna would present herself in person to confirm Paul's hopes.

The channel through which her ladyship—we like to see our little girl in possession of all her honours—had heard of her lover's misfortune had been a homely one. In the early part of this history we had occasion to describe the residence of Mrs. Sellinger, the handsome and Juno-like dancing-mistress in Spelton Street, Clerkenwell. On one of the landings of that miscellaneous colony dwelt a Mr. Glink, who, under the pretence of fancying birds, stole dogs. Some birds, however, which he did fancy, were of a feather kindred to his own, and among them happened to be the biped who had sold the hyæna to Mr. Penkridge, and whom Paul had tied by the leg in the manner already set forth. Mr. Chequerbent's fight on the ball night had interested Mr. Glink's sympathies in his favour, and, indeed, that gentleman stated confidently to Mrs. Sellinger (who occasionally permitted him the honour of a word or two on the staircase) that had she given him a hint of her wishes, on that eventful night, he would have effected such a diversion in Paul's favour as would have ensured his escape from the police, a manœuvre which he had conceived might have been adroitly effected by turning about a dozen bull-terriers loose into the ball-room, with special reference to the calves of the male guests. On hearing from his friend, the hyæna-man, a somewhat distorted narrative of the accident to Paul, Mr. Glink hastened to Mrs. Sellinger with the news of her friend's ill fortune, and the warm-hearted Mary Sellinger, in her turn, hurried off to Angela's

lodgings, and imparted the unwelcome tidings. The little actress, who, as she believed, had delivered Paul from the vengeance of the magistrate, and who had exerted herself so vigorously to extricate him from the sponging-house, was not likely to abandon him in his greater sorrow. Under ordinary circumstances she would have proceeded to the hospital alone, without the slightest hesitation, but, the recollection of her illustrious father just impressing, but not daunting her, she demanded the escort of the matron—and obtained it.

The interview between Paul and Carlyon had so greatly reassured Mr. Chequerbent's mind, that Angela's visit, which, an hour earlier, would have much discomposed him, rendered him more happy than he had been since his various discouragements set in. Her manner was as frank and as arch as ever, and after her first earnest inquiries, the actress's habitual liveliness expended itself in a set of odd criticisms on the novel scene around her; they were, perhaps, not very new, or very clever, but the tone took Paul back to pleasant days—long country lounges in sunshiny weather, followed by cheerful *tête-à-tête* dinners, at which Angela and he had seemed to have one mission—that of enjoying themselves—and had faithfully fulfilled it. And he reproached himself with not having sufficiently appreciated those holidays as they passed; for he had not then quite reached the time when troublous lessons teach us to look on one quiet day, without a thought for the immediate morrow, as “a thing to thank Heaven on.” He was, however, in train for the teaching.

Poor Paul's heart grew very full, every now and then, and he felt marvellously inclined to say a good deal more—in a few words—to Angela than he had ever said before. But if a man has any gentlemanly instincts, and our Paul, foolish as he often was, had several, they will be called out in the presence of a good, frank, affectionate woman, and Paul, though he looked rather helplessly into Angela's bright eyes, and felt that his own were disposed to swim, managed to hold his tongue upon the subject nearest his heart. For he could not disguise from himself that there he lay, very poor, disabled, perhaps disgraced, but at all events, in a bad position, between poverty and idleness, to the eye of his friends, and he saw no future to console him. On the other hand, there stood Angela, looking fresher and prettier than ever, recognised by a wealthy and titled father, and about to be introduced to the very society for which Paul had always languished, but to which even in his good days he could not attain. It is something to the poor fellow's credit that the contrast of situations did not turn his spirit to a mood of bitterness, and that, while feeling that he should be doing Angela an injustice did he seek, under the circumstances, to engage or fetter her, he contrived to talk cheerfully and thankfully. For, my beloved brethren, it is easy enough for you, hypocrites as you are, to lounge against the mantel-piece, you being in your elegant attire, and with notes in your purse, and your bow and smile ready, and thus, at advantage, to address Miss Amaranth, there, in that *chaise longue*, and to say to her those things which you do not feel,

and to leave unsaid those things which you do feel, and then to go away like gentlemen and men of the world. But throw one of you down on a poor hospital bed, and let there be two half-crowns and fourpence in his purse, and let him have in his shoulder a wound which he is ashamed to say how he received, and while he is in that state of wretchedness, and poverty, and discouragement, let Miss Amaranth come in her best toilette and look at him, and if he behaves as well as Paul Chequerbent, why then, my beloved brethren, I shall be very glad to think that good behaviour is not so uncommon as people tell us is the case.

Mrs. Sellinger conducted herself with the discretion which had marked her previous course through life. She perfectly well comprehended the whole case, but she thought that the kindest thing she could do for Angela, in whom she took a womanly interest, stronger than her liking for Paul, was to prevent, if possible, any acceleration of an "understanding" between the young people. And so she took up a post very different from that which the lady who plays propriety on interesting little occasions usually fills. She did not go and look out of window, nor was she intensely interested by a penny wood engraving on the other side of the room, nor would she get into a private conversation with the nurse—any or all of which acts of benevolence a right-minded Propriety might have done, but she had a chair set for her close to Paul's bolster, and she took part in the whole conversation from beginning to end. This fact may seem to some readers to deprive Paul of some of his merit, but such readers take a limited view of the case, and I am quite sure that every young person who has been circumstanced as were Paul and Angela, will join with me in declaring that he could have made his feelings clear enough, if he had chosen. Let me add that Mrs. Sellinger carried out her resolution with her characteristic decision to the very last, and that, after leaving the ward, she did not even discover that she must have left her handkerchief on the chair, and send Angela back to look. She might as well have done so, for just as they had got outside the door of the ward, the Lady Anna did run back again, and, with a wistful expression in her pretty face, did shake hands with Paul once more—and the look and the act gave that young gentleman wonderful comfort for many a day to come.

Meantime the Reverend Cyprian Heywood had decided upon his course, and was making for Acheron Square. He had resolved upon a coalition.

Lord Rookbury was, of course, an excellent Protestant, and too firm in his own theological convictions to be afraid lest the accomplished Jesuit should succeed in converting him to the old faith. He had not slain the lion to be devoured by the wolf. He had not resisted all Mr. Selwyn's efforts to make him comprehend that morality was a duty, to be shaken from the religion of his fathers by a Catholic polemic. At least we will hope that such were his thoughts when, on receiving Heywood's card, he instantly accorded audience to that dangerous person.

They had met in society two or three times since our story

commenced, and Lord Rookbury's general history was very well known to the priest. Of Heywood, the Earl knew little, but to look at the Jesuit was to receive a favourable impression of him, and Lord Rookbury had a conviction that he could read a man at a glance. To do him justice, he was more frequently right than most men who believe they have any such patent.

The usual introductory gossip of the day was exchanged, as a couple of fencers deliver the thrusts of the salute, before falling on guard, and then Heywood at once dropped into attitude, and taking the inoment when the Earl had laughed—I almost wrote heartily—at a repartee of the priest's, said,—

"But it is time, my lord, that I should explain the reasons of my intruding upon you."

"I had rather not hear them," said the Earl, "because they are entirely unnecessary. I am more obliged to you for that story than I can tell you, and if you were a clergyman who had come to ask me for one of my livings, I should tell you that your business was done. But I suppose we have not succeeded in regaining you to the fold? Or have you any such idea—because I can give you a letter to almost any of the bishops, if you want your scruples removed. Don't look sceptical, and as if I were recommending quack medicine—I have known very surprising cases."

"The result a *cure*?" said Heywood, laughing. "No, such is not my ambition, at this moment at any rate. I fear I must bore your lordship with a fact or two."

"As distinguished from the assertions of theology. What an irreverent sentiment, Mr. Heywood! However, pray proceed, and be assured that I shall not be bored with anything you are so good as to tell me."

Heywood bowed slightly, and went on.

"I am the guardian of a young Catholic lady, a Miss Trevelyan, whose name your lordship may possibly have heard."

"One of the family who lost the Aspen Court estates, in the suit with the Wilmslows, I suppose," said the Earl, who was sitting in the same chair wherein he had spoken to Carlyon about the "priest and his niece" being responsible for the condition of little Amy.

"You have heard of her?" urged Heywood. "Possibly through Mr. Bernard Carlyon."

"I do not remember whether he ever mentioned the young lady's name to me, or not. Is he interested in her? In that case, I suppose I forestall your revelation by supposing that as her guardian, you come to ask me what I think of the young gentleman's prospects, which I have forwarded a good deal." It is needless to remark that the Earl supposed nothing of the kind.

"I have no such object," replied the priest. "I was aware that you had been very kind to Mr. Carlyon, but I had supposed that a union at which I hinted the other night—at Lady Rotherhithe's, I think—had influenced your patronage."

"Oh, you fancied *that*?" said the Earl, with an affectation of surprise. "Nothing of the kind. I thought him an able and

a meritorious young man; I assisted him, and he has vindicated my judgment by distinguishing himself. Selwyn has given him the secretaryship to the Salvages and Contingencies, with a salary of a thousand a year."

"It was not of him that I had any intention of speaking," said Heywood.

"I think that it was you who first mentioned his name, not I," said the Earl, smiling.

"Was it?" said Heywood carelessly. "It was, however, of my ward that I intended to speak. My acquaintance with your lordship is not old, and is slight, but the circumstances of the case must excuse any apparent singularity in what I am going to say. It is not worth while for me to ask your lordship that our interview may be a confidential one, for it certainly will be so if I succeed in my object, and if I fail, I am in the hands of an English nobleman."

"To show you how disposed I am to be frank," said the Earl, "your first alternative is sensible enough—but I gather from the second, that you mean to tell me nothing but what you suppose I know already."

"You will judge for yourself," said Heywood, who was not inclined to be hurried. "You are no doubt aware, being a frequent visitor to Aspen Court, that, though the Trevellys were dispossessed by a decision of a court of law, they never acquiesced in the justice of that decision."

"Defeated defendants do not make that a practice, I have heard," said Lord Rookbury. "But it would have given a livelier colour to their dissatisfaction if they had appealed, and had been beaten through our House before giving in."

"That may be," said Heywood, not desirous to meet the question conveyed in the remark, "but such was not the course they were advised to take. Well, the successful parties took possession, and there they are."

"And there, I suppose, they are likely to remain," said Lord Rookbury.

"Unless your lordship turns them out," said the priest.

"A singular observation," replied Lord Rookbury. There was a pause of some moments, but as it was clearly Heywood's turn to speak, he said, at last—

"We have, I believe, arrived at the conclusion of the Wilm-slow story, thus far."

"My dear Mr. Heywood," said the Earl, "I will once more repeat to you that I propose to be frank, and therefore I beg to object to my being asked to give information, instead of my receiving it, as was kindly proposed at the outset."

"I will spare your lordship the trouble," said the other. "The present holder of Aspen Court is a profligate spendthrift—I would apologise to you for applying such words to your friend, but I see that it is unnecessary. You are supplying him with large sums of money for the sake of securing a hold upon the estate, and, in order, as you hoped, to gain the wife's assent to your scheme, you made a proposal of marriage to one of the

daughters, which, I presume I may say, you had as much idea of ever fulfilling as I have of asking for another of the young ladies."

"You have taken some pains to inform yourself of facts, and shown some ingenuity in arguing from them, Mr. Heywood," said the Earl. "Do you expect me to say more?"

"Allow me to proceed, my Lord, because at the present stage my observations sound very like impertinence."

"At least," said the Earl of Rookbury.

"I do not despair of having them excused," said the priest. "Your lordship has, I beg to say, been throwing away a good deal of money, from the simple circumstance that you are unaware of the real position of Mr. Wilmslow. You have supposed him to be the owner of the estates, when, in fact, they have long since passed from him, he being merely the puppet of the wealthy attorney, who gained the suit for him, Mr. Molesworth."

"Suppose, Mr. Heywood, that I were at least as well informed upon this subject as you appear to be."

"My Lord, you were *not* a minute ago. You tried your utmost to learn the truth from Bernard Carlyon, but you did not succeed—nay," he continued, for the Earl deemed it necessary to put on a fierce frown, "I merely observe that you were as unsuccessful as myself, for before you knew Mr. Carlyon I had myself endeavoured, by every means, to get him to divulge what I am assured is well known to him. Pooh!" said Heywood, whose perfect fearlessness was one of his best points, "any simulation of anger at hearing the truth is unworthy of your lordship's intellect. We are alone, and I am a clergyman. If we are to play a farce, I throw up my part." And the speaker's noble features showed something of the contempt he felt for mere hypocrisy.

The Earl looked hard at him for some moments, and, as if he were really playing the farce spoken of, the words, "peer of the realm"—"dishonourable devices"—"unworthy motives"—"imputations borne in silence"—came from his lips mechanically. Then, suddenly recovering his natural manner, he said shortly, and almost snappishly—

"Supposing all said that ought to be said, and that I reserve a right to say, what next?"

"Ah!" said Heywood, but without betraying any other evidence of satisfaction. "The next thing is this. Miss Trevelyan's friends have at length obtained information which will enable them once more to act in her behalf. I purposely use guarded words. But they designed to act against other parties than the Earl of Rookbury."

"I understand," said the Earl. "They have no purse to measure against that kept at Rookton Woods."

"That is not the consideration—it would have been, in the absence of less precise information than we have; but what we possess entitles us—entitles me—to draw upon resources to which those of Rookton Woods are nothing."

"In plainer English, Mr. Heywood, you know enough to justify

you in asking the Catholic interest to come forward and rescue Aspen Court."

"Wealthy friends will not be found wanting to Miss Trevelyan. But again I must remark that money is not the consideration. The steps we should take are comparatively inexpensive ones."

"Then you don't appeal, that's clear."

"We shall strike higher, no offence to your lordship's House."

"At Molesworth. Come, I can't have that called striking higher. The attorneys are the masters of the House of Commons. and can whip them up, or stave them off, as they please, but not so with us."

"Let me retract, then. But your lordship perceives my meaning."

"Well, sir," said the Earl, "as a legislator and a philanthropist I must naturally rejoice at seeing a lawyer brought to justice, and I wish you all success. But why you should favour me with this early and singular revelation of your plans, I do not as yet understand."

"Because," said Heywood, unprovoked, provoking as was the tone, "your lordship has set your heart upon Aspen Court."

"And if I have," said the Earl, arrogantly, "you may be well sure, my dear Mr. Heywood, that I shall attain my object, quite independently of Catholic clergymen, sane or otherwise; needy heiresses and dishonest attorneys."

"Your lordship's tone is unlucky," said Heywood, with a calm *hautew*, his magnificent eyes fixed full on Lord Rookbury's face.

"If I needed other evidence than I possess that you have not, in vulgar phrase, a leg to stand on, I should find it in the irritation which I have caused, by telling you what you did not know. Even your lordship's admirable self-command, proof against minor assaults, such as imputations on your straightforward dealing, and trifles of that kind, gives way at the discovery that you have lost your money, lost it, too, to such a coarse bungler as Henry Wilmslow."

"Well, sir," said the Earl, "I am an old man, and you are a priest, so we will not exchange sarcasms. What is it that you have to propose to me?"

"I propose to hear what your lordship means to do to recover the money you have lost."

"Really. But, even supposing that I had advanced, and had lost money, the rest seems to be my affair."

"Entirely, and if your lordship signifies to me that such is the way in which you regard it, I have only to thank you for a very agreeable interview, and to wish you good morning."

Lord Rookbury saw, first, that he had been driven into a *cul-de-sac*, by the superior generalship of the Jesuit, or rather by his superior resources, and secondly, that it was not of the least use for him to fly into another rage. So, as wise politicians always do, he accepted the situation, and replied.

"We have said so much that we may as well say a little more. What you have stated as to my connection with the Wilmslows is

known to too many people for it to be worth my while to contradict you, except that I beg you to understand that you have been misinformed as to the relations between myself and the eldest Miss Wilmslow, a subject, however, with which you can have no concern. Your position and character are sufficient guarantee to me that, in regard to the ownership of Aspen Court, you believe what you assert, and I have information of my own upon the same subject. Possibly, I have advanced my money in spite of the circumstances to which you allude."

A bridge of gold for a flying enemy, thought Heywood. "Then I mistake," he said, "in supposing that you would object to some more negotiable security than the bonds of Mr. Wilmslow."

"I am not so unbusiness-like," said the Earl, but you know there are occasions when had securities are better than good ones. Many a London banker of undeniable sanctity and unimpeachable drab trowsers, reflects, as he comes from chapel on Sunday, that some bills in his safe will probably be paid on Monday, and others certainly will—the former being bills which he knows are genuine, and the latter being bills which he knows are forgeries, and which the parties who brought them to him are aware he received as such. Forged bills are taken up, to the hour."

"I am aware that such things are specks upon that splendid system of morals called commerce," said Heywood, "but I do not see the connection of the case you describe and Wilmslow's. Does he forge?"

"I hope not," said the Earl; "but, though he is my friend, I really cannot say. That, however, was not what I meant, but let it pass. You propose to give me a better security. What do you wish me to do for you?"

"To fight our battle," said the priest quietly.

"To regain Aspen Court for the young Catholic lady. Well, your proposal is bold and considerate, if you believe——"

"That your lordship desires to obtain the estate?"

"Precisely."

"Not so inconsiderate, if your lordship will grant two propositions, to the truth of both of which I pledge myself,—first, that it is utterly impossible for you to succeed without us, and secondly, that the property may come into your family if you join us. Two other considerations may be worth naming—first, that your money, now utterly lost, shall be repaid, and next, that what is proposed to you shall not cost your lordship one shilling."

"Four points worthy of all meditation. A fifth is—why am I to be the champion? If you can win your battle, why not fight it for yourselves and throw me over?"

"Because this is a Protestant country."

"Is it?—so it is. But what difference does that make?"

"Molesworth is a most respectable Protestant solicitor. The Wilmslows are Protestants. We are Catholics, who desire to wrench a large estate out of the hands of one party, and to make the other disgorge his gains in disgrace. I do not say that I am afraid of injustice, but everything is against us. Let a Protestant

peer enter the lists, and the chances of the Protestant attorney and his clients will be frightfully reduced."

"That may be," said the Earl, musing. "But supposing I listened to the proposal, I do not see how the plan can be accomplished. The estate may not be Molesworth's, or Wilmslow's, or yours, but it certainly is not mine."

"The whole arrangement, which is one of detail, shall be submitted to you before you are asked to take a step. We have some of the first lawyers in the country among us, and the best advice is at our disposal."

"When shall you be prepared with such details?"

"This is Tuesday—on Thursday, after the post is in."

"Will you see me here on that day, say at twelve? I will give you my answer then."

And so stood the appointment. But Heywood was hardly out of the square before Lord Rookbury had rung for the "Court Guide," had sworn a dozen ugly oaths because it was not the latest edition, and had looked out the address of Messrs. Molesworth and Penkridge.

CHAPTER XLVI.

SIGNS.

THE Earl's letter to Henry Wilmslow procured for Mr. Rockbrook and Bernard Carlyon as gracious a reception at Aspen Court as the Ambassador's nature could accord, and the physician was at once presented to Mrs. Wilmslow and the young ladies. The character which Lord Rookbury had assigned to him, in the introductory letter, was not very precisely explained; but Henry's impression was, that Rockbrook was some kind of landscape gardener, whose mission was to report upon the feasibility of various improvements which the Earl had from time to time suggested. It was, however, Wilmslow's cue to be as civil as possible, but to ask no questions. But his mind was perplexed to understand why Carlyon should have accompanied the Earl's emissary; and the evident intimacy of his two visitors somewhat provoked him.

The ladies were all at home, and Carlyon was received by three of them with their usual cordiality; nor would a stranger's eye have detected in Kate's more reserved feeling and colder smile anything more than the difference of external manner often found among sisters whose feelings are in unison. Even Bernard himself did not notice that Kate took some care not to be left in *tête-à-tête* conversation with him; for it was by adroitly bringing one or other of her sisters to her side, rather than by leaving him, that she avoided any possible confidences. He might, perhaps, have been more sharp-sighted, but that the errand on which he had come turned the current of his thoughts in another direction.

The travellers had come down by the night mail, and reached Aspen Court in time for the family breakfast. Mr. Rockbrook

had, therefore, an opportunity of leisurely observing the condition of Amy. Her seat was, as usual, by her mother's side, to which she seemed to nestle, occasionally laying her fair head back upon Mrs. Wilmslow's shoulder, and evincing a lassitude from which she evidently aroused herself by effort when the old, merry spirit came over her, and she could not resist the pleasure of launching a little playful taunt at her friend Bernard. His visit pleased and excited her; and it was plain to him, and to Mr. Rockbrook, that her mother and sisters were surprised at an unwonted display of spirits on the child's part. The brown eyes lighted up with merriment, and the brown curls waved as the saucy answer was given; but the excitement was transitory. Mr. Rockbrook, after a searching glance or two, seemed to observe Amy no longer, and conversed during the rest of the breakfast with Mrs. Wilmslow, to whose ear his grave and kind voice came with a welcome tone, reminding her of days when she heard such voices less seldom.

The conversation turned upon foreign travel, of which the physician had seen a good deal, and spoke well and pointedly, neither attempting to startle by paradoxical stories, nor succeeding in boring by quotations from road-books; the two accomplishments which make most travellers such culpable nuisances. His visits to France and elsewhere had been chiefly occupied by investigations connected with his profession; and he was, therefore, enabled to speak of the character of the people among whom he had sojourned, instead of dilating upon palaces, precipices, and picture galleries.

"Did you go down into the catacombs, when you were in Paris, sir?" said Amy, suddenly sitting up.

"No, my dear," said Rockbrook. "There is considerable difficulty in obtaining permission to do so, and though I could probably have managed this, the mere sight of a vast quantity of bones and skulls seemed to me neither pleasant nor instructive enough to make the trouble worth one's while."

"I should like to be taken *there*," murmured Amy, in a low voice.

"I could show you some much more agreeable things in Paris," said Mr. Rockbrook, smiling.

"Yes, but I should like to have seen the catacombs," said Amy, in the same tone, and closing her eyes, as she once more reclined upon her mother's shoulder. Carlyon even fancied that Amy was picturing to herself the scene she had spoken of, and that a shudder, for an instant, convulsed her, but the demonstration, if it were one, was so momentary, that he could scarcely assure himself that he had seen it.

The breakfast over, it was proposed that the whole party should stroll through the garden and grounds around the house. Wilmslow, with his usual attention to the proprieties of life, begged to be excused, having something important to attend to, and his excuses were received so easily, that he had no particular reason to feel much complimented. He departed, and the ladies arranged to meet Mr. Rockbrook and Carlyon in the garden, and in the

meantime Bernard offered to show his friend the fine old hall. Rockbrook's survey was soon made—the portraits had little attraction for him, and he vouchsafed slight attention to the swords and carabines and pikes—but over the quaint and disordered old clock, with its various contrivances for indicating all kinds of things, but every one disarranged, and in the barometer which had once run round it like a great red vein, but was now bloodless, the physician lingered with some interest. It was a machine out of sorts, and amid such machinery lay his business. The clock's place was near the large red curtain which covered the opening leading to the interior of the house, and Bernard, who had awaited Rockbrook's pleasure to speak as to Amy, was about to conduct him to the garden by that way, when the physician stopped him.

"I would give something for this affair," he said. "I suppose they would not part with it."

"Cure little Amy, and the house is yours from hearthstone to roof-tree," said Carlyon.

"There was no use in bringing me down," said the physician, gravely.

"What!" said Bernard, agitated, despite the preparation he had received in his interview with Lord Rookbury. "Is the case hopeless?"

"She is dying under their eyes—and rapidly. My dear Bernard, if I could lay my hand upon this machinery, and at a touch call it into instant and harmonious action, it would not be such a miracle as my prolonging that child's life for two months. If her mother—what a dear, good woman that is, Bernard—if she is blind to the state of things, it is wonderful, but one sees such wonders in the course of practice. I doubt whether she ought to be told."

"Yes, she ought," said Carlyon slowly. "Poor, dear little Amy."

"Ah, you love the child? You have known her? Yes, she might easily become very dear to one. Bah! do not be ashamed of tears in your eyes."

"I am not," said Bernard, quietly. "But, as I said, Mrs. Wilmslow must be informed of this. I came down to do it, but as we talked, and you spoke of strange cures, I seemed to acquire hope that I might be spared the work."

"The only fitting person to break such news to a mother is her husband," said the physician, "but as to intrusting such a duty to that coarse, shouting, stupid fellow——"

"If he had a spark of feeling," said Bernard, "I would almost risk the rest—she has been his wife for years, and her sense is deadened to what we feel so offensive. But he has no heart, and, in short, Henry Wilmslow is a brute."

And Henry Wilmslow, skulking within twelve inches of the speakers, ground his teeth viciously on the other side of the curtain.

"I know the pain it will give you, Carlyon," said his friend.

"I am more accustomed to deal with such revelations, and from feeling somewhat less acutely than yourself, I shall be able to break the intelligence more cautiously. You had better suffer me to do it."

"So it shall be, then," said Bernard, sorrowfully. "Ah! there they are in the front. Let us go out this way."

"I shall not speak to Mrs. Wilmslow on the subject during our walk," said the physician, "unless a very favourable opportunity offers, so do not fear a scene. I shall rather endeavour to understand her character a little, and then I shall better see in what way to call her attention to her daughter's condition."

"Her character is on the surface," said Bernard, "and is told in two words—duty and affection."

"Possibly you are right," said Mr. Rockbrook, "but I think—at least, it is equally possible—that there may be something beneath the surface. However, let us join them, and, as far as you can, leave her to me."

Carlyon opened the large door of the hall, and they went out that way, and joined the ladies.

Henry Wilmslow went up to his private chamber with a strange mixture of feelings, all of them bad, but some worse than others. This man, once "a little too gay," had been degenerating and demoralising ever since the time we introduced him to the reader. "God made the country, and man made the town," says a poet, in a line of no great meaning, with such meaning as it possesses pointing to a false inference. A bad man (and we have unhappily to do with one at this moment) becomes worse in the country, where his pleasures are limited and coarse, and where he is compelled to spend hours in miserable self-communing, than in a city, where vice runs in a constant current, and where he can escape from solitude and thought. It is untrue to allege that country life is favourable even to morality—to the "gentler morals" it has long ceased to lay claim. The most dangerous treatment to which you can expose an evil nature, is that species of solitary confinement called retirement from a large town; simply, and logically, for the same reason that such a life is favourable to a virtuous nature. Nothing new is put in, but what is there develops, either for good or for evil. Town life stunts the vice it seems to nourish. Drawing our illustrations from the mere catalogue of crime, the offences with which we credit the populous city are comparatively slight to the strange, wild, cold-blooded crimes which pollute the half-peopled hamlet, or the scarcely-peopled valley. The rustic broods in stupid malignity and isolation over his wrongs and hates, and suddenly commits a deed whose ferocity is only equalled by the perpetrator's idiotism in expecting to escape undetected. He has forgotten, in a country life, that keen eyes and quick brains will be on his track, and he indulges in a revel of passion or revenge of which the town criminal seldom dreams. But I did not mean to go so low. Look at the class of bad and hateful men who do not come into the criminal list, but who are, notwithstanding, pointed at by the finger of society. Take the gambler, the

libertine, the drunkard, the domestic tyrant—worst, because capable of inflicting most misery, of the four. Contrast the city and the country profligate in action; both are outraging the real laws of God and the sham laws of men—and so far are equal in their turpitude. But if one adds to this a violation of the instinct we call decency, it will be the dweller among the green trees, and the quiet fields, and by the bright river—the heaven-made locality of the poet.

Pardon for the digression; but we may remember that, a long time ago, we had a sort of hope that Henry Wilmslow would have improved, in the absence of temptation, and in the society of his wife and innocent daughters.

He went up to his room, as we have said, in a most evil state of mind. He had heard that his child must die. This news would, perhaps, have troubled him once, at the time that his pretty little Amy was his plaything, and one that everybody admired; but those days were long past. There was as complete an estrangement between himself and his children as the duty their mother had taught them permitted. I doubt if her father's lips had touched Amy's for months. I hope not. She and her sisters were glad to escape from his presence, from his ill-conditioned scoffing, his swearing, and his hard, unkind manner; and he cared nothing for them. What he had heard about Amy, therefore, gave him no pain. But he had heard what seemed to him of much more importance. He learned that a secret had been kept from him, a deception practised, and that his patron and friend had taken his special enemy into league to pass off a doctor as a landscape gardener; and when Wilmslow imagined that his own interests were being studied, the only thing in question was the state of a sick girl. Injured, therefore, and insulted, the amiable Henry at once declared himself. Added to this, with the proverbial ill-fortune of listeners, he had heard the courtly physician, who had not passed an hour in his company, declare him a coarse, stupid fellow; and the judgment had been confirmed by Carlyon, who had called him a heartless brute. "They go away from my table," said the Ambassador, with a curse, "to talk of me in that manner." And then he began to drink brandy, solitary tipping being one of the country enjoyments which he had learned to appreciate.

Meantime Mrs. Wilmslow and the party below proceeded on their walk, Mr. Rockbrook, as he had proposed, keeping near to Jane, and Carlyon endeavouring to draw away the girls out of earshot. Amy, indeed, placed herself upon his arm at once, saying that she was glad to see him return to the path of his duty to her, and that she was willing to overlook the past, and treat him as one of the family. Emma also was glad to hear what Bernard had to say; but Kate, except when summoned by her sisters to be told something which had amused them, lingered by her mother's side, and somewhat impeded the cautious advance by which the physician designed to win the confidence of Mrs. Wilmslow. They went over the gardens, Bernard, with a heavy heart, endeavouring to entertain his companions, and almost at

every step reminded of his mission by the clinging and dependent way in which the frail form of poor Amy rested upon his arm.

In the course of their walk they visited the grass-grown garden in the rear of the house, and, as they entered it, Amy pointed out to Bernard the statue of Phocion.

"I can look at that quite comfortably now, Bernard," she said, "but I only broke myself into doing so by often coming out here alone, while Emmy and Kate thought I was asleep, and accustoming myself to it. Even now, there are times when I fancy the statue looks maliciously at me. Do you remember my horror at it on the great skeleton day?"

"I meant to forget all about it," said Carlyon, "and I hoped you had long since done so. We should forget painful things."

"I could not forget it, Bernard, and at last I made up my mind that it was intended I should. As soon as I was convinced of that, of course it would have been wicked in me to try, and therefore I made a practice of visiting that skeleton form every day, about the hour at which we first made our way there."

"Why did they allow you to do so?" said Carlyon, half reproachfully, but at the moment Emma was out of hearing.

"Do not scold them—they knew nothing of it," said Amy, confidentially. "I kept it secret, not that it was wrong, but because they would have been vexed. Indeed I knew that it was not wrong, because several times I had a sign given me. My dear Bernard, how you started."

"Did I?" said Carlyon, who felt a cold damp upon his very heart, as the loving, gentle thing on his arm gave this unmistakable evidence that something worse than bodily disease had been busy with her.

"Perhaps that is a sign, too," mused Amy.

He pressed her slight arm to his side. At another time he would only have tried to dispel her foolish thought with a jest, but his lips refused to utter one. She talked idly, but she was dying.

"You do not speak—you do not ask me what my sign was!" the poor child went on. "I have not told the girls, but you have a right to know, because you took the skeleton down and sat in its chair. Well, I know that you pulled it all to pieces, and tied all the bones up in a tight bundle, and locked them up in one of the old closets. But all that did not prevent its giving me a sign when I needed one. I went in one day, shut the door, and stood exactly where I was when we first saw the apparition. There was a silence for a minute, and then all the bones in the closet began to rattle."

"My darling child," said Bernard passionately, "you must not talk so wildly. There is not a bone of the skeleton left in the house. I packed it, as you say, and threw it into the closet for the moment; but when I left Aspen Court I took it away with me to London."

"That is strange, Bernard," she said, looking up with a smile. "Are you quite sure?"

"Dear child, quite sure. I had it put together again by a

medical friend, and it hangs in his room near Cavendish Square."

"Then it must be some other skeleton that made me the sign, Bernard, and we did not half search the room. That is very sad."

"My dearest Amy, you *must* believe what I tell you. There is no skeleton within miles of Aspen Court."

"Bernard, you are very good to me generally, though rather neglectful, but I shall scold you if you tell stories. *There* is our church, with dozens of them lying about, just under our feet, especially the poor little child's, whom the wicked woman frightened to death, and which they say starts about in its little grave even now, while her spirit walks about, as the poor thing did in its cot, when she dressed up horrid figures to terrify it. I mean to be buried close to that child, the little thing will be quiet when I am there."

"Have you told this to mamma, Amy?" said Bernard, in a low voice.

"No. She is not strong, dear thing, and she cannot very well bear anything startling. Though it is silly of people to be startled at skeletons, because if she comes to think, here is one at my very elbow. What, starting again! I mean your own, of course. Is not a skeleton walking about wherever anybody walks?"

Bernard felt that the presence of another person who should divert Amy from the subject on every phase of which she had been evidently brooding, was a relief he must have, and he drew her towards the others, who were nearer the house.

"Is that—but of course it is—the Severn in the distance?" said Mr. Rockbrook.

"Yes," said Mrs. Wilmslow, "you see the water plashing through the weir. Katie, dear, fetch the telescope—I think it is in the library. There are several points in our landscape worth a stranger's notice, if, as a foreign traveller, you care for English scenery, Mr. Rockbrook. Why, Amy, darling, where is all your colour gone? Has Bernard been telling you some terrible story?"

"In one sense he has, mamma; that is, he has told a terrible falsehood, but he is penitent, and I forgive him. My goodness, what is the matter with Kate? Talk of colour—she is as white as a ghost."

Kate just then reappeared from the house, bringing the telescope, and assuredly justifying Amy's description. She was evidently making a desperate struggle at self-command, and she placed the glass, as if mechanically, in her mother's hand.

"I—I slipped," she said, "on the stairs. I am not at all hurt, but shaken—frightened. It is nothing. I assure you, it is nothing, mamma," she said, almost impatiently, under Mrs. Wilmslow's anxious look. Kate stood quite still, until her assurance apparently satisfying her mother, the latter began to point out the features in the landscape. Amy had sat down upon a garden seat. Then Kate, to Bernard's surprise, laid her hand on his arm, and made a gesture that she must speak to him apart. They proceeded a few steps from the rest of the party.

"There is no time for more than one word. Is that a doctor, and is Amy dying?"

"Yes," said Bernard.

Her hand clutched upon his arm, and he felt her tremble violently, but she mastered her agitation, and said, in a hasty and imploring voice, "Tell mamma—you tell her, for God's sake—*now*."

Bernard guessed all, sprang to Mrs. Wilmslow's side, and made an imperative sign to Rockbrook, unperceived by her, that he must instantly make his communication. The ready-witted physician understood him, and without comprehending the emergency of the case, offered his arm to his hostess, with a request that she would permit him to say a word or two. Jane, gentle as ever, took his arm, though with some surprise, but they had scarcely turned from the others when a strong hand was laid upon her shoulder, and her husband stood among them. He was excited by liquor, but in the perfect possession of his faculties, and his face, bloated by low debauchery, bore a savage expression, which, as it seemed to Carlyon at the moment, would have justified him in felling Wilmslow to the ground.

"Ah! I'm in time, I see," he said, as Jane, in her habitual effort to screen her husband's vices, forced a smile, and tried to frame some playful words to help him to excuse his rudeness. The smile told him that she had not heard the fatal news.

"One word with you, Mr. Wilmslow," said Carlyon, dashing in as a last chance, for he saw Henry's intention.

"I have a message to you from Lord Rookbury. Just come and hear it—a secret from the ladies."

"In—deed," returned Wilmslow, looking at him with an insolent scowl. "I'll hear it at my leisure, Mr. Secretary Carlyon, sir. What I have to say is what this gentleman says that a mother ought to hear from her husband. I believe those were your words, sir. I was afraid that my daughter might have forestalled me."

"Take her away," said Bernard to Rockbrook.

"At your peril, sir," shouted Wilmslow, seizing his wife by the arm. "I have only to inform you, Mrs. Wilmslow," he said, in a drawling, malicious voice, "that this gentleman is a London doctor, brought down by that gentleman to see your youngest daughter, and his report is that she is dying, and can't live two months."

All eyes turned to seek Amy, who retained her seat at the foot of the old tree, but the mother was the first to clasp her in her arms.

"I knew it," said Amy quietly. "I thought you all knew it. Oh, yes, I am dying!"

ARTHUR ARDEN, THE MEDICAL STUDENT.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHEN I returned to my lodgings, it was nearly eleven o'clock in the evening, yet there I found my fellow-lodger, Johnson, and his father, seated by the fireside. Neither of them appeared to be in the most agreeable temper. The elder Johnson arose from his seat as I entered, and very solemnly shook hands with me. I guessed what business brought him to London.

"You are a friend of my son," said he, "therefore I shall admit you into our conference. James says he is cruelly treated by me, and I will tell you his grounds for saying so. Instead of finishing his studies in two years, and commencing the practice of his profession, he has been in London nearly six years—yes, six years; and in that time has lessened my income from four hundred a year, to less than three, while three brothers, and one sister, remain to be provided for. What do you think of that, Mr. Arden?"

"I would rather not give any opinion between father and son," I replied.

"You are right, sir; for you cannot mend the matter. James has written to me for thirty pounds, to pay for his diploma at the College of Surgeons to-morrow. Is that the right sum?"

"Two-and-twenty is the fee, but James will want the rest, of course," I replied.

"I make no objection to that, Mr. Arden; but how am I to trust him with the money? Six months ago he wanted money for the same purpose; and when I sent it, instead of presenting himself at the College for examination, he took a trip to France, I believe."

"That can be no affair of mine, sir," I observed, "and I would rather not listen to this communication. Since I have known your son, he has been unremittingly studious, destroying his health, by late hours, over his books; and his rest, by exerting his mind too much, without proper recreation."

"That is no credit to him now, sir. If he had attended to his studies when he had the opportunity, he would not have required such exertion now. Do you think he will pass his examination for the diploma to-morrow?"

"I cannot pretend to say. The examination is rather uncertain. I have known persons pass, who had much less knowledge than James."

"Do you think you will pass yourself, James?" asked the father.

"It depends entirely upon luck. If they ask me anything I know, I shall pass."

"Luck! I am ashamed to hear a son of mine talk in that way."

I tell you, James, if you can show me your diploma on Saturday morning, this check shall be yours; if not, find your way into some situation, for I will keep you in idleness no longer."

The elder Johnson, as he spoke, pulled out his pocket-book, which contained a check for one hundred pounds, and several bank notes. He held the check in his hand, and read the amount to his son—"That, sir, shall be yours on Saturday, if you can show your diploma," he continued.

"But the thirty pounds I wrote for," said the younger Johnson, "you have not given me that. I have no chance of winning the diploma without the money for it."

"I have trusted you once with money for the same purpose, and therefore cannot trust you again. It is a hard thing, Mr. Arden, to have a son you cannot trust; but I would rather trust the greatest stranger than him. You are his friend, I think, therefore I will entrust this money to you in the morning, not to be given to James until he is fairly within the doors of the College."

"Confound it, sir, you treat me like a baby!" exclaimed the son.

"I treat you like a man I cannot trust," replied the father. "Will you undertake this, Mr. Arden?"

"I will, if you desire it," I replied, "but the task is highly disagreeable."

"Thank you, Mr. Arden. And now, son of mine, I'll trouble you for a glass of brandy-and-water, for I shall sleep here to-night, if you can find me a bed."

This was an unexpected proposition, and the junior Johnson turned pale, compressed his eyebrows, and then smiled with the appearance of much delight, at his father's intention of sleeping there. "You can have half my bed, father," said he.

"No," said I, "your father can have your bed to himself, and you can have half mine."

"I'll not disturb Mr. Arden at all," said the father. "I am very tired, so you, James, can lie upon this sofa, and I will take your bed, if you please."

"That will do very well," said James, "much better than three men sleeping in one small room. Will you have hot or cold water with the brandy?"

"Hot, sir." And in half an hour the elder Johnson was fast asleep in his son's bed, while I was thinking of the discreditable conduct of the younger. However, I soon went to sleep, and dreamed of my mother's sweet little cottage, and the fairy-like girl, whose beauty and sweetness shortened each day of anxiety and melancholy for my fond-hearted parent. The dream was sweet, and contrasted sadly with the life I was leading in London, far from those who prayed for my welfare.

In an hour or so, I was disturbed by some insignificant noise; and, opening my eyes, was startled by a sudden flash in the otherwise dark room. I could not account for it, since the window-shutters were closed, and there was not a hole in the apartment

through which a light could enter. After the flash, which was gone in a moment, the room was in perfect darkness, and I could hear nothing but the heavy breathing of the elder Johnson. We were the only tenants of that apartment, therefore I thought the sudden brightness must have been a delusion, owing to some compression upon the nerves of my eye. I turned round on my pillow and went to sleep again. Again I was disturbed, and plainly heard the door of the room closed. With a step as noiseless as a cat's, I turned out of bed, and followed a retreating foot-step across the landing, and into our own sitting-room. The person whose steps I had pursued, snapped a lucifer match, and lighted a candle which he had held in his hand. It was Johnson, and when he beheld me he turned pale, and fell upon the sofa, in his alarm, dropping a book from his hand, which I picked up, and, as I suspected, found it to be his father's pocket-book, with the bank notes and the check in it. He had been robbing his father!

"Are you not ashamed of yourself, Johnson?" I asked.

"Give me the book again, Arden," said he: "I tell you I shall never pass the College. With that money I'll leave the country, and forsake all relations on the face of the earth. I'll go to some place where there is not a civilised being to be seen. The savage of the desert is not so savage as the heart of a civilised father; and nature has supplied food to everything that exists, without obliging a man to starve in the midst of plenty. A curse on the country and the profession! Give me back that pocket-book; its contents will carry me to some place where a man can live."

"Don't talk so loud, Johnson, lest you awake your father," I whispered, "and this attempt to rob him become known. I have saved you from the crime, for which you ought to be thankful. I see you are dressed; let me recommend you to pull off your clothes, and return to your pillow quietly; and if you believe in God, to pray for courage to withstand temptation, and for purer sentiments of morality. I shall restore this pocket-book to your father, without a word about your attempt to steal it. So good-night, again; and if you repeat the attempt, I shall not shield you from your father's displeasure and public disgrace. I am sorry to see a man like you so debased and corrupted. Master your own evil temper and disposition, and it is yet in your power to become a respectable and a useful member of society, and a blessing, instead of a curse, to your parents. Good-night!"

I retired without a word of reply from the wretched young man, whose pride was so humbled that he would have borne any reproof without justifying himself. He was young in crime, and therefore felt detection to be a punishment greater than he had ever expected. It is probable that if he had succeeded in carrying away his plunder, he would have been plunged into a career of infamy, terminating only in capital punishment, by the laws of this or some other land; but another fate was in store for him.

We met at breakfast in the morning; and a cloud hung over his

brow, until it was dispelled by the unusual good-humour of his father, whose sleep had completely renovated his temper. "Jim," said he, "I have been making interest, and have almost made certain of an appointment in the army for you; nevertheless, if you are rejected to-night, I will never stir another step in your behalf. I have other sons, whose interest cannot be forgotten for the sake of the most discreditable of the family; but as you are the eldest, I have given you such time to retrieve your misconduct and extravagance, as will never be granted to them should they fall into the same errors."

"I am obliged to you, father," said the son; "and I hope my brothers will never give you the trouble that I have: but in this place it requires immense command over one's-self to resist the temptations spread abroad for young men. For my sake, father, never send them to London without proper advisers to check them when they are inclined to run into the labyrinth of vice and folly. 'Tis easy to get into it, but an endless labour to escape. Remember, father, that when I came to London, I knew not a single person of its immense population. I could only associate with them whose pursuits were like my own; and as they were older than I, I suffered myself to be guided by those thoughtless and dissipated companions, until I became a stranger to respectable society. Most of them had friends in town, with whom they were obliged to keep up some show of decency; but I had none, and therefore had no curb to my own impetuous inclinations. You at first supplied me too liberally with money, which enabled me to mix with the most extravagant and most vicious of my fellow-students; whereas if I had been compelled to economise my money, I should have also economised my time, and have mixed only in the society of the poorer and more industrious classes of students. Forgive me for presuming to lecture you; but truth is truth, and what I have explained to you may be useful to my brothers."

"I like to hear you talk like a man of sense, Jim, and am convinced that I fell into an error by allowing you to spend money so freely when I first sent you to town; but it was mistaken kindness, and I never expected you to have wasted year after year as you have done. I am half inclined to repent of my promise to give you the hundred pounds if you show me your diploma to-morrow; but since I have made it, it shall be kept. I shall be absent all day until evening, and then I shall return to hear what your success is at the College. Mr. Arden, this money I entrust to you. On no account give it to James until he is within the walls of the College this evening; for his mind is as unsteady as a feather floating in the air. I cannot trust him in spite of his fine preaching. Good morning, Jim. Good morning, Mr. Arden. I shall be rather late to-night, I dare say."

The respectable old man bowed himself out of the room, and left us alone together. Johnson grasped my hand with the strength of a vice, and looked in my face with extreme anxiety. "You will never tell a word of what occurred last night to any

person as long as I live?" he gasped with a look of earnest entreaty.

"Never as long as you live," I replied.

"That is enough," said he: "when I am dead tell it to anybody—to everybody, if you choose. It may be a lesson for others, as the old women say."

"Are you going to read to-day, or do you feel inclined for a walk?" I enquired.

"I never intend to read again," he replied; "I shall take a walk. Have you a cigar to give away?"

I supplied him with the cigar, and muffling ourselves in our cloaks, we went out together in that unpleasant state of feeling, which is usual when persons are unwilling to mention the subject most prominent in their minds. I was walking without an object in view, but not so Johnson; for before we had gone far, he proposed a glass of brandy-and-water to keep the cold out. I followed him into the bar of a tavern, and there we sat down by the side of a splendid fire.

"Well, Mary, my love, I have called to see you once more," said my respectable companion to a lively-looking widow with a pair of very laughing black eyes, and a very red nose. Her age might have been six-and-thirty. She was the landlady, and sole proprietress of the tavern and everything in it, as well as three thousand pounds lent out on the very best security. She was well aware of the advantages of these attractions, and had made up her mind to marry a gentleman. Amongst the students of that neighbourhood she had several candidates for her little fat hand, and her more substantial endowments.

"You are such a stranger," she replied, "that I had almost forgotten you, Mr. Johnson."

"Could you do that, Mary?" said Mr. Johnson. "I could never forget you—never. You know I love you too well."

"You show your love in a very strange way, Johnson, if that's what you mean," she replied, laughing. "Why, you have not been to see me for a month! What's the meaning of that?"

"I have been hard at work—ask Arden if it is not true—and have scarcely been out of the house. Whenever I come to see you, I can think of nothing else for a week; and surgery and anatomy are swallowed up in the sea of forgetfulness, Mary dear."

"Tell that to your grandmother, James Johnson," exclaimed the merry widow—"it won't do for me. What are you going to take this morning with your cigar?"

"Hot brandy-and-water, Mary, and I'll give you a kiss for it."

"Thank you, Johnson, all the same, but I'll have money, if you please; kisses won't pay my spirit merchant; besides there's a little account you have never settled, as well as the fifteen pounds I lent you, Mr. Johnson. Your memory's rather short."

"You surely don't mean to remind me of those petty things, Mary! I shall have some money from my crusty old dad to-morrow. Arden, you pay for the brandy-and-water."

I paid the money, and my companion proceeded—"What has become of Marsden? I never see the disagreeable wretch now. Is he as tiresome and as fulsome as ever?"

"Yes," replied the widow, "just the same."

"What do you let the brute come here for? I hate the sight of him. Mary, I am going to the College for examination to-night. I am half afraid I shall be rejected."

"Don't go then," replied the lady.

"I must; nobody in the world can prevent me but you."

"I! Lord! Johnson, how can I prevent you?" exclaimed the landlady.

"You know how I love you—at least I have told you often enough," said my very respectable fellow-lodger—"Say the word, and I will cut the profession for ever, and turn innkeeper. I can make the best punch in the world, as you know, and I shall make the best husband in the world as I know. Now, Mary dear, shall I go to the College to-night?"

"I don't see what I have to do with the matter. Turn innkeeper if you like—who prevents you?"

"You are uncommonly stupid this morning, Mary. I told you I love you, and a month ago you scarcely denied that you loved me. Now in plain words I ask you, will you have me for a husband? Will you become my wife?"

"This is a funny conversation to be carried on before a third person," she replied, "but I'll answer you all the same. If you had asked me the same questions a month ago, I should have said yes, but at this time I must say no."

"You perfidious woman!" exclaimed Johnson. "Why not say yes now?"

"Because I am engaged to be married to Mr. Marsden. You need not be so angry, I'll never ask you for the fifteen pounds, and you shall come to the wedding!"

"I'd sooner go to your funeral, by Heaven!—Arden, a blight upon everything in the shape of a woman! let's go, and leave this gin-spinning old slut to herself."

"You may go, you beggarly doctor! and see if I don't pounce upon you for the money you owe me; if I don't, never trust me again!"

"There, you see what a fool I have made of myself," said my companion—"luck's against me in everything. That old woman is not so very tempting herself, but the money—the devil's own curse light on every possessor, and the inventor of it!"

We returned to our lodgings, and there Johnson walked up and down the room, breathing curses upon everything in existence, myself excepted. He was in the most violent state of excitement I ever saw man in, who was not actually mad. His ill humour sometimes made me smile, but more frequently made my nerves thrill with horror. I felt happy to think I was not going to remain with him much longer.

He grew calm towards evening, and then we hired a cab to convey us to the College of Surgeons. When we were within the

doors of the building I put the money into his hands, and left him. His name was amongst the first on the list for examination, and I lounged about with a cigar in my mouth, to hear of his success when his examination was over. Three quarters of an hour elapsed, and then a young man emerged from the doors of the College, crushing his hat to pieces in his hands. It was Johnson. I took him by the arm and led him away in silence, for I knew he had been rejected.

After walking a short distance in this way, I proposed that we should get into an omnibus, and return to our lodgings. At first he refused.

"I never can look in my father's face again," said he, "and he will be looking for me to-night, and learn the disgrace that will part us for ever."

"Your father will relent," said I, "if I am not mistaken."

"He never will—you don't know him, sir—his heart is stone. He will curse me."

"I'll not believe it, Johnson. Meet him to-night, and I will try what I can do to make peace between you. Here is an omnibus."

"One of you must go outside, if you please," said the conductor, and I took my station on the top, while my companion got into the vehicle.

There was another outside passenger, and when I examined his face by the gas-light, I discovered him to be Mr. Johnson senior. I tapped him on the shoulder.

"Ah, Mr. Arden, how do you do this cold evening?" said he. "I suppose it is too early, yet, to know how my son is getting on with his examination?"

"He is inside, sir, in a state bordering on distraction," I replied.

"Rejected then, I suppose? The idle scoundrel!"

"He has been rejected, Mr. Johnson; but since I have known him I deny that he has been idle. He has injured his health and his mind likewise, by reading too much."

"It is very natural for one student to shield another, from the displeasure of an angry parent, Mr. Arden. Can I trust your word?"

"Hitherto no one has ever doubted it—what I state is fact."

"Then I'll forgive the poor devil, from my heart, I will; at least I'll give him another trial. He can be examined again at the College in six months, I think?"

"You are correctly informed, sir," I replied.

"Then he shall have that trial before I cast him off. He was a fine lad as ever breathed—I spoiled him myself, by allowing him three and four guineas a week, when one and a half was enough. I must make another thing of him, Mr. Arden. He shall be a pleasure to his old father still."

"I hope he will; but you must not speak harshly to him; his mind is not in a state to bear it. Take him into the country for a few weeks, where he will have pleasant society."

"I will, yes, I'll take him home to-morrow, and his sickly

appearance will be a sufficient excuse for his return, without any intimation of his rejection at College. I thank you, Mr. Arden, for the trouble you have taken to convince me that James is not lost for ever. Here we are in Gracechurch Street; we must get down here."

I jumped down, and ran round to meet my fellow-lodger, and to communicate the success of my trial upon his father's affection. "Gracechurch Street," bawled the conductor to the inside passengers, but no one got out. "There's no person for Gracechurch Street inside," said the man. "There is," said I—"that gentleman in the further corner sitting by himself." "He is asleep," said one of the few passengers that remained. "Wake him," said I. "He will not wake—I suppose he is intoxicated." "No such thing," I exclaimed; "let me go to him." I got into the omnibus, and shook the inanimate Johnson, who still slept, but it was the sleep of death! Something glittered in the lamplight, and I found it to be a small phial, labelled "Hydrocyanic Acid—Poison!"

SONNET TO ENGLAND.

SUGGESTED BY THE PRESENT ASPECT OF EUROPEAN AFFAIRS.

By GEORGE H. BOKER.

STAND, thou great bulwark of man's liberty!
 Thou rock of shelter, rising from the wave,
 Sole refuge to the overwearied brave,
 Who planned, arose, and battled to be free,
 Fell undeterred, then sadly turned to thee;
 Save the free spirit from their country's grave,
 To rise again and animate the slave,
 When God shall ripen all things! Britons, ye
 Who guard the sacred outpost, not in vain
 Hold your proud peril! Freemen undefiled,
 Keep watch and ward! Let battlements be piled
 Around your cliffs—fleets marshalled, till the main
 Sink under them—and if your courage wane,
 Through force or fraud, look westward to your child!

RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIANS.*

WE presume we may assume it as an incontestable point in criticism, that a book is useless which is not read, and that the less readable a book is, the more is its usefulness impaired. The art of making literature readable was never so much excelled in as at the present day, and yet a readable book, on any subject of importance, is still one of the rarest things to be met with. Men who write in the conventional language of science may, of course, be set aside at once, as voluntarily addressing themselves merely to a narrow circle of professional readers. But there is another class of authors who make themselves unreadable, because barely intelligible, in consequence of never clearly *thinking out* their views,—never clearly setting before their minds what they really desire to say, and hence taking refuge in foreign or technical terms as a cover to their half knowledge, as if a man could not say *anything that he understands* in plain English! Finally, there are the men of ponderous volumes, which would take the ordinary business-public half a lifetime to read through, and too often rendered unattractive by a cumbrous style, or, what would nullify the best style in the world, a laborious dealing in dry details, instead of giving that more attractive, but infinitely more difficult thing, a correct generalisation of them.

In these days of unrelenting business and active social employment, none but students have time to read large works; people like to get the cream of a thing,—the main facts and main deductions; anything else, however able or however useful, must ever be *caviare* to the mass of the reading public. The author of "Russia and the Russians" has fully understood this. He has chosen for his theme *the* topic of the day, and he has known how to treat it. He is neither laboriously historical, diving back, like Karamsin, to the days of Rurick or the Tartars, nor thoroughly biographical, like Bell and others, who give us (though pleasantly) the lives of Czars and Czarinas long dead, gone, and forgotten; neither is he laboriously statistical, laboriously political, nor, in short, laboriously anything. Nothing is omitted, yet nothing is surcharged. The author touches, with clear and easy style, on every point that is interesting or needful to know in the present critical times, mingling the leading facts of Russian history and biography with succinct and sensible remarks, alike on the military, religious, social, and political aspects of the empire of the Czars, interspersed with piquant anecdotes, not introduced for mere sake of gossipry or readableness, but each of which has its meaning, and all are told with pithy raciness.

* *Russia and the Russians*, comprising an account of the Czar Nicholas and the House of Romanoff, with a Sketch of the Progress and Encroachments of Russia from the time of the Empress Catherine. By J. W. Cole, H. P. 21st Fusiliers. London, 1854.

The very title-page of Mr. Cole's work is a sufficient index of the vast importance of the subject treated of. It furnishes many useful materials for the solution of those most absorbing and anxiously-discussed questions, What is the actual strength of our foe? What is to be the upshot of the present war? "The position which Russia is to hold in Europe," says M. Schnitzler, in his lately-published work, "is the greatest question, perhaps, which the future has to unravel. Its solution will be of vital consequence to France, and still more so to Germany, on which latter country the empire of the Czars will press with all its weighty power as soon as Poland shall no longer oppose an obstacle. (To Poland he might have added Turkey.) As regards France, the question is one of preponderance, of influence, of equilibrium; but for Germany, it is one of life or death, of independence, even of nationality. It is high time to awake to a perception of this menacing future, which has recently been so strikingly pointed out by Thiers and Lamartine; it is now important to all to study an empire, the aspect of which is calculated to awaken such apprehensions."

It speaks volumes for the innate ability and prescient sagacity of Peter the Great, that the vast scheme of foreign policy which he framed and bequeathed to his successors a century and a half ago, has gone on steadily developing itself, and never bade so fair to be accomplished as at the present time. That great man was the real founder of the Russian Empire. He first drew it from its isolated cradle in the inland region of Moscow, and planted its posts upon the Baltic and the Sea of Azoph. He first made it a maritime and conquering power, and won for it an important place in the general system of Europe. He was the great reformer and benefactor of his nation, although unable to civilise himself; and in his public capacity, the title of Great has seldom been more justly merited. In many respects, his reign and life may be paralleled with that of our own Alfred. In duration, activity, and usefulness, they closely resemble each other; but though living at a much later period, the mind of Peter lacked the high moral refinement, the clear sense of right and wrong, which distinguished the Saxon monarch. Peter deemed that happiness, strength, and prosperity had all their source and centre in *power*; and that wealth was the only solid basis on which power could be erected. So that his ends were attained, he cared little for the means by which they were accomplished; and the material interests of his country far outweighed with him its moral improvement. Alfred sought to consolidate and improve a small kingdom, by means of equal laws and an impartial administration of justice. Peter laboured to extend and enrich a large one by encroachments on his neighbours, and engrafting in his people the restless activity of commerce. The constant object of this daring and unscrupulous schemer's thoughts and enterprises was the command of outlets by rivers, seas, and ports. The plan of his general policy, which has been steadily adhered to by his successors, was to profit fully by the mighty streams of his

country ; to govern the Baltic, and turn it to account ; to confine the Swedes to their peninsula ; to enfeeble Poland by fomenting its dissensions ; to draw the largest possible profit from the decline of the Ottoman Empire ; to bring under the sphere of his own predominance the Christians of Europe and Asia, who wore the yoke of the Turks or Persians ; to spread his influence, and extend his future commerce to those regions which, with a lengthened line, joined his own dominions, and even to go beyond them ; to gain for himself weight and consideration in the affairs of the West ;—such were the projects of the great Alexis Romanoff, embarrassed and increased by all the difficulties which his passion for reform had accumulated around him.

The partition of Poland, and the important part which Russia played in the great war against Napoleon, immensely added to her military strength and political influence. From thenceforward she lay like a vast and slowly-gathering storm-cloud upon the flank of Europe ; and the prescient eye of Napoleon, from the rock of St. Helena, discerned the coming time when Europe was to be “ either Cossack or Republican.” The great and only event which, since the days of Peter, threatened to make Russia “ miss her destiny,” was the French invasion of 1812. The summer of that year beheld four hundred thousand French warriors on the banks of the Niemen, preparing to throw themselves into the heart of Russia, and expecting to dictate the terms of peace at Moscow or St. Petersburg. The conqueror of Europe was at their head, and the hardy soldiers of Poland filled their ranks, engaging in the contest with equal gallantry, and more than equal interest. That moment was the crisis of Napoleon’s fate,—and he suffered it to escape. It was the crisis of Russia’s fate, and Europe’s fate, also ; for had Russia succumbed in the strife, her growth had been indefinitely checked,—Poland and Finland would have sprung to life again, stern barriers to her progress,—and the present conflict between Western liberty and Russian absolutism might have been delayed for another century.

There need be no thoughts of invading Russia in the present war ; and, even under the most favourable circumstances, such an undertaking is fraught with great perils and little chance of success. Russia is a polypus ; you may hew at her limbs, but you can never stab her to the heart. The life-principle in her is not, as in old communities, gathered to a head in great *foci* of wealth and commerce. She has no Paris,—no London. The four leading cities of the empire do not together contain *half* as many inhabitants as the English metropolis. Where the Czar is, there alone is her capital ; and her thinly-peopled regions present no spots where a foreign army can deal to her a decisive blow. It is a sustained pressure upon her coasts and borders, rather than a *coup-de-main* at her heart, that can humble Russia ; and never again is the latter of these strategetical movements likely to be undertaken with so powerful a force as that which followed Napoleon in 1812. It is instructive to mark the causes of this great warrior’s greatest failure, as lessons may still be drawn from it of conse-

quence in the present struggle with the Northern Colossus, and we never saw them so well and so briefly stated as by our author.

"Had Napoleon paused on the frontier, instead of madly rushing into interminable wastes, where he could establish neither a sound base of operations, nor flanks to sustain it; had he proclaimed the restoration of Poland in its full integrity, promised Sweden to co-operate in the restoration of Finland to her dominion, and kept alive the Turkish war with money, men, and military supplies, instead of suffering Russian diplomacy to out-manceuvre and defeat him in that all-important quarter (and it is difficult to understand why he, who saw so clearly, should suddenly become blind); had this been his course, it appears almost certain that complete success would have attended the enterprise, which ended in his ruin. So long as Russia was crippled and brought to her knees, it mattered little whether the treaty of peace was signed at Moscow or Warsaw; but, for the empty vanity of dating from the Kremlin, he sacrificed fifteen years of unchequered victory, and surrendered sober judgment to the influence of fatality. Above everything else, it was madness beyond the cure of all the hellebore in the three Anticyræ, to leave what Talleyrand called the *Spanish ulcer* in active virulence behind him. But argument was at an end, when, in reply to the remonstrances of the Abbé de Pradt, he led him to a window, and, pointing to the heavens, exclaimed, 'Do you see that star?' In the words of Lord Byron, 'never had mortal man such opportunity, or abused it more.' Since authentic history has recorded human transactions, the same power has never been placed within a single grasp. He had no necessity to hurry, time was before him; he was in the full vigour of manhood, not more than forty-three years of age; his empire was firmly consolidated, his allies faithful, for as yet they had no temptation to drop from him to the stronger side. If the first Napoleon had re-established Poland in 1812, instead of rushing into the jaws of an enemy he might easily have evaded—the climate of Russia more death-dealing than her warriors—and leading his matchless host to perish in the snow, the chances are, that he would have died in the Tuileries, and not on the rock of St. Helena—the sanguinary struggle for Polish independence in 1830 would never have occurred, and the tyranny exercised by Nicholas over that devoted country would not be reckoned amongst the political misdeeds for which we may hope he is now called upon to atone."

In the present aspect of the times, the military strength of the Russian Empire is the topic that excites our liveliest interest; and on this point Mr. Cole's statements and remarks are very explicit. The average pay of the Russian soldier is about twelve shillings a-year,—varying a few pence per month, more or less, according to the corps. The Commissariat is well known to be the weak point of the Russian army when in the field, and even in barracks the diet of the soldier seems to be of the sorriest kind. Instead of the substantial broth and beef which constitute the daily mess of a British regiment, his food consists of coarse rye bread, fermented cabbage, and buckwheat grits, to which a little hemp-seed oil is added. In the picked regiments of the Guards, where the men are supposed to "live like fighting-cocks," it is asserted that they only receive half a pound of meat either twice or thrice a week. They are supplied with *quass*, a drink in no way intoxicating, as may be inferred from the fact, of a couple of slices of sour bread, allowed to ferment in half a bucket of water, being the usual recipe to make it. "With this liberal allowance of sustaining food," says Mr. Cole, "the interior of the Russian soldier cannot be much better furnished than that

of 'Poor Tom' in King Lear, when, in the extremity of hunger, he howls out, '*Hopdance* cries in my belly for two white herrings.'” Yet, whatever be their food, there is no question that Russian soldiers stand firmly on the field of battle, and face death with the most dogged resolution. It is the passive devotion of serfdom, rather than the impulse of heroism; and mixed up with this passive courage is a spice of Mohammedan fatalism and fanaticism,—for it is generally believed by them that a soldier who falls bravely in battle earns his passport into heaven without absolution or intermediate purgatory.

The Russian soldier obeys orders without reasoning on their propriety, or thinking of the consequences. Unlike the lively and intelligent Frenchman, who thinks himself as good a general as the feathered and decorated marshal who directs his movements, the Muscovite never presumes to question the wisdom of his superiors. His sole doctrine is submission, and he submits. He is constitutionally dull, and displays little excitement, except when he anticipates a rich harvest of plunder;—on which occasions, with honest Cuddie Headrigg, he shows that he is “no that dooms stupid when it comes to lifting.” Even when off duty, or in their barracks, they preserve a staid demure demeanour, which seems to be the effect of iron discipline. They have not the alacrity of spirit, the cheer of mind, which animates the British soldier, who has enlisted freely, likes his profession, and firmly believes that he is a better man than his opponent, be that opponent who he may. He considers fight synonymous with victory, and feels as confident of winning the battle he is about to engage in, as the gallant tar on the look-out at the mast-head of a frigate, who invariably shouts out “a prize! a prize!” though the sail a-head be a three-decker.

“It is true,” says Mr. O'Brien, speaking of the Russian troops in the Principalities, “that at times, in marching, whole battalions sing in chorus either the National Anthem, which is a fine solemn air, or some wild melody, generally of a warlike character, interspersed with sharp cries, and an occasional shrill whistle. These latter songs are particularly animated and spirit stirring; and the quick rattle of the drum, which is the sole instrumental accompaniment, increases their exciting character. To the listener there is something sublime in thus hearing thousands of manly voices blended together in chorus, uttering sentiments of devotion to God and the Emperor, or of fierce defiance to the enemies of the Czar. But even in these exhibitions, the sternness of military rule is seen. Upon the faces of the men thus engaged, no trace of emotion is visible; their tread is measured; their forms are erect; they are obeying a command, and not an impulse. The emotions of the heart seem to have been thrilled into order; and expressions of love or anger, devotion or revenge, are only awakened by the voice of their commander.”

Besides being ill paid and ill fed, the Russian soldier is sadly neglected when in hospital, whether from wounds or sickness. On the opening of a campaign, no matter in what climate or season, the Russian hospitals, such as they are, become crowded with

inmates ; and the mortality from disease far exceeds that of any other European army. "The Russian sick," says Mr. Cole, "are as heavy an incumbrance as the camp-followers of an Indian host." In the war with the Turks in 1828-9, which brought Diebitsch to Adrianople, the Russians were computed to have lost 150,000 men, not more than one-third of whom perished from death or wounds received in fight. On this account, as well as from the vast expense of moving large bodies of troops, Russia has hitherto never been very formidable in aggressive and distant wars. A hundred and twenty thousand men were the utmost the Russian contingent could muster in the successive invasions of France in 1814 and 1815, and even this force would never have arrived but for the potent subsidies of England. M. Schnitzler—generally a correct authority—indeed, tells us that "the assemblage in the plain of Vertus (10th September, 1814) of a Russian army of one hundred and sixty thousand men ready for the field, struck with amazement the diplomatic corps of Europe, who were present at the imposing spectacle." But Mr. Cole, who was himself present on the occasion, expresses a different opinion ; and both as an eye-witness and as a military man, his report is worthy of notice.

We are inclined to think that our author somewhat underrates the military strength of Russia, which has greatly increased since the Turkish war of 1828-9. It has been increased owing to the novel and rapidly-augmenting supply of gold, "the sinews of war," which the Czar has obtained from the mines in the Ural and Altai mountains ; and it is also well known that ever since his accession to the throne, the present Czar has turned his whole energies to the improvement of his army. Of "food for the cannon," he has an unlimited supply. When a battle is reported to him, his first question is, not "How many men are killed ?" but "How many muskets are missing ?" The value of the weapon is far more to him than that of the animated machine who carries it, for the latter is furnished by the Boyars, out of the abundant population of the empire, whereas he must replace and pay for the former out of his own pocket. The men are the least expensive components of the Russian army, and are furnished more readily than the equipments ; but a British soldier is a costly article, and stands the country in at least a hundred pounds sterling before he is competent to face an enemy. "Half a Russian battalion," says Mr. Cole, "may be sent into the field for the same money." Hence it follows that with an unlimited supply of men, such as Russia possesses, and the smallness of the sum requisite for sending them into the field, the comparatively ill-filled treasury of the Czar will suffice to arm against the liberties of Europe a more numerous force than our author anticipates. Moreover, there is reason to believe that the gold-mines, which have been steadily increasing in production for the last quarter of a century, are too much overlooked by those who speculate on the speedy exhaustion of Russia ; especially as we learn from Sir Roderick Murchison that new veins of considerable value have been discovered and worked for some years past in the Altai mountains of central Asia. Then as to the

efficiency of the army, it must not be overlooked that the present Emperor, since his accession to the throne, has bestowed all the attention upon the improvement of his troops; so that to judge of their equipment, &c., now, by what it was in the Turkish war of 1828, is to commit a great mistake. We know for a fact, that when the Muscovite forces entered Hungary in 1849, they presented an unexpected aspect of efficiency, their equipments and *materiel* being all in the most admirable order. Whichever way the truth may lie, the events of the next few months are evidently destined not to leave us any longer in the dark as to the real strength of our gigantic foe.

The true type of a Russian general, and by far the ablest that has yet appeared, was Suvaroff, a name well known to English readers, and who, in his marvellous campaign of 1799, swept like a simoom across the north of Italy, driving the French armies before him, and winning for himself the title of *Italisky*, or "over-runner of Italy." In the sequel, however, the Emperor Paul treated his hero with signal ingratitude, which preyed on the spirits of the old veteran, so that he died of vexation in 1800.

The great drawback upon the efficiency of the military, as of every other department in Russia, is the universal system of corruption and peculation which pervades the empire. The government disbursements for the army and navy are not inadequate, but they never reach the purposes for which they are assigned. Everything is done by contract, and thus, from the ministers of state to the generals of division, the colonels of regiments, inferior officers, and subordinate *provedores*, all descends in a graduated scale of peculation, until the victimised soldier has nothing administered to him but infinitesimal doses of pay and provisions, and these he must live on, as complaint brings no redress, but only the knout and Siberia. Count Stanislaus Plater has endorsed this opinion in a political pamphlet of high reputation. He says, "There does not exist in Europe a more immoral system of government; one which, based upon the most shameless venality, has reduced it to a tacit conventional system and habit, which has ceased to shock, and has reached such a pitch that many persons in Russia cannot conceive it possible for an *employé* to be an honest man. It was a conviction of this which overwhelmed with grief and melancholy the last years of the Emperor Alexander, and excited the imagination of the conspirators, who, penetrated by a sense of the necessity of reform, and dreaming of a better order of things, thought the most frightful overthrow of government preferable to this organised system of corruption. Wherever the Russian system of legislation has been introduced, venality has taken root. As no flattery could make the Emperor Alexander believe that he was either a Peter the Great or a Napoleon, he never dreamt of undertaking a reform of this monster evil. He was perfectly aware that to have any chance of success, he must begin by greatly raising the salaries of his officers, which the finances of the state would not allow of, and establishing an unlimited freedom of the press, which his ministers would have considered

as the mad act of a political Frankenstein. But he used to say plainly of his *employés*, "If they only knew where to warehouse them, they would purloin my line-of-battle ships; if they could do it without waking me, they would steal my very teeth while I slept."

This national adroitness in the arts of bribery and deception, if it work ill for Russia at home, is turned by her to most profitable account in her dealings with other nations. Russia is less to be feared for her arms than for her intrigues; and it is no exaggeration to say, that whatever damage may be done to her military power by the prevalence of corruption at home, is more than compensated by the triumphs which her bribes, spies, and wily diplomatists achieve for her abroad. Russian gold is always actively at work, in addition to her cannon and bayonets. The Hungarian chief, Georgey, was undoubtedly bought over, and, by betraying his country, ruined a noble cause and a gallant people, which, probably, neither Russia nor Austria would have otherwise been able to overthrow. Russian gold in 1812 purchased the treachery of the Greek Murusi, who, while in the Turkish service, was secretly in the pay of Russia, and through whose diplomatic double-dealings Bessarabia was filched from the Sultan. It is some satisfaction to know that, in this instance, the traitor was punished by the loss of his head. Russian gold bought Jousuf Pacha in 1829, when he basely surrendered the fortress of Varna, and uncovered the right flank of the Turkish army posted in the defiles of the Balkan. Russian gold was profusely distributed by Prince Menschikoff in the spring of last year, during his bullying and deceitful visit to Constantinople, and, doubtless, it produced the calculated effect in the late formidable revolt in the Turkish provinces. Of this subject, in connection with the Greek insurrection, our author thus speaks:—

"Russia not only fights with the open weapons of war, but uses the secret agencies of intrigue in a thousand ramifications. Her emissaries are at work in Paris and in London at this moment. They are in the ports of the United States, endeavouring to promote the equipment of American privateers under the Russian flag. They are in Greece, in Albania, in Bosnia, in Servia, in Bulgaria, in Roumelia. They are in Constantinople, and are possibly in the Sultan's cabinet. They are in the fortresses, the camps, the cities, the villages, the mountains, and the plains. Money will buy treason everywhere, and money will not be spared as long as it lasts. Let King Otho take good care that he is not implicated. He too is under protection, but the powers that made can unmake, if they see cause. His rickety kingdom stands on a weak foundation, and is, to all intents and purposes, a moral and political failure; a thorn in the side of Turkey, an excrescence without wholesome vitality; a mere Russian outpost, and a convenient focus for Russian intrigue. The establishment of that mock independence was a philanthropical blunder, a yielding-up of sound policy to classical recollections, a school-boy tenderness for the memories of Solon and Lycurgus, of Pericles and Leonidas;—a practical mistake, as fatal as was the 'untoward event of Navarino.' What has Greece yet done, collectively or individually, to prove herself worthy of the attempt at regenerating a people who will not co-operate in regenerating themselves? They still exhibit the Pyrrhic dance, the ancient costume, the language, and the proverbial duplicity; but of the patriotic virtue, the hardy valour which won Salamis and consecrated Thermopylæ, which scattered the hosts of Xerxes and carried the Ten Thousand over six

hundred leagues through countless dangers, from Assyria to the coast of Ionia they retain nothing save the imperishable records of Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon."

The insurrectionary movements in the different provinces of the Ottoman Empire, instead of being produced by Turkish oppression, are invariably promoted by Russian intrigues, which never slumber, and are always on the alert to take advantage of any colourable pretext that may occur. The peasantry of Bulgaria are infinitely better off in every respect, in diet, clothing, lodging, and in the produce derived from their agricultural labour, than any of the Slavonic race, who are doomed to drag on their existence under the iron domination of Russia. The Sultan is accused of intolerance, whereas it is his very tolerant and unsuspecting system of government which gives the opportunity to the secret agents of Russia of sowing the seeds of discontent amongst the two great sections of his subjects, and of urging them into rebellion, when they themselves are disposed to be loyal and industrious. The author of "The Frontier-Lands of the Christian and the Turk," who is generally allowed to be an excellent authority, has put on record some observations on this important topic, which, as Mr. Cole remarks, may be studied with advantage by those blind statesmen who have so long put faith in the uprightness of Russian diplomacy.

Of the present Sultan, Abdul Medjid, the Ottomans believed from the first, though on what grounds we know not, that the "black fate" was upon him; and it is remarkable that a similar superstition was popularly attached to Shah Soojah, whose career from first to last justified the gloomy impression. The Turks have all along entertained a traditional conviction that they are to be driven back into Asia again, and point to the very gate through which it has been prophesied that "the Giaour" is to re-enter Constantinople. Of late years, it would appear, these melancholy forebodings have been gaining ground. The Turks had a superstitions belief that the late Sultan Mahmoud was to be the last of their emperors that should reign in Europe. The conquest achieved by his ancestor was destined to be lost again by a Sultan of the same name, and in him the realisation of the prophecy was looked for. In like manner the Russians expect that, as Constantine was the last Christian monarch of the Eastern Empire, a Constantine is to be the first of the new line; and they point to the Grand-Duke, the second son of the Emperor Nicholas, as the fated restorer. This young prince, who is now in his twenty-seventh year, and Grand Admiral of Russia, is said to possess great energy and ability, and the characteristic ambition of his race. His elder brother, Alexander, heir-presumptive to the throne, is described as mild in disposition, limited in talent, and fearful of responsibility. "What makes you so serious?" said Constantine one day, observing him in profound meditation, and with an aspect of despondency. "I am thinking of what may be reserved for me in future," replied Alexander; "the charge of ruling an enormous empire is heavy

indeed." "If there is nothing else to torment you," quickly rejoined the younger brother, "speak the word, and I will instantly relieve you of that charge." Both the Grand-Dukes, Alexander and Constantine are married, and have young families, so that the line of Romanoff is at present in no danger of extinction from natural decay.

The military remarks and dissertations, interspersed throughout, are not the least interesting and important portions of Mr. Cole's work. Of the possible operations of the allied fleet in the Black Sea, he remarks:—

"English sailors can do anything; and, in all human probability, would force their way into the inner harbour of Sebastopol, and destroy the Russian fleet at anchor; but two or three ships might be sunk, others disabled, and many valuable lives would certainly be thrown away in fighting against chances which we should thus volunteer to throw into the opposite scale. Twenty thousand men landed at Balaclava, within a short march, attended by a train of artillery and a sufficient supply of siege implements, not forgetting a few rockets (while the fleet blockades the mouth of the harbour), would reduce the business to a calculation of hours, without sending our brave tars to run the gauntlet through an enfilade of batteries, before they can get within arm's length of enemies, who will think many times before they dare to face them in open combat. The most satisfactory triumph is that which achieves the greatest result with the smallest amount of loss. The Crimea can be taken in the regular way; and once in our possession, the teeth of Russia are effectually drawn. We are not now pushed for time, but our foe is. Every hour adds to the strength of the allies and the confidence of Turkey. If the Russian armies in Wallachia and Moldavia cannot cross the Danube in force, and strike an important blow before the French and English troops arrive, what is there before them but a disastrous retreat immediately after? Neither is their position on the Asiatic side likely to improve by delay. Circassia is panting to retaliate on her invaders, and Georgia is ready to assist. The passing hours are worth their weight in gold to Russia, yet they glide on and she does nothing. Again, we repeat, she is colossal in an ukase, gigantic in a bulletin, but of very ordinary dimensions in an actual campaign, when resolutely opposed. What has she gained in nine months against Turkey, fighting alone, and without the forces of France and England, now steaming rapidly to the rescue? Nothing beyond the ignominy of Sinope, and the undisguised wishes of the whole world for her speedy humiliation. The Turks have held their ground, beaten them in many encounters, and the frowning lines of Kalafat are still unassailed. Potemkin issued his orders to Suvaroff, to take Ismail at any cost—and he did it; Nicholas has said the same to Gortchakoff with regard to Kalafat—and he has not done it. The memory of Suvaroff will not supply his rare talent and unconquerable daring."

As we have sought to confine our attention to the subjects of weightiest importance and most immediate interest in Mr. Cole's work, many of the most agreeable portions of the volume must necessarily be left unnoticed by us. He possesses the art of treating everything in a readable style, and in the way of anecdote is always felicitous. He has studied and compared and pondered over the many works, native and foreign, on the subject; and he has set himself to sift out the true from the false, the important from the trivial, the points of present interest from those whose interest is long past; and, after having done this, he has placed the result of his labours in a most agreeable form before the public.

THE THEATRES OF LONDON.

THEIR HISTORY—PAST AND PRESENT.

BY T. P. GRINSTED.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

At the commencement of the last century Drury Lane was enjoying a career of much prosperity, although the house was small and poorly decorated. The idea of a rival establishment in the Haymarket was consequently conceived by Sir John Vanbrugh; funds were provided by a numerous body of subscribers, and the building (from designs by the founder himself) soon reared its lofty head. This was Her Majesty's Theatre—the cradle of the Italian Opera in England—which was first opened to the public on the 9th of April, 1705.* Congreve entered upon the management of the new undertaking, whilst Betterton and his companions brought their talents thither from the Tennis-Court in Lincoln's Inn Fields. All parties were sanguine as to success, but all were deceived in their golden dreams; the convenience of a good theatre had been sacrificed, in order to exhibit a "triumphal piece of architecture," and the speculation ended in failure. The vast columns, the gilded cornices, and the lofty roof availed but little, for scarce one word in ten could be distinctly heard. Two months after their opening (June 25, 1705), the manager—being deficient, probably, in that necessary auxiliary, novelty—played the comedy of "Love for Love," with the characters wholly supported by women. So little support was given to the theatre, that Congreve gave up his share in the concern at the end of a few months; and Vanbrugh himself, at the end of his second season, was anxious to free himself from the management. But of so little value was the theatre considered at that juncture, that no one ventured upon the purchase, and the property was offered to Mr. Owen Swiney, a mere adventurer, who had been employed by Rich as under-manager at Drury Lane.

An effort was now made to obviate the inconveniences of the original construction, and Swiney induced several of the Drury Lane performers to desert and join him at the improved house. The triumph, however, was awarded to old Drury, whilst Swiney encountered ruin at the gorgeous theatre in the Haymarket. It would appear by this that theatrical speculation was not without its perils at the commencement of the eighteenth century.

* The spot chosen by Vanbrugh for his theatre was, in the time of Elizabeth, "out of town," with hedgerows on either side; the air was then so clear, that the washerwomen conveyed their linen thither to spread it upon the grass in the fields. There were, at that period, few indications of houses nearer than the village of Charing; whilst the road at the top of the Haymarket was inscribed, "The way to Readinge."

About this period, the Italian Opera, with cautious steps, was making its way in England.* In 1703 musical entertainments were given in Italian at York Buildings; in 1705 a dramatic Italian piece (with the narrative and dialogue in recitative) was translated and performed at Drury Lane by English singers; and on the opening night of the theatre under notice, in addition to the English play enacted, there was presented the "Loves of Ergosto," set to Italian music. Betterton returned with his company to Lincoln's Inn; and, in 1710, the Italian Opera was introduced entire, "Almahide" having been performed that year in the foreign language by foreign performers.

For many succeeding years the Opera House experienced the usual ebb and flow of success, and in 1720 saw its little rival spring up in its very face. On the 17th of June, 1789, it was assailed by a far more powerful enemy, by whom it was levelled with the ground. Between nine and ten o'clock on the evening of that day a fire broke out, which continued the work of destruction until noon the succeeding day. It was at first supposed to have been the act of an incendiary, and a reward of 300*l.* was offered by Gallini, the manager, for the discovery of the perpetrator; no one was discovered, however, on whom to affix the guilt, and the conclusion was eventually drawn that the calamity originated in some fireworks which had been discharged. The loss was estimated at 70,000*l.*; a chest containing about 800*l.* with a few books, being all that was saved. The Opera company concluded their season at Covent Garden.

Gallini, who was manager at this time, was the "Farinelli of dancing." He was a native of Italy, and at the age of twenty-five first appeared at the Opera, then under the management of Du Burgh. In a few seasons he became ballet-master, and subsequently manager. He succeeded in building the theatre after its destruction, but eventually retired from the concern, and devoted the remainder of his life to his profession as a dancing-master. He died on the 5th of January, 1805.

On the 3rd of April, 1790, the foundation-stone of the new house (the present noble structure) was laid by the Earl of Buckingham. In 1819, the house was altered and enlarged, and the Pall Mall and Haymarket front built, by Messrs. Nash and Repton. The dimensions of the interior are almost the same as those of La Scala, at Milan. The width of the stage is nearly 80 feet, its depth 62 feet; from the proscenium to the back of the boxes, 98 feet; diameter across the house to back of boxes, 72 feet; height from the pit floor to ceiling, 55 feet. The five tiers, containing 210 boxes, will hold nearly 1000 persons; the pit, 500; gallery and stalls, 800; slips, 32; pit stalls, 222. These numbers may be conveniently seated, but the house will hold 3000 persons. In 1845, the interior of this theatre was entirely renovated in the style of the Italian arabesques of the fifteenth century, and became almost unrivalled for the beauty of its form

* The first hint of introducing Italian Operas into England, was given in the reign of Charles the Second, at the Duchess of Mazarin's, at Chelsea.

and decorations. Attached to the theatre is an elegant concert-room, 95 feet long, 46 broad, and 35 feet high.

The Opera House, as well as its less aristocratic rivals, has had its "riots," one of the most serious of which occurred on the 15th of June, 1805. The Bishop of London had commanded that all the theatres should be closed by twelve o'clock on Saturday evenings; but in carrying out this order on the evening in question, the curtain descended in the midst of a *pas de deux* by Deshayes and Parisot. This led to great confusion, in the course of which the chairs in the boxes were thrown into the pit, the piano and instruments in the orchestra were broken, and the chandelier demolished. The military was eventually called in, but the disturbance did not totally cease until half-past two on Sunday morning! The damages were estimated at 8000*l.*, independent of which, Mr. Goold, the manager, expended a considerable sum in prosecuting the leaders of the *émeute*.

This establishment, during the present century, has continued the chief home of the lyric drama, and upon its records will be found the names of Catalani, Pasta, Malibran, Sontag,* Grisi,* Caradori, Alboni, Persiani, Tamburini, Naldi, Rubini, Ivanoff, Mario, Gardoni, Lablache! In 1848, Jenny Lind (born at Stockholm on the 6th of October, 1821) first warbled her nightingale notes, when a *furor* ensued for which no comparison is to be found by those who cannot remember Catalani. More recently a favourite returned, after a long absence—the gifted Sontag, from whose shoe, which she had left behind her, the enthusiastic youth of Germany drank their champagne more than twenty years previously. Ballet has likewise revelled at this house in its luxuriousness. On the 3rd of June, 1830, the sylph-like Taglioni first bounded upon this stage, which has also been graced by Adèle, Dumilatre, Cerito, Fanny Ellsler, Guy Stephan, and Lucille Grahn. It was here, moreover, that Paganini (on the 3rd of June, 1831), for the first time in England, wrought wonders upon his magic string.

Occasionally the English drama has ventured, from its own natural soil, into this aristocratic conservatory. The Drury Lane and Covent Garden companies found a shelter here when their own temples were levelled with the ground. Edmund Kean took a benefit at this house on the 19th of July, 1830, when he played a single act of five characters—Shylock, Richard, Sir Giles Overreach, Macbeth, and Othello; and poor Dowton, in 1840, uttered upon these boards his farewell words. It may likewise be mentioned, that upon the boards of this theatre Madame Vestris first stepped before the public, on the 20th of July, 1815, in Winter's opera of "*Il Ratto di Proserpina*."

It is pleasant to listen to the "gems of the opera," and to applaud the "pets of the ballet;" but this is the bright side of

* During the present year a painful interest has been excited with regard to these celebrated artistes. Grisi has warbled her farewell to England, and sought the plaudits of the New World, whilst poor Sontag has found a grave in Mexico.

a picture, the darker portion of which is to be found in the account-book of the treasurer. The sums lavished upon foreign art are immense, and the result has too often been, as remarked by a popular writer, that at the end of the season the prima donna retires to her palace on the Lake of Como, whilst the manager adjourns to Basinghall Street! Owen Swiney, it has been stated, encountered ruin at this house early in the past century; and Time, that impartial functionary, has made little distinction, in this respect, between the manager of that period and of the present. With the exception of a few seasons—such, for instance, as 1828 and 1829, when Sontag and Malibran were both engaged—the speculation has proved a losing one.

In 1828, Mr. Ebers, the bookseller, published his “Seven Years of the Opera.” During that period he had rented and managed the theatre, at an annual average loss of 6000*l.* This lessee was succeeded by Laporte and Laurent.

Without referring to the reckless expenditure of the rival establishment, where, in 1848, 78,765*l.* were disposed of in little more than sixty nights, incurring a loss of 34,756*l.*, we will open a quiet page of the ledger of Her Majesty’s Theatre, showing the receipts and expenditure of the house for the season 1834:—

Receipts.—Amount of subscriptions, 26,000*l.*; taken at the doors, 15,000*l.*; M. Laporte’s (manager) benefit, 1000*l.* Total receipts, 42,000*l.*

Expenses.—Principal singers and chorus singers, 10,000*l.*; dancers, including *corps de ballet*, 8000*l.*; rent of theatre, 11,000*l.*; orchestra, 7200*l.*; lighting theatre, 1500*l.*; warming ditto, 200*l.*; military and police service, 200*l.*; bills for posting, 200*l.*; advertisements, 120*l.*; stage management, 600*l.*; figurantes, 200*l.*; copying music, 300*l.*; legal expenses, 200*l.*; box-keepers and check-takers, 200*l.*; dresses and dressers, 560*l.*; scenery and decorations, 650*l.*; washing, 60*l.*; sweeping theatre and similar expenses, 100*l.*; machinists, 120*l.*; door-keepers, 30*l.*; servants, &c., 70*l.*; sundry expenses, taxes, insurance, repairs, &c., about 1000*l.* Total expenses, 42,510*l.*

By these items it will be seen that, after months of excitement and petty jealousies, the season closed with a loss of only 510*l.*—fortunate manager!

Mr. Lumley, the latest conductor of the Opera House, has been added to the list of those who have wielded its managerial bâton and have failed. The year 1853 witnessed the partial dismemberment of this beautiful structure, when some of its properties were scattered by the hammer of the auctioneer, and the house for two seasons has remained with closed doors.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

The existing patent right of this house is the licence granted by Charles the Second to Davenant, whose residence in France had brought his tastes into a state of proper harmony with those of his sovereign. In Lincoln’s Inn Fields, in 1662, the patent

was first rendered available, where, instead of the old half-lighted house, wax candles shed a cheerful blaze around, movable painted scenes were introduced, music, operas, and an orchestra, and, doubtless in still greater favour with a licentious court, there became general upon the stage,

“Those loveliest of all lovely things,
Women—angels without wings.”

Davenant's patent was ultimately in the hands of Rich, when the house erected by him in Lincoln's Inn Fields became too small for his ambition, and this circumstance led to the erection of the Theatre Royal Covent Garden, upon ground originally belonging to the Abbot and Convent of Westminster.

It was on the 7th of December, 1733, that the house was first opened to the public, with the representation of Congreve's “Way of the World.” The theatre, as then constructed, was small, and calculated to hold about 200*l*. only. Garrick first appeared here in the autumn of 1746, when he played with his rival Quin—Mrs. Pritchard and Mrs. Cibber being likewise members of one of the most effective companies ever collected. In the following year the Roscius returned to Drury Lane. The dramatic season of 1750-51 was rendered remarkable by the spirit of rivalry which prevailed at both the houses. Garrick, at the commencement of his management of Drury Lane, had engaged Barry, Macklin, Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. Woffington, Mrs. Cibber, and Mrs. Clive. Shortly after, Barry turned rebellious and crossed over to Covent Garden, where he was followed by Macklin, Mrs. Cibber, and the captivating “Peg” Woffington. With these deserters, aided by Quin, Rich opened Covent Garden for the season. Garrick, nothing daunted, took the field on the 5th of September, 1750, with an occasional prologue, which contained the lines:—

“To keep the field all methods we'll pursue,
The conflict glorious—for we fight for you.”

This was answered by one delivered by Barry. “Romeo and Juliet” was then enacted, and the town rushed to award a verdict in the dramatic cause—

DRURY LANE	<i>versus</i>	COVENT GARDEN.
Romeo . . . Garrick		Romeo . . . Barry
Mercutio . . . Woodward		Mercutio . . . Macklin
Juliet . . . Mrs. Bellamy		Juliet . . . Mrs. Cibber.

The trial lasted twelve nights, when Covent Garden relinquished the contest, its rival keeping the field one night more. In Murphy's “Life of Garrick” this dramatic warfare is said to have lasted twenty nights; but this error was corrected by Tate Wilkinson, in a paper supplied to the “Monthly Mirror” for November, 1801. On the thirteenth night at Drury Lane, Garrick produced a humorous epilogue (spoken by Mrs. Clive), closing the playhouse din with the following lines:—

“I now proclaim a peace,
And hope, henceforth, hostilities will cease:
No more let either rack his brain to tease you,
But let the contest be—who most shall please you.”

In this warfare Barry had the advantage over Garrick, and Mrs. Cibber's superiority over her rival threw a balance into the scale in favour of the house under notice. Mrs. Clive was sister to Dr. Arne, the composer; she sleeps in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, where Barry—the Romeo of 1750—is likewise “taking his rest.”

In 1761 Rich died, and Covent Garden came under the management of John Beard, his son-in-law. This latter patentee was unrivalled in his day as a singer, and honourable in every relation of life. He was for many years one of the supporters of Garrick; but a second marriage with the daughter of Rich changed the scene of his utility, and he appeared at Covent Garden on the 10th of October, 1759, as *Macheath*, which he played so successfully that the “Beggars’ Opera” was repeated fifty-two nights. Beard retired from the profession in 1768, with a handsome fortune, and died at Hampton on the 4th of February, 1791.

It was enjoined by Rich in his will, that whenever the property was worth 60,000*l.*, it should be sold for the benefit of his heirs. It was accordingly disposed of on the 1st of July, 1767, for the sum named, to Messrs. Colman, Harris, Powell, and Rutherford, by whom the theatre was conducted the ensuing seven years. Owing to repeated quarrels, this management was ultimately dissolved, Mr. Harris purchasing a portion of the shares held by his co-partners.

A serious riot occurred at this house on the 24th of February, 1768. A promise had been made a month previously that half-price should be taken at the doors; but the opera of “*Artaxerxes*” was announced for the evening in question, with a notice—“nothing under full price can be taken.” The audience would not suffer the opera to proceed, and at half-past nine commenced destroying the benches, &c. The stage soon became crowded with visitors from pit and boxes, and damage to the extent of several hundred pounds was committed, the repairs occupying five days. The plea of the managers was the increased expense of 50*l.* per night for playing “*Artaxerxes*,” but they were forced to yield to the demands of the public. On the 3rd of March peace was proclaimed, the next night’s playbill announcing for representation “*All’s Well that Ends Well*.”

In 1792 the theatre was partly rebuilt, at an expense of 25,000*l.* Of this sum the late Duke of Bedford (the ground landlord) advanced 15,000*l.*, and granted a new lease to the proprietors, but advanced the ground rent to 940*l.* per annum. The newly-constructed house opened on the 17th of September, 1792, with the “*Road to Ruin*” and the “*Irishman in London*,” an occasional prologue being spoken by Messrs. John Johnstone, Lewis, and Macready (senior). At the commencement of the present century, the tide of public favour flowed so strong in the direction of this house, that Mr. Harris was said to be realising a clear income of 30,000*l.* per annum. In 1803 Mr. John Kemble purchased of Harris a sixth share of the entire property, and Covent Garden, from that time, became the “Palace of the Kembles.”

It was on the 24th of September, 1803, that John Kemble appeared for the first time at Covent Garden, the character being *Hamlet*. Twenty years had elapsed since his introduction to the metropolis (September 30, 1783), and his success had enabled him to become the part proprietor of an establishment to which his services, with those of other members of his family, were subsequently devoted. Having secured the services of George Frederick Cooke, Mr. Kemble, on the 3rd of October, 1803, played *Richmond* to that tragedian's *Richard*; and on a succeeding night, Cooke returned the compliment by playing *Pizarro* to the new manager's *Rolla*. John Kemble, in his managerial capacity, carried on the work of stage reformation commenced at the rival establishment by Garrick.

On the 20th of September, 1808, Covent Garden Theatre was destroyed by fire, twenty persons having lost their lives in the attempt to preserve a portion of the property. The proprietors recovered about 44,500*l.* by policies of insurance, and 3500*l.* was saved. The organ of Handel (valued at 1000 guineas), which had been presented as a legacy to the theatre, was destroyed, and the loss sustained by several of the performers was very considerable. The fire was supposed to have originated in the wadding of a gun having lodged in the scenery used a few hours previously in "*Pizarro*," and which, by nine o'clock the ensuing morning, reduced the structure to ashes. Six days after the calamity the company removed to the King's Theatre, which they opened with the play of "*Douglas*." The Covent Garden company at this period was very effective, and included John Kemble, Charles Kemble, G. F. Cooke, Young, Lewis, Munden, Emery, Liston, Blanchard, Incledon, Fawcett, Jones, Simmons, Brunton (father of Mrs. Yates), Grimaldi, Bologna, Norman, Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. C. Kemble, Mrs. H. Johnston, Mrs. Gibbs, Mrs. Davenport, &c.—a glorious list of those who in their time gladdened a nation, and

"Made life's business like a summer's dream."

During the stay of the company at the Opera House, the nightly receipts averaged 338*l.*

On the 30th of December following the fire, the first stone of the present building was laid by his late Majesty George the Fourth, then Prince of Wales. The designs were furnished by Mr. Robert Smirke, the beautiful porticos being copied from the Temple of Minerva, in the Acropolis at Athens. The entire front of the building measures two hundred and twenty feet, the statues of Tragedy and Comedy, in the niches near the lateral extremities, being by Flaxman. The cost of rebuilding the theatre was 150,000*l.* Of this sum 50,000*l.* was raised by renters' subscription shares of 500*l.* each.

The new house was opened on the 18th of September, 1809, with the play of "*Macbeth*" and "*The Quaker*," and was the scene of the most memorable riot connected with dramatic history. The causes of this unparalleled dispute were—one tier had

been converted into private boxes; the admission to the boxes was raised from six to seven shillings; that to the pit was advanced from three shillings and sixpence to four shillings; and, lastly, Madame Catalani had been engaged. Mr. John Kemble appeared to deliver an address upon the opening of the house, but he was received with hisses, groans, &c., and the cry of "old prices" (which subsequently sunk into "O. P.") resounded through the theatre. The audience would not suffer a word to be heard, and the performance proceeded in complete dumb show. Banners, dances, and combats, on subsequent nights, were exhibited in the pit—a division of a theatre which, in an old prologue, was styled the "Star-chamber of the house"—and against Mr. Kemble (who was continually addressing the house) the satire of the audience was directed. These scenes were continued for SIXTY-SIX NIGHTS in succession, when the demands of the public were acceded to—a treaty of peace being agreed to at a public dinner, at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, by a committee of the public and the managers of the theatre. The proud barons of the pit gained a glorious victory; and they hoisted their banners on a succeeding evening, no longer as a signal for hostilities, but bearing the inscription—"WE ARE SATISFIED!"

The new theatre was calculated to contain (exclusive of standing room) about three thousand persons; but when George the Fourth visited the house in state (December 3, 1823), 4255 individuals were crammed within its walls, the receipts being as under:—

		£	s.	d.
To the Boxes 1936 at 7s. 0d.	677	2	0
To the Pit 1123 at 3s. 6d.	196	10	6
To the Lower Gallery .	. 776 at 2s. 0d.	77	6	0
To the Upper Gallery .	. 420 at 1s. 0d.	21	0	0
	<hr/>			
	4255	£971	18	6

On the 18th of February, 1811, the romance of "Bluebeard" was revived, in which, upon these classic boards, cavalry was first introduced. "Timour the Tartar" followed, when the "Stud" was again in requisition. In those days iron roads were unknown, and the earth was not encircled with a host of electric messengers; the wits, consequently, looked upon this desecration as a matter of necessity, consoling themselves with the reflection that "no stage could get on without horses."

RECOLLECTIONS OF A JOURNEY TO JELLALABAD.*

THREE years have almost obliterated from my memory the multitude of minor incidents which form the chief interest of a narrative such as you demand. But for the wish to gratify you, these reminiscences would in all probability have perished with me.

Major Pottinger had long been endeavouring to persuade Akbar to send one of the captives to Jellalabad to treat with General Pollock, thinking that this measure would at least delay the explosion, which he hourly expected, of the pent-up fiery passions of the chiefs (who were irritated beyond measure by their disgraceful defeat, on the 7th of April, by Sir Robert Sale before Jellalabad), which might have proved highly dangerous, if not absolutely destructive to us. But as the Afghans always endeavoured to deceive, they never gave another credit for good faith. However, at the end of April (the 23rd, the day on which General Elphinstone died), Akbar seemed more inclined to listen to Pottinger's proposal. His own fortunes were at that time in a very low condition; not only had he just been defeated by General Sale, but the faction at Kabul, headed by Zeman Khan, was predominant, added to which, he was troubled by an unhealed and painful wound in the arm, which increased his depression of spirit. At this time General Elphinstone was suffering from violent dysentery. We had no medicine left. I had a lump of opium in my waistcoat pocket, and that had given him some relief, but at last the opium was done, and we could get no more. The only thing I could think of was a pomegranate, which we boiled, and made a very strong bitter drink, which appeared to do him some good: but nature was exhausted, and he sank rapidly. I offered to read the prayers for the dying to him—he assented, but said he would change his apparel. He

* [Captain Colin Mackenzie, who fulfilled the perilous duty of hostage to Akbar Khan in January, 1842, was afterwards sent by that chief to propose terms to General Pollock; and during his stay at Jellalabad, took the opportunity of strongly urging upon the General the importance of an advance upon Kabul. The above account of this journey was afterwards extracted from him with no little difficulty.]

General Pollock's reply being unsatisfactory to Akbar, Captain Mackenzie was only allowed to snatch a few hours' repose (while Major Eldred Pottinger prepared a letter to the General), and was sent off again to Jellalabad seven hours after his arrival. His second journey was much less hazardous than the first, all the Afghans being aware of his having returned voluntarily; but the excessive fatigue, coupled with previous hardship, and the acute mental suffering caused by the disgrace of our arms, and the massacre of so many friends and intimates, brought on an attack of typhus in its most virulent form, under which he nearly sank; and consequently the task of undertaking the journey for the third and last time was assigned to Captain, now Major Colin Troup, of the 48th B. N. I.]

called his servant,—“Moore, I wish to wash;” and added (showing how he was reduced), “Bring me that blue shirt which Captain Troup gave me.” It was done, but he then sank into a stupor, so that I could not read to him. Gholam Moyun-ud-Dîn (the man who saved my life at Sir William M’Naghten’s murder) came to me to know if it was true that General Elphinstone was dying. I took him into the recess where the General was gasping out his life, and when he saw the old chief stretched on the floor, dying in such misery, he appeared a good deal affected. Akbar was informed of it, and expressed his regret and his sorrow that he had not followed Pottinger’s advice, by sending the General to Jelalabad, where he would have had medical assistance. He promised, however, to send his body if he died, and declared his intention of sending one of the captives on a mission to General Pollock. Akbar and the chiefs then consulted who should be sent, and they all pitched upon me, for they had got into their heads that I was a Mullah, and they thought that I would come back. Well, Akbar gave me his instructions, and Pottinger gave me his. Dost Muhammad Khan, the Ghiljye, had a long private conversation with me, in which he endeavoured to engage me in his own peculiar interests, without much reference to those of Akbar, concerning whose *nasib* (fate) he appeared more than doubtful. He also repeatedly asked me if I would come back, and was quite unable to understand the reasons which I told him would induce my return. By the way, when I did come back, he frankly avowed that he never expected me, and ridiculed the idea of a promise being binding under such circumstances. Akbar did expect that I would keep my word. He only asked me once if I intended to return, and was quite confused when I answered, —“Are you the son of an Ameer, and ask me, an English gentleman, such a question?” Akbar’s propositions were, that the British general should treat with him as the acknowledged head of the Afghan nation; that there should be an exchange of prisoners, including all on each side; that the British should retire from Afghanistan, and that General Pollock should give him a handsome *douceur* in money. In case of these arrangements being effected, he stated that he should be glad to enter into an alliance with the British, both offensive and defensive. This was his public message given openly, but in secret he desired me to ascertain if a private arrangement could not be made to the effect, that General Pollock should insure an amnesty to him and his followers for the past, and that the British Government should bestow on him a large *jaghîr* (grant of land). In this case, he said that he would willingly act as Pollock’s lieutenant, and assist him in reconquering Afghanistan. In fact, I believe that, but for his fear of acting in direct opposition to his father-in-law, Muhammad Shah Khan, who was decidedly the most talented and energetic of our enemies, Akbar would at this time have openly gone over to our side, always pre-supposing that Pollock would have pledged himself for his personal safety, and a decent provision for himself and family. Most of the prisoners

were under guard in the valley of Zjandeh, distant nearly ten miles. Pottinger, the Eyres, Wallers, Dr. Magrath, and my faithful Christian servant, Jacob, were with me. All, except Pottinger, whose spirit never quailed, and whose courage, moral and physical, was always found equal to any emergency, looked on me as devoted to almost certain destruction, and, indeed, several of the Afghan chiefs, knowing the character of the country through which I had to pass, did not attempt to conceal the unfavourable nature of their anticipations.

At this time the poor old general died. The last words he said were (one likes to remember the very words of a dying man) to his servant, Moore—"Moore, lift up my head, it is the last time I shall trouble you." He did so, weeping bitterly, for he was very much attached to his master. I went and took leave of the poor old general's remains, and kissed his hand, but I shed no tear, though my heart was very full.

I was to start immediately. I rode a horse of Lady Sale's; they wanted me to take my own saddle, but as the European fashion of it would have betrayed me instantly, I asked for an Afghan one, and never saw *my* saddle again. My *posteen* (sheep-skin cloak), which was full of vermin, had the sleeves so battered together by the rain, that I could not force my arms in, but Sultán Ján soon solved the difficulty, by cutting off the ends of the sleeves with his sword. I found that I was to be under the charge of a noted robber, named Buttee Doosd, *i.e.* Buttee the thief; for this man was a sort of Rob Roy among the Ghiljyes, and had contrived to ease Sir Robert Sale, during his unquiet march to Jellalabad, of some hundreds of camels, all of which he re-sold to the general in his extremity. Our party consisted of two horsemen of Akbar's, and three of Buttee's own men, who were, like himself, on foot. Leaving the fort, we turned to the right, and, crossing the valley, we struck into the defiles of the mountains which separate the valley of Teyzeen from that of Zinganeh, there we edged away to the north-east, forcing our way up the bed of a mountain torrent, which reached, every now and then, to the breasts of our horses, over huge boulders of stone, that made it all but impassable, until we came to a small cascade up which it was impossible to go. The horsemen began to abuse Buttee for bringing them such a road; he declared it was a very good one, and told me to dismount and follow him. The precipice on the right was wholly impracticable, and he took us up a goat-path on the left, where I cannot sufficiently wonder at the horses being able to follow. The exertion was tremendous. As soon as I found myself alone with Buttee, and discovered that he could speak Persian, I began to make friends with him. He abused the horsemen for a couple of milksops. He himself was the finest specimen of a wiry athletic mountaineer I ever saw, he was nothing but bone, sinew, and muscle, an Ahmedzye, about thirty years of age, and never appeared in the least fatigued or out of breath in surmounting hills, to which Ben Lomond is a joke. In going up this tremendous ascent, not even his nostril

was expanded. In toiling up these places, he generally put his heavy matchlock behind his back, with the ends resting on the inside of his elbows, and marched up, of course, without using his hands, and often singing a Pushtu war-song. At last we worked our way up to the snow, which was still more dangerous, from its extreme slipperiness, and from our track sloping on one side towards the torrent at an angle of about forty-five degrees. The exertion was so great, that in spite of the cold wintry wind the perspiration streamed off like rain. Even the Afghan horsemen declared they had never seen such a road. Here and there we saw a little mountain fastness perched on some "bad eminence," standing in strong relief against the sky, and which we passed with as little ado as might be. At the top of this stupendous pass we came among the most magnificent cedars and pines of from eighteen to five-and-twenty feet in girth, with their giant branches tossed abroad horizontally, as if defying the elements; the effect of these forest Titans in the moonlight was more grand and romantic than can be described. At the very summit of the pass, a long pole is planted in the ground, with a white flag on the top, on passing which all good Mahommedans stroke their beards and utter a prayer. The name of the pass is Khurkhuchar. The descent on the Zinganeh side is comparatively easy, but drenched as I was with perspiration, I suffered much from the icy blast which seemed to cut through me. Our road at first lay along a narrow ridge from ten to twenty feet only in breadth; the brightness of the now fully risen moon scarcely enabling our eyes to penetrate the vast profound on either hand, especially on the right, where the gloomy depth of the abyss, of at least two thousand feet, darkened by the huge shadow of the opposing mountain, which rises abruptly ridge over ridge, until lost in the blue ether, dimly revealed through the boughs of the holly-oaks and cedars which fringed the descent, the flashing waters of the torrent beneath. On the left, the gulf opened out in the direction of the pass of Jugdulluk and its fatal barriers, where, still untouched by decay, lay the bodies of many of my brave comrades; for there fell Anquetil, Chambers, Nicholl, Skinner, Macartney, Dodgin (who fought so desperately, though he had but one leg, that the enemy were obliged to shoot him from a distance), and many a devoted soldier besides; and there, some three months previously, had I witnessed the deep despair of poor General Elphinstone when he and his unhappy subordinate, Colonel Shelton, were entrapped by their treacherous enemy. Beyond, in misty outline, loomed the savage hills of Tugao, Nijerao, and the Oosheen tribes. Buried in deep reflection, I loitered behind my guides, and while memory brought the harrowing events of the past in ghostly array before me, the future seemed shrouded in uncertainty and gloom. The consciousness of utter insignificance, however, which as usual was produced in my mind by the contemplation of the mighty works of God even in the material world, and my sense of weakness and absolute inability in any way to control the progress of events which were rapidly

hurrying to a crisis, and which were fraught with safety or destruction to myself and my fellow captives, and with honour or dishonour to my country, had the good effect of leading me for comfort, support, and direction to Him, whose arm is never shortened to uphold and save all who put their trust in Him. Well might I say, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped me," and the thought gave me courage. Presently I was summoned to the front, and, mounting my horse, we pressed on rapidly, it being Buttee's earnest desire that we should pass certain locations of the Jubber Khail tribes, in whose country we now were, if possible, before daylight; for he frankly admitted to me, that he, an Ahmedzye, would be unable to protect me, in case of discovery, from the fury of these wild men who acknowledge little more than a mere nominal allegiance even to their own chiefs, if any sacrifice of plunder or bloodshed be involved thereby. Our road became rougher at every step, as we plunged into deep ravines, and wound our painful way along ancient water-courses, now dry, whose beds consisted wholly of large pebbles rounded by the action of the torrents of former days, which bruised the feet of my unfortunate Cape horse in a lamentable fashion, especially after the loss of one of his shoes.

Before we reached the valley of Zinganeh, we had to cross a shallow stream (whose pure sweet waters I shall ever remember with gratitude, for my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth, and then and on three subsequent journeys did it quench my thirst). We then ascended another chain of hills, lower indeed than those we had left behind, but very steep, rugged, and barren. The valley of Zinganeh itself, at the point where we entered (with the exception of a narrow strip of land fit for cultivation, not more than sixty yards in breadth, and along which, on spots where a few mulberry trees gave a scanty shade, some families of the Jubber Khail Ghiljyes had reared their miserable huts, or pitched their black tents), was merely a confused mass of rocks and rounded stones, through the midst of which the Soorkh-ab River foamed and struggled. This river, during the heats of summer, is a dangerous torrent, being then swollen by the melting of the snow of the lower ridges of the mountains of Solomon, the highest of which, called the Tukht-y-Sulimán (or throne of Solomon), forms a magnificent object in the distance, especially when seen in the broad daylight, as I afterwards did, from the top of the Khurkhuchur Pass. Day beginning to dawn, Buttee mounted my horse, causing me to ride behind him, with my hands and face enveloped in the folds of my turban and sheep-skin cloak, leaving my eyes scarcely as visible as those of the roughest Skye terrier. Of course I was smothered, but there was no help for it, as it was necessary that I should pass for a sick *urbaub* (or small chief) of Peshawur, sent by Akbar Khan under Buttee's charge to his native place. In this guise we sneaked past those rural abodes of "the gentle Afghan swains," which it was impossible to avoid by a circumbendibus. But the old Cape horse, who had fallen quite lame, now entered a vehement protest against the double burden

imposed on him, by standing still, and, when urged to proceed, kicking like fury. The Afghans laughed, but it was no joke to me, not being predisposed to mirth, and perched as I was upon the sharp ridge of the brute's backbone, so muffled up as to be unable to use my hands. Every jolt made me sympathize with Aiken Drum, who, as the old Scotch song informs us, "rode upon a razor." In good earnest, during the four or five hours' ride which followed, my position was one of downright torture, my feet being unsupported, felt as if a hundred pounds weight were attached to each of them (I suppose from the blood rushing into them, and the consequent stoppage of circulation), and the pain in my limbs actually made me groan. Entering the Isárah Valley, one of the most extensive and fertile in Afghanistan, and possessed chiefly by the Jubber Khail (which clan, the most powerful of all the Eastern Ghiljies, is divided and subdivided into numerous tribes), we followed the course of the Soorkh-Ab (or "red water"), which, after traversing these rich lands from west to east to within a few miles of Gundamuk, takes a northerly direction, and finding a passage through a chain of low mountains, falls into the Kabul River, at a place of the same name as itself. Our object was to reach Chinghai (which in Pushtoo means a high fortress), (some twelve miles down the valley of Isaruck and half way up one of the mountains of Solomon, which bound the valley to the south), which belongs to two brothers, principal chiefs of the Jubbar Khail, viz. Sir Fráz Khan and Sir Biland Khan, the latter of whom arrogated to himself the truly Afghan distinction of having assassinated James Skinner. *En route* we met several Ghiljies, whose inquiries concerning me, Buttee and his followers evaded by lying; but eluding their ominous curiosity was a great grief to me, as, in addition to intolerable pain I was enduring, I had sedulously to muffle up my white skin, the least appearance of which would have been my death-warrant; and keeping my wide Afghan trousers from riding up to my knees was next to impossible. Some five miles before we reached Chinghai, as we tried to slip past a fort belonging to a small chief, who was so execrably diabolical, as to be accounted a perfect ogre even by his own people, we were thrown into great consternation by being challenged and ordered to stop. Our consultation was brief, and our actions decided. The two horsemen rode boldly up to the fort, and asked for a pipe, while Buttee, myself, and the footmen turned abruptly to the right. Several men pursued us, thinking our shyness suspicious, and overtook us just as Buttee in desperation tried to force our jaded steed up a steep bank. Seeing them closing in upon us, I slipped off and made straight up the hill, paying no attention to the calls of our pursuers, whose course was arrested by our ready-witted guide, who succeeded in pacifying them and lulling their suspicions; my sulky inattention confirming the idea that I was one of themselves. At last we reached the foot of the mountain on which Chinghai stands, and crossed the Soorkh-Ab, there a deep and dangerous torrent, by a bridge not more than a foot and a-half in width, and which bent and

trembled under the weight of the horse that carried Buttee and myself, for I had again mounted (*post equitem sedet, &c.*). We hoped to pass another fort close to the river unobserved, but just as we had forded a small stream, and when right opposite the gate, our horse fell, and I tumbled off into the midst of a crowd of ruffians who had rushed out at the cry of "Strangers." Worn out with pain and fatigue, and despairing of escape, I was on the point of dropping my disguise, and meeting my fate with as much fortitude as I could muster under such appalling circumstances; but it was only a passing temptation. By God's blessing I did not lose my presence of mind. The instant I abandoned my first desperate impulse, life seemed doubly dear, and I confess that the imminent prospect of being murdered in cold blood, without one friend near, and without being able to strike a blow in my own defence, made me feel for the *first* time the anguish of mortal fear, notwithstanding the awful extremity in which I had twice stood before, when surrounded by the Afghans, in cutting my way into cantonments, and again at Sir William M'Naghten's murder. I already felt by anticipation a dozen daggers clashing in my side, but I was up-borne by strength not my own. I kept my sheep-skin cloak wrapped closely round me, concealing my face, and staggered forward, like a man worn down by sickness. One of Buttee's followers took the hint, and caught me by the arm as if to assist me, reviling the luckless horse which had played such a trick to so good a man. To my astonishment, the crowd gave way before me, and I emerged from what appeared to be certain destruction. Meanwhile, Buttee, who, as he afterwards confessed, had at first given me over for lost, was far from idle. Lest second thought should prove my doom, he commenced a most fluent harangue in Pushtoo to his gaping audience, painting, in glowing colours, various imaginary successes lately achieved by Akbar over the hated *Káfirs* (infidels) and the rival faction at Kabul. Thus favoured, I continued my retreat unmolested up the steep pathway leading to Chinghai; but such was my fatigue that it was with difficulty I could drag one leg after the other, and not daring to look behind, lest the action should excite suspicion. For the first hundred yards I fully expected every instant to feel a knife in my back. My relief was great when the trampling of a horse announced the proximity of Buttee, who dismounted in my favour, and thus we reached the fort. About a dozen horsemen were assembled under the walls, to avoid whom was necessary, while Buttee sought Sir Fraz Khan. Our two horsemen mingled with the others, whom I took to be some of the Jan Baz who had deserted from us, and who continued to regard me with looks full of distrust, so that I was glad to be led away by one of Buttee's men from so unwholesome a neighbourhood to a platform a little way off. Here he admonished me to lie down, and keep myself covered up with my *posteen*. This I did, and not knowing whether my enemies had departed or not, I lay for nearly two hours on my face under a baking sun, with my feet drawn up like a hedgehog, for more effectual concealment. My breath scorched

my lips, and it became a matter of doubt whether death by apoplexy or the sword were preferable. At last a voice made me look up, and I found myself alone with a strange Afghan, whose sinister countenance was not at all improved by a large claret stain over one cheek. This proved to be Sir Fráz Khan himself. I told him I was dying of heat, whereupon he led me into the family burying-ground (!), a pleasant grove of fruit and plane trees, on a gentle slope commanding a magnificent view of the whole valley of Isaruk, with its numerous forts and groves, and which derives a rare fertility, freshness, and verdure from the impetuous river which intersects it, the roar of whose dashing waters, now softened to a murmur, stole up the hill side with a soothing influence. Overhead the birds twittered amid the thick foliage, which cast a deeper shade of green on the soft fresh grass on which I lay—a rivulet of water turned by the chief's order into a channel close by me, sparkled and bubbled along, inviting frequent draughts while I laved my burning hands and face. I was supplied with food, namely, milk and the bannocks of the country, and a kalioon, and divesting myself of all superfluous garments, I lay enjoying this transition from a real Papistical purgatory to a Muhammadan Paradise, until I fell asleep.

In the afternoon Sir Fráz Khan paid me a long visit, and did his best to prove that he was the only Afghan who really entertained a genuine friendship for the English, that he had not participated in the revolt against us, and spoke of the massacre of our troops with abhorrence. In spite of his art, however, his real feelings peeped out sufficiently to mark the hypocrite and the villain, even if I had not known my man, and the master-passion of this most sordid of his covetous race (who are all perfect Catilines "*Alieni appetentes suorum profusi*") broke out in spite of himself when he denounced and reviled Macgregor, on account of the pitiful presents he had received from that officer, when Sir Robert Sale's force passed through Gundamuk on its retreat to Jellalabad, on which occasion the knight—as most Englishmen will take him to be by his name—swore many a solemn oath in fidelity to us. Alack for our policy! Unnecessary profusion in the first instance has always been followed up by unwise parsimony, which again reacting, involves prodigious expenditure—in the present instance, unhappily, not only of treasure but of human blood. Macgregor had no choice, but there is no doubt in my mind that a judicious generosity at that crisis might have detached Sir Fráz Khan and his powerful clan from the faction of Akbar Khan, and thus a different complexion would most probably have been given to subsequent events. My disinterested friend ended his harangue by endeavouring to make a treaty with General Pollock through me in his own favour, quite irrespective of the interests even of his own brother Sir Bilund Khan; and hinted that, under his auspices, the rescue of that portion of the prisoners who were in the valley of Zjandeh would not be very difficult. By the way, had this proposition been listened to, and he had really carried off the prisoners in question—thereby trebling the

hardships, if not involving the destruction of the remainder—far from delivering them into the hands of the British Government, he would have undoubtedly kept them in pawn on his own account. Poor wretch! at the time I write, his mortal remains rest in the pleasant burying ground where I experienced his hospitality on this and a subsequent occasion, for he has since been murdered by his feudal enemy at the foot of the hill, whose unpropitious acquaintance I had narrowly escaped that morning. In the evening, Buttee Doosd took an affectionate leave of me, evidently glad to be rid of so unsatisfactory a charge, for although I think the peculiar notions of his race concerning the point of honour would have led him to die in my defence, he felt that the life of a true believer would in that case have been unworthily wasted. Honest Buttee, if I may poetically call him so, was a man of extraordinary intelligence, and, like most of his countrymen who are distinguished for superior vigour of intellect, personally liked Europeans. Muhammad Shah Khan was an exception to the general rule, and of course the Mullahs and all under their influence, to use their own expression, longed to drink our blood. Not that the Afghans are generally a priest-ridden people. On the contrary, they openly despise both their spiritual guides and the Kurán itself, if these should stand in the way of the gratification of any particular passion. I remember on one occasion, before the outbreak, Macgregor and I were doing our best to dissuade a man from murdering another, who had twelve years before eloped with his wife. We quoted the Kurán to prove that the matter might be arranged without the shedding of blood, to which he coolly replied that the Kurán had one custom, and his tribe another, and his father, an old man of upwards of eighty years of age, who was present, exclaimed (his head shaking with palsy and diabolical rage), "If my son does not kill him, I will, and I don't care if I go to hell afterwards!" A pleasant and profitable parent truly!

My guards were now two men of the Jubbar Khail (Sir Fraz Khan's own clan) one Dost Muhammad, and an Akhoonzadeh, the latter having been selected on account of his known craft and reputed sanctity, the former as being an acknowledged bold and faithful villain, and both from their intimate connection with the greatest rascals in the country, of every clan and tribe, and especially with the Black Tent Ghiljies, several hordes of whom were known to lie on our route. The parting pipe was smoked, "Bismillah" was the word, and I recommenced my pilgrimage, it being difficult to say whether I or my unhappy horse was the more stiff and indisposed for nocturnal rambles. Avoiding the track at the bottom of the hill we pushed along a spur of the mountain, over very broken and dangerous ground, occasionally passing by a small fort with its hanging gardens watered by little mountain streams, along the banks of which grew the musk willow (*Béd-i-mooshk*) in great profusion, filling the air with its charming fragrance. Edging down once more into the valley of Isáruk, we followed it westward, and then struck off the direct road to Jellalabad, making as straight as possible for the Kabul River, leaving Gundamuk on the left. You

may imagine my feelings as I looked at the hill where British honour was finally quenched in the blood of the small band of gallant men, the remains of our betrayed troops, who had manfully struggled on thus far to be sacrificed almost within sight of the haven of safety, for another march would have taken them clear of these fatal mountain passes, into the comparatively warm and fertile plain of Jellalabad, where a few disciplined and brave men under good leadership might have easily held their own against any amount of the wretches who massacred the few stragglers, who under Captain Bellow reached Futtihabad.

It is quite beyond question that Wyld's force, amounting to some 4,000 men, ought in the beginning of December to have pushed through the Khaiber. At that time there would have been no organised resistance to their passage, which might very easily have been made in two days, by a strong body of Infantry without guns, carrying with them, not the ponderous camp equipage so justly condemned by Sir Charles Napier, but three days' provisions in the men's haversacks and their ammunition, for which donkeys were available. At Lalpúra, the Jellalabad end of the pass, Turabaz Khan, a staunch friend and the most powerful of the Momund Chiefs, would have received them with open arms, and supplied all things needful. The march thence to Jellalabad was, for armed men, a hop, skip and jump. A rapid move of this kind, combined with the news of other Brigades then actually advancing to Pesháwur through the Panjab, whose numerical force was of course quadrupled by rumour, would have taken the Khyberees by surprise, and effectually bridled any disposition on their part to oppose the advance of the rearward columns by whom all supplies and munitions of war might have been safely escorted to Jellalabad. The moral effect in favour of the Kabul force would have been prodigious. Sale might then without any misgivings, and with increased force, have retraced his steps towards Kabul, still leaving Jellalabad garrisoned, and the result may be well imagined by any person at all conversant with the events of that period. Indeed, in the absence of all succour from the Peshawur side, Sir Robert Sale ought, on the first rumour of our evacuation of Kabul, to have marched to meet us certainly as far as Gundamuk—(on the famous 7th of April he was induced to lead the same troops, which he had under his command in December, against Akbar's besieging army, by that time increased to *at least* double the strength of that which hung upon and finally annihilated General Elphinstone's force). I have said that up to Gundamuk there are no defiles worth speaking of on the road from Jellalabad towards Kabul.—This forward movement unopposed, save by a few hundred marauders, would have overawed the Chiefs and tribes who lay between the meeting armies, and it is my firm belief that the pursuit of the one would have ceased at Teyzeen. Moreover at this time there was not the least fear of Jellalabad being occupied by the enemy in General Sale's rear, there being no enemy deserving the name to perform such a feat, a fact fully

proved by the circumstance that for a considerable time after the final destruction of the Kabool army, the officers of the Jellalabad garrison used to enjoy field sports in the neighbourhood of the fort without molestation. Doubtless these measures would appear very rash to many ; but from those accustomed to eastern warfare, and who know the country and the people, I should expect a different judgment. *Revenons à nos moutons.*

Before dawn we stopped in a field of young wheat, and after the free and easy fashion of the country allowed our horses to feed *ad libitum*. Probably the excellent Akhoonzadeh chose that particular field as belonging to some one whom he had formerly injured, that being, curiously enough, often a motive for increased hostility. Resuming our journey, daylight ushered us into a rather large camp of the Black Tent Ghiljyes, of whose fraternity my guides were rather doubtful, and exhorted me, as I valued my life, to continue to act the sick urbáb. Most of the people were asleep, but we were challenged when half way through, by a man who fortunately proved to be an old friend of my guides, and in that capacity insisted on our smoking a pipe. Not perfectly trusting even him, the Akhoonzadeh dismounted and himself presented me with the *chillum*, I holding a little aloof so as not to be recognised in the imperfect light as a Feringhi. These Black Tent Ghiljyes are a very fine race of men physically—their women are of corresponding outward form, and go unveiled. They are the freest of free mountaineers, and *de facto* acknowledge no authority human or divine. The strong will, powerful arm, and hard heart are the qualities which can alone rule these savage animals. Living continually in their tents of coarse black woollen stuff (whence their name of *Khaneh pur dosh*, *i. e.* house upon shoulder), their habits are purely pastoral, which signifies, in spite of poets and would-be philosophers, a state of unmitigated and incredible wickedness and immorality. They migrate from the borders of the Punjab over the range of the Suliman Mountains far west into the country of the Hazárás, and back again, choosing their pastures according to the season, and frequently having to fight with a rival clan for possession of the same. Their blood-feuds are consequently innumerable, and woe to all travellers and Kafilas whom they meet, who do not possess some acknowledged claim to their forbearance. None but the more powerful clans dare to insult or injure even individuals of these nomadic tribes, as when they unite for purposes of revenge, which they readily do on slight provocation, they are extremely formidable, and most savage in their reprisals. Shortly after my departure from the Fort of Teyzeen, Akbar Khan despatched the corpse of General Elphinstone, accompanied by one of that lamented officer's servants (Private Miller of H. M.'s 44th), under charge of one of his principal officers and a guard, towards Jellalabad, thinking to propitiate General Pollock by this tardy act of courtesy. Miller was disguised as an Afghan, and great pains were taken to conceal him from the observation of the people of the country. The evening of the first day's journey the party encountered a camp of these

very Black Tent Ghiljyes, who, discovering the nature of their errand, cut down the European and dragging the corpse from the coffin, loaded it with indignities, and would have finished by burning it, and completing the murder of the unfortunate servant, but for the strenuous remonstrances and entreaties of the escort and its leader, whom, however, they beat and maltreated, despoiling the officer of his turban and sword. This is an instance of their savage independence, and shows what would have been my fate had my disguise been penetrated. Sometime afterward, when I happened to encounter my quondam guide Buttee Doosd, he exhibited me to his wandering companions (to whom he related the incident of my falling off the horse at the foot of Chinghai Hill) as a wonderful instance of the mercy of God, to which they all replied by stroking their beards and exclaiming, "That was indeed a great miracle!"

Some three hours more hard riding brought us close to another camp of these vagrants, by which we glided without stopping to smoke the usual pipe, my guides, who seemed well known to the people, excusing themselves on the plea of haste. About the middle of the day we reached the Kabul River, where we stopped to rest and refresh ourselves as we best might, our fare being principally a stale bannock. While sitting on a stone in the bed of the river at some distance from my companions, an Afghan made towards me hastily, but observing my two guides he turned off and entered into conversation with them. He had discovered me to be a Feringhi, and to avoid unpleasant consequences in case of his summoning his friends, we mounted and made the best of our way to Jellalabad. The climate of the plain in the middle of the day was a trying change from that of the snowy mountain I had lately left, the thermometer ranging in the shade from 135° to 140°. The heat quite stupified me, and by the time we reached the outlying picket of General Pollock's camp, which was after sunset, my horse could not have carried me another hundred yards, and I was (*Scotticè*) *sair furfaughten*. A vidette challenged us, and we halted until the Soobádar of the party, accompanied by several troopers, came out to inspect and examine us. They would not believe that I was an European, so black and haggard had I become, until I laughed, when the old Native officer at once recognised the Sahib. This picket was commanded by poor Captain Mellish of the Bengal Cavalry, who received me with great warmth, lent me his charger to carry me to General Pollock's tent, and promised to look after my poor worn horse, and my companions. General Pollock and my old friend Macgregor were astonished at the sudden intrusion of such an apparition, and the latter claimed me as his guest. The news of my arrival soon spread through the camp, and I still remember with much pleasure the hearty sympathy and genuine kindness manifested by every officer and soldier in it to the best of his ability.

THE PHANTOM PARTY.

BY ANGUS B. REACH.

ONE morning in the month of May, 1791,* a man of from sixty-five to sixty-eight years of age, dressed in the simplest costume of the period—that which two familiar statuettes attribute to Rousseau and Voltaire—pedestrianises along the Faubourg St. Marceau, which was then almost as long as it is now. Having, in time arrived at the end, he looks around and enquires for the house of Bernardin St. Pierre. It is speedily pointed out to him; and on his entrance, he finds his old pupil, the celebrated author of “Paul and Virginia,” busily working in his garden. A joyful recognition ensues; and Mustel, the name of the pedestrian, avows that he has only come to see the man who could write such a work; and laments that the personages of it are both dead. When St. Pierre, with a slight wink at the astonished Mustel, hints to him that his principal characters still survive, Mustel is incredulous. Bernardin assures him that he has killed them only for the purposes of fiction, and that they are at this moment alive, married and residing for retirement at Brunswick. For better assurance he gives his friend a letter of introduction to the celebrated pair, and also one to a young man named Goethe, who, he predicts, will one day make some noise in the world.

M. Mustel, in a week or so, starts upon his pilgrimage. Dining under an alcove at a wayside inn, a lady and gentleman of aristocratic appearance take possession of the next box, and talk so freely that Mustel discovers that the lady is no other than the notorious Manon Lescaut, and the gentleman her no less well-known lover Des Grieux. Having scraped acquaintance with this singular pair, whom he finds *en route* for Paris, Mustel urges them to abandon the idea, as their story has been trumpeted abroad by the Abbé Prevost in his work upon them, and their names are bywords in Parisian society. Instead of Paris, he urges them to return with him to Brunswick, and be introduced to Paul and Virginia. At this the travellers express their surprise; they had always considered Paul and Virginia as mere fictions. Mustel assures them of the contrary. The only objection made is by Manon; and it is founded on a secret terror of entering—a polluted and notorious female as she feels herself to be—into the pure domestic circle of Virginia. However, her scruples—the real one is not avowed—are overcome, and, in a day or two, the travellers find themselves under the roof of Paul and Virginia.

It may be proper to state here that Mustel, being an ardent student of human nature, forms this project with the selfish view

* It should be mentioned that the spirits described in the following pages are in a great measure distilled from *materiel* furnished by M. Alexander Dumas, *fil.*

of observing the effect of bringing together two pure and spotless souls and two impure and blotted existences. The results of this scheme will appear in the sequel; but before we enter upon it, it is to be remarked that Manon, though fallen, has not lost all the qualities and attributes of a pure and affectionate woman. After a pleasant sketch of the happy abode of Paul and Virginia, we find Manon becoming more and more uneasy at her presence in a virtuous family. The air of perfect purity breathed around is too thin for her perceptions, long accustomed to a thicker and a more cloudy medium; until, at last, in an agony of sorrow and repentance, she flings herself at Virginia's feet, and beginning by the confession that she is not the wife of Des Grieux, unfolds to her companion the whole history of her weaknesses, her follies, and her sins, detailing the causes which led her step by step into the gulf of crime and despair. She expects to be repulsed; but not so. Virginia, raising her tenderly, declares that she is a noble woman; that her faults have been those of the polluted society in which she lived, while her own virtues had been implanted and developed by the pure and primitive people amongst whom she had been born and brought up. After this both the ladies are more at their ease, and more familiar with each other, Manon especially appearing relieved.

Meantime Mustel sets off to deliver his credentials to Goethe. He finds him with a young man named Werther, who, seeming annoyed by the intrusion of a stranger, withdraws in a huff. Goethe is described as being, at the period of the call, twenty-one years of age; a tall, thin young man, thoroughly German in appearance; hair well placed, and dressed in the fashion of the time; hollow cheeks, giving no promise of the plumpness which they afterwards attained; a smile cordial and *fin*, and a slight expression of haughtiness. A conversation ensues, in which Goethe narrates the history of Werther, who has fallen in love with Charlotte, a married woman with three children, and who avers that he cannot live without her. Goethe upon this counsels him to commit suicide; urging that it is more manly and more heroic to put an end to his existence than to ruin a wife and plunge a family into despair.

"And will Werther kill himself?" says Mustel.

"No," replies Goethe: "he lacks the moral courage."

Mustel then informs Goethe of the object of his journey into Germany, and of his meeting with Manon and her lover, and introducing them to Paul and Virginia. Goethe manifests no surprise. Mustel is astonished, and remonstrates. Goethe replies that nothing astonishes him.

Mustel rejoins, "What! not these heroes and heroines of our literature?"

Goethe answers, "Heaven defend me from them!"

"So you do not wish to know them?"

"I do not wish to see them."

"Why?"

"Because they are not worth the trouble."

"They are charming."

"You dream: they are common-place; they are mean; they are alive; they eat and drink like the coarsest of peasants; they may have *la grippe* for aught I know; they sleep after their dinners; and they will have rheumatism."

"Everybody is in the same condition."

"That's exactly their fault. That is a right which I do not acknowledge them to possess."

"What would you wish them to do?"

"To die."

"Poor things!"

"I recognise only one Paul and one Virginia, he and she of Bernardin—one Manon and one Des Grieux, she and he of the Abbé Prevost. All are dead except Des Grieux, and he has disappeared into a sort of living death: all of them have been killed by their biographers. I have wept for them, but I find their death just, poetic, providential; and any individual who assumes either of their names is an impostor or a fool."

Goethe continues in this strain, contending that his own only right to live is that no poet has yet made him the type of a character, and maintaining a great number of other strange sophisms; but having given one specimen, I shall leave the poet's lucubrations, for the future, where I found them.

Let us return to Brunswick, and in a word describe the state of matters there. Des Grieux has fallen desperately in love with Virginia, and Manon with Paul. It will be perceived that Manon is possessed of an incalculably greater quantity of intellect and magnanimity than her quondam love; and that Virginia's soul is so utterly spotless, that she looks upon Des Grieux's passionate protestations as only the expression of the warm affection of a brother. But Paul begins to perceive the true state of matters; and Manon, who has watched Des Grieux as a cat does a mouse, has given him in ambiguous words to know that she is fully aware of his attempted infidelities. Several curious scenes take place between the pair: Des Grieux alternately professing his love for Manon, and contradicting it by his conduct; upon which Manon's pitying and contemptuous remark, often repeated, is "*Pauvre des Grieux!*" At last Des Grieux leaves her for a time in order to perform the duties of an official position at Weimar, which Paul has procured for him; but his love for Manon returning with absence, he writes asking for her to come to him.

Meantime Mustel has informed Goethe of the state of matters at Brunswick; at which that cynical gentleman is highly delighted. Mustel attempts to triumph over him by the information that Des Grieux has sent for Manon, his love for her having revived by his absence. Goethe laughs, and coolly observes, that it is merely the expiring flash of the lamp. Manon and Des Grieux, however, do meet, and an apparent reconciliation takes place between them. Des Grieux for the moment in earnest, Manon sporting with him. Here the story of the inhabitants of Brunswick breaks off for a space, and reverts to Werther and Charlotte. I might continue in

the original channel; but as the sequel is wrought with great artistic skill, any deviation from it would mar the harmony of the action.

Mustel again visits Goethe, and inquires about Charlotte and Werther.

"They were gone."

"Werther carried her off?"

"No; she carried him off."

Goethe then narrates, from Werther's letters, the story of the couple, premising that Charlotte's husband is just the man to take, perhaps a slow, but a sure revenge. This portion of the story opens with a strange contradiction. The Charlotte with whom Werther elopes two years after the first elopement, is described as "*une jeune fille, belle à ravir, simplement vêtue d'une robe blanche, et se tenant au milieu de six jolis enfants, depuis deux jusque à onze ans.*" On the preceding page this young lady, with a large family, is thus introduced by her cousin, who, with Werther, is proceeding to a *fête champêtre*: "'*Vous allez voir une bien charmante personne,*' me dit sa cousine. '*Prenez-garde,*' ajouta ma demoiselle (his partner, who is also in the carriage), '*d'en devenir amoureux. Elle est déjà promise à un fort brave homme, qui est allé régler la succession de son père et solliciter un emploi considérable.*'"

I leave this contradiction as I find it, particularly as Goethe in a previous chapter has described Charlotte as a married woman, when two years afterwards we find the lovers in Paris—Charlotte a broken-down, pale, and sorrowful woman, dressed in black, and having an infant, which, as it can smile, but not speak, is probably a young Werther. Events now thicken, and the husband takes his revenge. The laws at this time were very severe against the female partner in immorality (*femme perdue*), and Charlotte, during the absence of her lover, is seized in her husband's presence by gens-d'armes, and dragged from her infant to the Hospital of St. Lazare, at that time a prison for criminal and disorderly women. I pass over the long details of her despair—of the brutality of the jailor, who, by the way, tells her that Manon Lescaut occupied the same cell, and was as merry as need be,—only noticing the kindness of an old director of the prison, who undertakes to communicate with Werther; but during their interview receives an official despatch, with a large red seal. The director has a presentiment. Werther starts. Certain grave misfortunes proclaim themselves. The question of Charlotte so entirely occupies the minds of those two men, that it seems impossible that the letter could relate to any other subject; and was it possible that it referred to aught but to make the captive suffer more severely still?

Werther rises; a cold dew breaks out over his forehead. The director opens the letter. He turns pale at the first words.

"You are a man," he exclaims; "courage and read;" and he hands the despatch to Werther.

"Thanks, Monsieur," replies the latter, in a voice hardly audible; "I know now what remains to me to do."

The story now returns to Germany, where affairs are progressing, as well as at Paris. Mustel also arrives here, likewise curious to know whether the prophecy of Goethe was realising itself, and some hours before the advent of Manon. He was at the door when her vehicle stopped at it. She leaped from the *portière* into his arms. Never had he seen her so radiant.

"Pooh!" said Mustel, "Goethe is wrong; Des Grieux loves Manon."

Manon immediately sought Paul and Virginia. She was still gay, smiling, playing with and kissing the children.

"I wager," said Paul, "that Des Grieux will soon be here."

"In three days," replied Manon, "and I believe that he will not soon leave——"

"The incorrigible idler! It is not I who will counsel him to leave again."

Manon looked at Paul, as a superior looks upon an inferior being.

"Loyal heart!" she murmured, "and easy to deceive!"

A drawing showing the cottages in which Paul and Virginia were born is produced, and the different localities pointed out, while, in answer to Manon's inquiries, both husband and wife exclaim that it is their most cherished project to return to the Isle of France, when their children shall be more grown. Manon's eyes shoot fire—she gazes at the picture, and a multitude of thoughts pass between her and it. The clock strikes twelve, and Paul conducts Manon to her house. On the way he questions her as to whether she has not something on her mind—an insinuation which Manon cheerfully disclaims. They part. Manon waits until Paul's steps are no longer heard, then she asks her domestic, in a peremptory tone, "Whether all is ready?"

"Yes, madame."

"Then let the horses be harnessed and at the door at five."

She entered her room and wrote to Mustel, informing him in brief words that when he had received that note, she should be gone, and recommending the chevalier to his care—gently blaming the professor for bringing them to Brunswick, and asking him to assure Virginia that her departure had been in a most loyal cause, but what was her destination nobody must know.

She first proceeds to H——, where she finds Des Grieux in a troubled sleep, and a note stating that he should not see her for some days, as he was going on a round of inspection with the minister. The note ended "*Je t'aime*." Presently Des Grieux starts up from his broken sleep, and hurriedly asks why Manon is there? She tells him—to bid him adieu.

"Adieu! You leave me? And when do you return?"

"Never."

"And who accompanies you?" asks Des Grieux, almost with a sneer.

"Nobody, or you, if you like."

"Thank you, I have no disposition to travel."

"Then I will travel alone."

"Then you no longer love me."

"And you, chevalier, do you longer love me?"

Presently the secret comes out. Des Grieux loves Virginia, a fact which Manon has long been aware of; but she tells him that he will never win the heart of the Creole, that it is too pure to conceive the idea of unholy love; upon which Des Grieux rejoins,—

"And perhaps you love Paul?"

"Rightly spoken, my poor chevalier, I love Paul more than I ever loved you."

She goes on solemnly to allude to the fatality which pursues them both, in each being haunted by a love impossible to be gratified. Des Grieux listens, in a species of terror, to her severely dignified words—and says stolidly, "Let the will of Heaven be done, I remain."

"It is your last word?"

"Yes."

"Then a last embrace, we shall never meet more on earth."

And Manon disappears, leaving Des Grieux in a state of stupefaction, from which he only recovers to fall upon his face on his bed, cover his head with his hands, and cry, in a lamentable voice, "What will become of me, *O mon Dieu!*"

Recovering, after a violent burst of scalding tears, he started for Brunswick. Fever had seized him and hurried him on, until, arrived at the mansion of Paul and Virginia, he tells them all. They are amazed, confounded. "She has left me," exclaimed Des Grieux, "with my love and my despair." In a few minutes Paul is on horseback in pursuit of Manon, leaving Des Grieux with Virginia. Of their conversation I shall transcribe but two or three sentences, which give the key to the whole. Des Grieux speaks,—

"I am the guilty one, not she."

"What mean you?"

"She knows all."

"What knows she?"

"That I no longer love her; I love another woman."

Virginia is stupified, and repeats the words mechanically. She cannot comprehend their import, and she is still more alarmed when Des Grieux, gradually working himself up into a state of frenzied excitement, protests that with all the power of his heart and soul he loves—loves as it is impossible that Paul could love Virginia. He frantically blesses the departure of Manon. It leaves Virginia to him. He knows that he is violating hospitality—that he is polluting a friendly hearth—that he is attempting the honour of a wife and a mother—but wildly beseeches her to give him one word—for mercy's sake not to leave him suffering thus—"I am at thy feet, humble, obedient, submissive—I do not threaten, I pray with clasped hands. Tell me but that you love me—tell me——;" and, overcome by the fury of his passion, he falls into a sort of "moral epilepsy." A fever follows, and towards its convalescence Paul arrives, without having discovered any trace of

Manon. Meantime Mustel, who knows all, impresses upon Des Grieuz that he ought to thank God, who had prevented him from committing a foul crime. Virginia, he tells him, has understood nothing of his words, and he advises him never to attempt to use such language again. Des Grieuz, weak from his fever, hastens to reply that, if he did so, it would be an act of gross ingratitude or useless treachery. He recovers fast, but while he is progressing to health, we must follow Manon.

We find her at Havre—at Havre, where in former days she herself had been brought chained by the waist in the cart of infamy. She recognises the spot where, at the cost of his last crown, Des Grieuz had obtained from the chief of the guards a last interview with his mistress. Wrapped in these reflections, she heard and saw a vehicle such as she herself had rode in, and saw, too, that one alone of all its occupants cowered down—her face hidden in her hands. A man, young and pale, rode on horseback beside the carriage, as Des Grieuz had done before, and this man never took his eyes off the woman, who hid her face.

We return—a phantom narrative is permitted to glide from subject to subject and place to place—we return then to Brunswick, where we find Des Grieuz making his will, and bequeathing all he possesses to the poor of the town. The last night he had allotted himself to live he passes with Paul and Virginia. He speaks of his intention to take a short trip in the country, and as the district is disturbed, requests the loan of Paul's pistols. It is Virginia who gives them to him.

"Take care—they are loaded," she said.

"*Merci!*" replied the chevalier, in a bitter tone.

He rose to go.

"We shall see you to-morrow?"

"Upon my honour, you will see me to-morrow?"

Des Grieuz had already written to one of his friends that he was going to die—not a generous but an egotistic and a degrading death. He avowed that he felt pleasure in giving pain to others. Mustel, meantime, had followed him. It would be strange, he thought, if Virginia gave to the life of Des Grieuz the *dénouement* which Goethe counselled to Werther. The two men supped together. The chevalier drank copiously—"Wine is sleep—wine is fortune—wine is forgetfulness!"

After Mustel's departure, Des Grieuz wrote to Virginia, to the effect that her hand had given him the means of ending a life which was too unhappy to be borne longer. "I promised Paul you would see me to-morrow; I will not break my word." It was long before Des Grieuz could make up his mind to give himself the *coup de grace*. He played with the trigger, and ascertained that the weapon was loaded. His hand trembled. It was more difficult to do than he had thought. He looked in the glass; his face was so pale, that he started back; then returned to it, and made his muscles play, as if to convince himself that he was yet in life. The door opened, his servant entered; he hid the pistol behind him.

"What do you want, Marcel?"

"To rouse you, Monsieur le Chevalier—it is eight o'clock."

"Coward that I am," muttered Des Grieux, "it ought to have been over by this time."

"Has Monsieur any orders for me?"

"No—yet yes," his eye catching the note to Virginia. "I have written it—I have sworn it—I will force myself to keep the oath." And then, louder, "Take this letter to its address, and shut all the doors behind you."

Des Grieux did not longer hesitate. Both Paul and Virginia, as soon as they had read the note, would rush to save him. He must die at once. A full bottle of strong wine stood on the table—he emptied it at a draught, and lifted, for the third time, the implement of death.* Meantime Paul and Virginia had received the note, and, as Des Grieux had predicted, they flew like lightning to the house—opened the doors one after the other—and were at the last when the fatal report rang through the room, followed by a moan and a heavy fall. The bullet had traversed the suicide's brain.

Mustel immediately wrote to Goethe, recounting the details of the suicide. The answer is so characteristic that we translate it.

"Eh, well, dear friend, was I mistaken? Your letter is truly a *chef-d'œuvre*, as letters are which are written by a man of heart under a strong impression. The pistols handed to him by Virginia form an interesting incident which I shall certainly use in Werther. As soon as formalities are over come and see me.

"Yours affectionately,

"GOETHE."

By "formalities" he means the funeral of Des Grieux. Virginia is weeks before she recovers the shock. They then leave Brunswick, and on their way to Paris visit Goethe. He approves of their returning to the Isle of France—they were not fit for Europe. In a year there will be a general war.

"And who will triumph?"

"The truth; but that will not prevent me from going and fighting against the truth. The cannon is the sole means of abolishing royalty, nationality, and distinctions of territory."

"But why, being king here, will you go and enter as a common soldier?"

"One must see a little of everything."

"If you are killed?"

"No fear. I have other things to do in the world than to die."

And so they parted.

Arrived in Paris, Paul and Virginia find their friend and biographer, Bernardin, a married man; having espoused a wife in all respects so entirely harmonising in character and sentiment with himself, that, after they had been man and wife for ten days,

it would seem, so made were they for each other, that the time had rather been ten years. Besides, the author of the "Harmonies of Nature" had received an office which especially suited him—that of superintendant of the Jardin des Plantes.

It was now the period when the mighty heavings of the French Revolution were daily threatening to surge in blood. Bernardin counsels Virginia to remove Paul from Paris as soon as possible, as her husband's ardent temperament would not allow him to remain a mere spectator of the fearful drama on which the curtain might any day draw up. The hint was taken, and the *enfants de la nature*, with Mustel, depart to Havre to take shipping for the Isle of France. While waiting for the sailing of the vessel in which they had engaged passages, Mustel observed, among the landing passengers, a man whom he recognises to be Werther, pale, and clad in black. Werther at the same moment recognises him; and on his question of "Where is Charlotte?" burst into tears.

"Dead!" he exclaimed, "killed—dishonoured—lost by me—dead, without any grave save the sands of the desert, in which I buried her with my own hands, and I—I still live!"

After a great deal of eloquent self-reproach, Werther tells his story, which is full of horrible detail, and of which we shall, therefore, only give the pith. The first part relates to what our readers already know—the arrest of Charlotte and her shipment with Werther at Havre. Mustel remarks to himself upon the curious coincidence between the history of Charlotte and Manon, and Werther continues his tale. They were taken to America, (the place is not stated, but it is evidently a French convict settlement in Canada), introduced to the governor as persons of merit, and allowed to live together, while the other women were distributed as slaves amongst the principal colonists. This good luck does not, however, continue long; the governor assigns Charlotte to his nephew, "who loves her." That night the unhappy couple flee together, straying into an arid desert, where Charlotte sinks exhausted, and Werther proposes that they should die together. To this Charlotte will not consent. "Live," she says, "that some one may weep for me on the earth. Live, that when you tell my friends that I am dead, perhaps they may pardon me." The wretched woman gradually sinks, and dies in her seducer's arms. The details of the interment we omit. The officers sent in pursuit of the fugitives find Werther insensible by the grave; and as no crime is imputed to him—so runs the justice of the world—he is despatched back to France. Mustel, always philosophising, finds out that the events and the realities of life, with their cold and fatal logic, have given to the culpable love of Charlotte the same end as the fantastic philosophy of the Abbé Prevost to the libertine love of Manon.

The last—or rather the next to the last—scene of this strange eventful history, is in the Isle of France, to which Paul and Virginia have returned. The joy with which they retrace their old haunts and find the cabins in which they were born still tenanted by Dominique and Marie is vividly painted. At length

the old negro and his wife conduct their old master and mistress to a grave near the church, covered with turf and flowers, and surmounted with a cross—on which is inscribed, ‘

“The Grave of Virginia.”

“What may this mean?” exclaimed Virginia, turning pale.

“It is a strange history,” replies the negro; and he recounts the wreck of the *St. Geran*, on the Isle d’Ambre—the appearance of a lady clothed in white, on the poop, who smiled and waved an eternal adieu to the people on the shore, exactly as it is narrated in Bernardin St. Pierre’s work. The body is found next day on the sands. It was as beautiful as Virginia herself—but none knew her. The young girls of Port au Prince, dressed in white, carried her to her grave.

“Has the name of this poor woman been discovered?” said Virginia.

“Yes—she came from France, and was called Manon.”

“Manon,” cried Virginia, melting into tears. “She had a right to my name, for she is truly my sister.” And she knelt and wept long beside the grave. Paul was deadly pale. He also knelt and prayed in silence. Then Manon had held her faith. She had sworn to Des Grieux that she would never permit the hand of man to touch her—and she had suffered herself to be drowned rather than accept the proffered aid of a seaman on the wreck. Thus the modesty of which love had caused the loss, love again restored, and Manon acquired (in French fashion) “the right to repose through eternity, under the name of the most chaste and pure of women.”

And now for the catastrophe. Mustel stretched his arms towards Paul and Virginia to embrace them, but it seemed to him that they disappeared—like vanishing shadows. He called to them. They smiled on him, and still grew fainter and fainter, until they melted, little by little, into those vague tints which bound the view of the soul. Under the influence of this hallucination Mustel sprang towards them—but he struck his head against a table, and found nothing under his hand, except the three books, which formed his favourite reading—*Werther*, *Manon*, and *Paul and Virginia*.

And so the Phantom Party broke up.

ADVENTURES OF BENJAMIN BOBBIN THE BAGMAN.

BY CRAWFORD WILSON.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MARVELLOUS.

"GENTLEMEN!" began Mr. Riordan, having gone through the usual preliminaries of coughing, polishing his forehead with his handkerchief, and seeing that his glass was refilled—"Gentlemen! I don't know whether you are all aware that I had an uncle once."

"What! Uncle Patrick again?"

"Give him the true Milesian appellation, if you please, Mr. Hodge, it sounds more euphonious to ears polite."

"What may that be?"

"Phaidrig—Uncle Phaidrig; Phaidrig is the classical term; but, like the faded lights of other days, it has of late degenerated into Patrick, with its discordant abbreviations, more properly called 'nick-names,' viz., Paddy, Patsey, and Pat."

"Well! and what of him? he must have been the wonder of the western world, if all——"

"If all!" shouted Riordan good-humouredly, laying a strong emphasis upon the little conjunction.

"Well, considering all he has passed through——"

"He *was* a wonder, sir, and I feel justly proud of my connection with him, and deeply indebted to my venerable grandmother, without whose valuable assistance I should never have been able to boast of him as my relation. Phaidrig Riordan——"

"Was the gentleman, to whom you allude, a little man, sir? Pardon the inquiry; but I have read of some one possessing that name, who was considerably beneath the average stature."

The question emanated from a thin cadaverous individual, of a decidedly green cast, whose constitution and wardrobe were equally inclined to the consumptive. The strange query drew all eyes towards the chair upon which the owner of the voice reposed, and his gullible physiognomy seemed to impress Riordan with the absolute necessity of a joke. He was buttoned up tightly in a velvet shooting-coat, with a quantity of drab hair where his forehead ought to have been. The obliquity of one of his eyes was partially shaded by a large pair of green spectacles, which rode diagonally upon his narrow undecided nose, whilst the smallest tuft imaginable of long hair sprouting beneath his chin gave his face an expression by no means foreign to the goat tribe. Riordan turned his chair completely round, so as to face him, and, crossing one knee over the other, gazed at him for a moment in utter astonishment, and then cried out, as if surprised at the audacity

of the querist in supposing that any member of his family could condescend to be lower than six feet at least.

"Little! was he little? Seventeen stone weight, sir, avoirdupois, of the best Irish clay, selected from an immense heap, set aside expressly for the modelling of the Riordans, from the time of the flood, was employed during the space of one-and-twenty years in bringing to perfection a gentleman who stood six feet four inches, without the heels of his boots being taken into the measurement. Little! When I was a lad of ten years old, he'd think no more of taking me under his left arm, and leaping clean over the high spiked gate at the entrance to our family demesne, than I do of drinking a tumbler of whiskey-punch. Little! Why, I can tell you for a fact, that at a fair held in our neighbourhood, where some of his tenants got frightfully punished by a faction, which had three brothers, named Mick, Jim, and Ned Delany, at its head, he rushed out of the hotel where he had been dining, and challenged the conquerors, one and all, to do as much for him if they dared. What do you think—the cowardly rascals (there were twenty-three boys above thirty years of age amongst them, seven between eighteen and five-and-twenty, nine women, and six gossoons), what do you think, I ask you, sir, as a reasonable gentleman—that those cowardly rascals did?"

"I do not know, indeed," was the puny creature's modest reply.

Riordan paused for a moment, as if collecting his energies for a bold burst, then leaning forward in the most communicative manner, said, without a smile—

"Why, this! they attacked him *en masse*. My uncle had not a stick to clear a ring with, so he seized one of the Delanys ('t was Mick, I believe, who was an inch and three-quarters taller than himself, but not quite so stout) by the hair of his head, and twisting him round as lightly as if he were but a wheaten straw, put the whole faction to flight, and so retrieved the forfeited honour of his own barony."

"What! do you mean to say, that he used him as a weapon, and beat away the crowd with his body?" cried the eager listener.

"Of course, there's the fun of the thing; and to assure you of the truth of my statement, Delany's legs were so bruised and broken with punishing his own party, that he lost the use of them ever after. However, my uncle gave him a pension of a shilling a day for the rest of his life, and presented him with a new bowl every Christmas, in which he *sits* whenever he goes out to *walk*. Have you read the last history of Ireland?"

"I do not think I have, sir. By whom was it written?"

"One Murtagh MacManus."

"No, I have not—I do not recollect the name."

"Then it's well worthy of your attention."

"I should like to see it, if that be the case."

"Then get it; and when you *have* got it"—the when strongly emphasised—"in the frontispiece you'll see a large plate, repre-

sending the incident to which I allude. Then, if you turn to the three hundred and twenty-seventh page of the sixth volume, you can read the whole account. A note is subjoined to the volume, containing the whole pedigree of the Riordans, ending with my name, 'Myles Riordan,' and commencing with that of 'Beal au Dherig,' the first of the Irish kings. He flourished, according to the truest accounts, *anno mundi* B.C. one hundred and seventy-five."

"I did not think," said Lomer, who, like the others, experienced the greatest difficulty in suppressing his laughter at the monstrous absurdities which the spectacled individual appeared to drink in, "that your family had been so very ancient."

"Oh, it is the oldest upon record," said Riordan, who never stopped at a slight falsification, but cleared it flying, like a Galway hunter, or a rising lawyer in good practice; "it was old at the time I refer you to; but, unfortunately, as my renowned ancestor, Beal au Dherig, was one evening boasting to his prime minister of his ancient lineage, and showing him the parchment on which the only genealogical tree belonging to our line was planned out, some of the whiskey (it was made very strong at that time—the stronger, because it was untaxed)——"

"Stay, stay!" interrupted the excited little individual, for whose express benefit the story was being concocted; "whiskey was not known for ages after the time to which you allude."

"Granted," said Riordan; "Kinnahan's LL. was not then in vogue, but every old woman was at that time her own distiller, the pipe of a teapot serving for a worm, and so they made it just as they required it. It is a traditional fact, worthy of note, that two glasses of it had cases an elevating tendency, that a hydraulic process had in all cases to be applied, for the purpose of keeping the parties true to the centre of gravity."

"How was it applied, Riordan?" asked Hodge.

"By making them sit in a trough, and pumping on them. The ancient custom is still to be seen practised at all our elections for county members, when the restoration of a voter is deemed advisable."

"Indeed you surprise me," accompanied with a glance of great incredulity from our *morceau* of humanity.

"Nevertheless it is a well-substantiated truth. A more modern invention then was patented—I refer to the diluting of the whiskey with milk, and the using it for household purposes in the boiling of their potatoes; and so on, according to the march of intellect, until mankind became blessed with the useful knowledge of mixing what is commonly known as whiskey punch. At that discovery they stopped—'the force of nature could no further go.' Punch is the supernaculum—always provided that the sugar is good, and the water one part to every fifteen of the best thirty O.P. material. Well, as I was telling you, some of the whiskey (usquebaugh was the then known term for the beverage) fell upon the parchment unnoticed by the company, and perfectly saturated it. A short

time afterwards, when the king was knocking the ashes out of his pipe——”

“Pipe!” roared the startled stranger, straining his diminished chest to the utmost, and opening the eye still capable of speculation to a width corresponding with his amazement. “Pipes are a modern invention; Sir Walter Raleigh introduced tobacco.”

“Ralph Lane, you meant to say. I see you have a great knowledge of history; your proficiency does you credit. You were going to say that Ralph Lane introduced the leaf into England.”

“Yes! I—I—I thought it was Sir Walter.”

“No, it was Ralph Lane; but that is of little consequence. What has tobacco to do with pipes? although I was alluding to both. Did you ever eat any of it, my friend?”

“Eat it! No! but I’ve smoked it.”

“And so far you were wise. Tobacco would lie about as lightly upon a man’s stomach as a load of mouldy leather, or a ton of tenpenny nails. We are, therefore, led to surmise, that its introduction was accompanied by a something through which our respected forefathers could inhale the fragrance of the burning weed. Whatever the implement used might have been called, or however modelled—whether it assumed the shape of an humble clay, or the more formidable appearance of a Delaware’s tomahawk—it was absolutely and *bonâ fide* neither more nor less than what we call a ‘pipe!’”

“But you speak of years before——”

“Centuries—ages before. My dear sir, tobacco was first known in Ireland in the year of the world four thousand and five; that is, one year exactly antecedent to the times of which any writings, either sacred or profane, have ever treated. In *anno mundi* one hundred and twelve a violent hurricane swept the land, and the seeds were then blown from the ripened plant across the Atlantic. That, I must tell you, was not then its name. It was known as Nathaniel Landy’s Dyke, for he owned all Galway and thereabouts. In the lapse of years it changed to Natt Landy’s Dyke; then to Attlandyyke; and finally subsided, or rather heaved away to the tune of the ‘Atlantic.’ You see I can give you data for all I assert, and for every doubt ‘confirmations strong as proofs from holy writ.’”

“How very strange! I never knew that before.”

“I’ve no doubt, sir, of what you say; but, as I informed you, some ashes out of the pipe (it was then considered a luxury sacred to Royalty) fell upon the pedigree; a spark of the burning weed was contained in it; when,—whew!—like a flash of lightning, it blazed for a second; and, in the next, the record of our line was a heap of ashes.”

“Can you vouch for the ‘authenticity of the fact?’” asked the little man nervously.

“Most assuredly I can,” returned Riordan, his countenance as unmoved at the prying gaze of the incredulous querist, as would

be one of Egypt's pyramids at the gentle sigh of a passing breeze.

"Very strange!—unaccountably strange!" soliloquised the creature, as he brought the green glasses to bear upon the company collectively, and then upon Riordan especially. And you really believe—that is—I beg your pardon—I meant to say——"

"Believe!" and the descendant of "Beal au Dherig" emitted a voluminous body of smoke from his mouth, and elevated his remarkable eyebrows to such a height, that he looked more like one of Milton's creations at the moment, than any human being moulded out of the clay so expressly set aside for the manufacturing of his honourable race. "Believe!—Belief, sir, is my creed. Do you believe? But why do I ask the question; to be sure you do. No man in a Christianised commercial room could do otherwise."

"Do I believe what?"

Riordan made a pause, and looked at him compassionately. "I've just been thinking that I ought not to ask you the question. No, I ought not!"

"Oh! do, by all means." This was said tremulously, accompanied by an uneasy movement in his chair.

"You might not like to answer me?"

"I should, on my honour." Movement upon chair repeated, and the barnacles adjusted, as if to make "assurance doubly sure."

"Then, you've read of Jonah?"

"Ye-e-es I have," said rather irresolutely, as though the speaker felt himself in a tangled maze.

"Do you believe that he?—But you'll say you do, of course."

"Oh, no! not if I don't mean it." This was spoken more courageously, and with an assurance of the speaker's integrity, conveyed by the laying on of his right hand upon the part of the form divine usually supposed to indicate the locality of a heart.

"Then do you believe," accompanied by a thump on the table, "that he was ever swallowed by the whale?"

"Most religiously I do!" very emphatically said, and with the determination of a man who could willingly be a martyr in such a cause rather than permit his faith to be doubted.

"Then what I've told you, upon my solemn oath, is equally veritable."

The astonished listener inhaled a long breath, and looked round doubtfully and inquisitively at the gentlemen present. Lomer preserved his gravity with wonderful ease, and even ventured to say that he placed the same amount of credence in what Mr. Riordan had stated. As one or two of the other gentlemen bore similar testimony, the little man appeared partially convinced; so, drawing his chair more closely to the fire, and readjusting his spectacles, he looked at the imperturbable face of the Irishman with as much wonder depicted upon his countenance, as its curtailed dimensions could by any possibility permit.

"But what about the ghost, Riordan?" asked Mr. Hodge.

"To be sure. In boasting of my alliance with names so renowned, I have almost forgotten the subject upon which I first started; but now you shall hear all about it."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HAUNTED ROOM.

"In the family mansion there was one room that was rarely visited, and then only by the housekeeper. It had not been tenanted even in my grandfather's time, for the report was, that it was haunted, and strange sounds at midnight, when every other part of the house was still, proceeding from it, coupled with the strange fact that no cat or dog would enter the doorway, strengthened the belief through four generations. It was a bedroom, wainscoted with dark brown oak, and ornamented by two large pictures of a very antiquated appearance. The subject upon which they treated we never could learn, for age, dust, and inattention, had long before defaced them. The size of the paintings may be judged from the dimensions of their frames, they each rested upon the floor, and stood thirteen feet seven inches and a quarter in height, by eight feet ten inches and three-fifths in breadth, (I like to be particular—some men are so given to exaggeration). Those pictures, or frames rather, faced the foot of the bed, whose dingy hangings of faded green-embroidered cloth seemed to harmonize strangely with them in every respect. The room was a large one, its sole occupants the pictures, the bed, an oaken dressing-table, a cracked looking-glass, two old, very old-fashioned chairs, with lumbago in their backs, paralysis in their legs, and moth-eaten seats, and an oaken chest of drawers, curiously inlaid with stones and elephants' teeth. A mystery hung about that room, and its history; strange tales were also extant concerning it, and the well-approved fact, that some few who had slept in it, at different times, out of mere bravado, were as certainly missed the following morning, and never heard of afterwards, justly tended to increase its notoriety, and envelope it in romantic horrors."

"What led to the supposition that it was haunted?" asked the voice beneath the spectacles.

"Supposition," exclaimed Riordan, staring tragically at his diminutive querist. "I deal not in suppositions, I speak of facts—facts, sir, as firmly substantiated as the opacity of the sun, when our earth passes betwixt it and chaos. You understand my meaning, I trust?"

"Oh, perfectly!" and the answer was given as though the speaker had just awakened from a deep sleep, and feared that a negative might impress his companion with a belief, that he was ignorant upon a subject which he took for granted was by no means hypothetical, but indubitably substantiated.

"I thought you would," pursued the unrelenting Irishman,

whilst a comprehensive roll of his eye embraced us individually, and seemed to say with audible language, "Here's a game!"

"Regarding that haunted room, gentlemen, you all need some enlightenment—what I know you shall learn."

"It is related in the history to which I this evening have had occasion to refer, that Riordan Hall some three centuries back was in the possession of one 'Ghone Gorman O'Riordan.' He was my great grandfather's great great grandfather; there might have been another great or two in the case, but that makes little difference now. Well 'Ghone Gorman' was known to possess a strange unaccountable temper, together with some unfathomable propensities. It is also remarked in page eleven hundred and thirty-five of the fourteenth book of the same work, that 'he dealt in sorcery, and practised astrology—having read the black book backwards, wound up the bobbin at the mouth of a lime-kiln, and kissed the gentleman (whose feet would be considerably improved by the wearing of hessian boots) through an open sieve.' It is also worthy of remark that the same note refers to an oak-wainscoted cubiculum in the east gable of our family house, as the studio, or temple of the magician. Tradition leads us to believe that he did not die there, but was noiselessly whistled away by some of his phosphorescent *attachés*, when engaged at his potent cabalistic charms. His wife, we are also informed upon the same undeniable authority, was supposed to have been favoured by a similar escort, for nothing has ever been learned concerning either of their extraordinary disappearances.

"Well, since that time the room has been untenanted. The house is so now, for from the time of my uncle's death, the rats, bats, and owls, have been its sole occupants."

"Is it destroyed, sir?"

"Gone to the dogs twenty-two years, three months, and eleven days ago, dating from this morning at half past nine o'clock. I'll tell you how it came to pass. One evening after dinner, when the wine had circulated freely, as was the custom, only to be succeeded by the decanters of sterling whiskey—the conversation turned upon the haunted chamber, strange tales were told concerning it, and mysterious disappearances quoted. One of them referred to the fate of a priest, who endeavoured to exorcise the spirit. He had slept in the bed for two nights unharmed, by having previously sprinkled the sheets copiously with holy water; before he withdrew for rest the third night, the housekeeper had changed them for a pair of clean ones. The priest knew nothing whatever of the fact; but, relying upon the efficacy of the water previously scattered, he divested himself of his canonicals and went to bed. The next morning, his vestments were discovered untouched, but the holy father was gone for ever. This story had been told by my uncle whilst he was mixing his twenty-second tumbler, and a remark that fell from one of the company relative to its wild character, somewhat nettled his dignity. Hot words ensued; very few they were indeed, but they possessed the virtue of being to the point; the mediators in all such cases were immediately produced, in the

shape of a pair of saw-handled, hair-triggered duelling pistols. Every preliminary was speedily arranged, and as the belligerents were both considered as crack shots—they were instantly propped up with chairs, one at each end of the table (for they were too far gone to stand erect), the seconds withdrawing, or otherwise hiding themselves behind the window curtains, or beneath the table, whilst the two gentlemen were engaged in making targets of each other. Now, although my uncle could take the under jaw from a swallow on the wing, before his breakfast, with a pistol bullet, without her knowledge; or deprive a hare of its whisker, and the greyhounds at its tail, at any distance not exceeding fifty yards, and his opponent was considered almost equally sure, yet strange to say, they fired six shots each, upon the evening in question, without any other result than the damaging of the hangings: but that fault it was afterwards discovered lay in the punch.”

“In the punch! pray how was that?”

“Why, you see their hands were not over steady, so they put too much water to it, and that disconcerted them, or ‘bedivelled them,’ as Father O’Rourke, the parish priest, said in his sermon upon the subject, the following Sunday. Well, as they could not arrange it at all that night, they determined to have another turn at it in the lawn, when the morning broke. In order that neither party might be inconvenienced at the appointed time, it was agreed that beds should be prepared for every one present in the house. Now one of the company, it so fell out, must either sit up all night, or sleep in the haunted room, so they were for casting lots to find out upon whom the privilege should light. The gentleman who had been the cause of all the row, by doubting my uncle’s veracity, would not hear of such a thing; but in a spirit of bravado, volunteered to occupy it, and in fact insisted upon his right. The arrangement was agreeable to every one, so candles were procured, and to bed they went.

“The few hours between four o’clock and eight of a November morning were not long in passing over, and in the drawing-room at the appointed hour for starting forth, some half dozen were assembled, my respected uncle in the midst, whilst they awaited in silence the descent of the party for whose satisfaction the meeting was convened. A little raw brandy was taken as a charm against the piercing morning air, and as a steadier of arms and limbs, but the hands that raised the glasses, I regret to say, were not of the least wavering description. Half an hour passed over, and as he had not made his appearance, two gentlemen were despatched to his room to arouse him, whilst a vague fear of something wrong, struggling through the half-sobered brains of the remaining few, tended only to unnerve them. The deputation returned in a short time with the intelligence that his door was locked, and they could neither gain admission nor receive an answer to their oft-repeated summons. A blank fell upon the faces of every one present; my uncle ejaculated, ‘Driscoll! poor Driscoll!’ and rushed wildly up the stairs, followed by the entire body of shivering early risers. He knocked long and loudly

at the door, looked through the key-hole, and called his name, as he alone could call it. (He had a powerful voice; the electric telegraph is only a nothing in comparison to it, for he could be heard distinctly across a county on a clear day.) As no answer was returned, they held a short consultation, and the upshot was that my uncle struck the door with his clenched hand; the iron-bound oaken jambs gave way at the terrific blow, falling with a crash into the centre of the room. They entered; searched the bed, the drawers, the chairs, rapped the pictures and the wainscot, but all to no purpose. There was no outlet, and the key was still inside of the fallen door, showing that he had locked himself in. Consternation fell upon the party. No Driscoll was there. They were in the height of their amazement, when a rattling noise, followed by the angry mewing of a cat, startled their ears, and added to their fright. The noise was in no particular direction; nor could they surmise from whence it proceeded. At length the eyes of one of the party lighted upon a pair of top-boots, known to have been worn by the absentee the night before. They lay in a far corner. He advanced to lift them, when, lo! they crumbled into ashes at his touch, and from their ruin a huge black cat darted forth, and hissing and spitting, sprang through the window, without having even left a mark upon the glass, and was immediately lost to their sight."

"And the missing gentleman," asked the little man; "what became of him?"

"One week afterwards," resumed Riordan, with a heavy sigh, "a coffin, filled with clay from the garden, and the ashes left by the departed boots, was conveyed to the neighbouring graveyard. A head-stone was soon after set over it by my desponding uncle, bearing this inscription:—

"HIC JACET
MARTIN DRISCOLL,
ÆTATIS XLI."

The stone is still to be seen, but the mystery has never been solved."

"Was the cat ever seen again?" asked the gaping listener.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you about that," returned Riordan; "but you must promise never to mention it. Gentlemen, can I rely upon you?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Decidedly."

"By all means."

"Most assuredly."

Such were the responses, whilst the quick movement of his fingers at the crown of his head, showed that invention was busy at work.

"Then I shall depend upon your secrecy; for I should never wish that the historians could lay hold upon it. My uncle was exceedingly fond of all kinds of sporting, and, in going out one cold raw morning, with his gun under his arm, his hands in his pockets, and his favourite setter, Dinah, at his heels (the nose of

the dog dry and close to the ground, that of the master red, and bearing every appearance of having been pickled in saltpetre), he had occasion to pass through the churchyard, where all that could be found of Driscoll or his boots had been deposited. As he walked along whistling, he was surprised to see Dinah start forward, and make a dead set at his old antagonist's tombstone. 'Hallo!' said he to himself; 'what's up here? It must be something gamy, for that dog never stops at anything of less consequence than a grouse or a pheasant.' So he looked carefully to the priming of his piece, and moved noiselessly forward. At the same instant up sprang a huge black cat upon the stone, and, looking him straight in the face, began leisurely licking her lips, as if she cared nothing at all about him. 'Here's for you, my beauty,' says he; 'your skin will just make me a smoking-cap.' Bang went the gun, within three yards of her. 'Mew,' says the cat; but the devil a stir she stirred, but sat as before, licking her paw, and cleaning her face, as if nothing at all had happened. 'Bad luck to you,' says he, for I must confess that he used to curse betimes. 'Bad luck to you, you black-looking thief of the world, is it defying me you are!' 'Mew!' says the cat, as she commenced pickin'g her teet with her hind foot, and winking at him for the bare life, as much as to say, 'What a *gommoque* you must be to think of taking *me* down!' Well, he primed again and slapped at her; but all she did was to clap her paw upon one of the shot that struck the stone, and began playing with it like a kitten. So he scratched his head, and looked—just as you are looking now."

"Eh?—I! how! how am I?—I mean—how did he look?"

"Oh, just as if he could not make it out by hook or by crook—so he took a hold of the barrel of the gun, and says he, 'If the shot won't do, I'll try what effect the stock will have.' Up he swung it—and down it came upon the cat. You remember what I told you of Mick Delany?"

"Oh, perfectly."

"Then you know he had not a weak arm, when he could use him for a kippeen."

"Of course not."

"Then you won't be surprised when I tell you that he smashed the gun into little pieces, and knocked a triangle out of the corner of the tomb-stone, a foot and a half square."

"Triangle—square—eh, what?"

"A fact, I assure you; the fragment is still preserved in Knock-nagouilly chapel, and shown to the curious at sixpence a head."

"But the cat?"

"Oh, the cat cared no more for the blow, than Fin-ma-cool did for the finger stone; but wagged her tail, and pointed with her right paw to the piece knocked off, and then vanished."

"What did she do that for?"

"Only to show him that he had spoilt the epitaph; so home he went and fell sick. When the doctor came he pronounced his case to be one of violent delirium."

"From fever?"

"No, from whiskey;—but strange to say he always thought that cat was at the foot of his bed, until he died."

"Did he die then?"

"No, he lived for thirty-six hours, and went off like an infant going to sleep; the last words he uttered were, 'Poor pussy, what a stupid thing you are,' all the while rubbing down a corner of the blanket, as if he was playing with a kitten."

The uproarious burst of laughter that hailed the conclusion of the story, astounded the little man, who saw at once that he had been shamefully bamboozled. He jumped to his feet bursting with indignation, looked at Riordan as if he would pulverize him, had he only the power, and without a word or adieu, rushed out of the room.

"Good gracious, Riordan," cried Lomer, the tears in his eyes from laughing, "what induced you to spin such a yarn?"

"Heaven bless your heart, man, I knew the fellow well; his power of suction in the way of general belief is amazing, he'd swallow a crocodile, scales and all, and sleep well after it: that is by no means the first dose I have administered to him."

"Who is he? What is he? He cannot surely be one of us?" were the various questions requiring speedy answers.

"Well, as to who he is? he is what you see. As to what he is? he is the son of a tin-tack manufacturer; but he is by no means a commercial man. He comes into the country half yearly to collect his father's accounts, and hence his admission into a commercial room."

"Are his brothers all fools like himself?"

"He never had any—his mother—Heaven reward her for the deed,—went to sleep under a grassy counterpane after she had brought him into the world. But it is my bedtime. I must say good night to you all, gentlemen."

We soon followed his example, and adjourned to our respective chambers, to think, if we chose, upon the haunted room, or woo the embraces of the drowsy god. The latter choice was mine, and my senses were soon enveloped in the soothing woof of oblivion.

HAPS AND MISHAPS OF A TOUR IN EUROPE.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CATACOMBS.—TOMB OF CECILIA METELLA.—APPIAN WAY.—BATHS OF CARACALLA.—COLUMBARIA.—CAPITOL.—VIA SACRA.—ST. PETER'S.—STATUES.—SISTINE CHAPEL.—HIGH MASS.—THE POPE.—ASPECT OF THE CITY:—OF THE PEOPLE.—PEASANTS.—BEGGARS.—SOLDIERS.—PRIESTS.

WE descended into the catacombs by the usual entrance at the Church of San Sebastiano. These subterranean refuges of the early Christians are indeed very melancholy, dismal, awful places. We were conducted by a dirty and miserable Franciscan friar, looking, in the coarse brown dress of his order, as though he had burrowed for a lifetime in those low, dark passages. Each of us bore a torch, yet never ventured to diverge from the way taken by our guide, or to fall more than a yard or two behind him. He led us through a gloomy and bewildering labyrinth, vault after vault, passage opening on passage, chill chambers of death, interminable halls of night, where our torches seemed to struggle with the heavy air, and to cast faint and fearful gleams into the profound depths of that ancient darkness. He showed us chapels and rude shrines, and everywhere sepulchres, hollowed from the soft rock. Since the Christianisation of Rome, most of the bones of the martyrs who perished here have been removed to less humble tombs in the churches. Many are kept in costly cabinets and shrines as precious and holy relics. I shall never forget a group of graves pointed out to me in one of the chapels—they were those of a father, mother, and two children. I involuntarily exclaimed, "Merciful Heaven! what a place for children!" Poor lambs! what wonder that they would not stay in this chill and sunless abode, but soon sought the "green pastures" and the "still waters" of the Good Shepherd. Perhaps, when they were first brought here, they wondered and questioned why the morning was so long in coming; perhaps, when they were dying, they cried piteously for the sunshine, the flowers, and the pleasant grass. Perhaps they died in utter darkness, and the mother only knew when the cherub soul had escaped from its double prison-house, and ascended to the upper brightness, by feeling the little body grow stiff and cold against her desolate bosom.

As I said, these graves have been rifled, and the bones of the faithful Christians and the sacred vessels which held the blood of martyrdom, and stood in little niches near these graves, have been borne away to cathedrals and monasteries, while the names rudely carved on these stones have been enrolled among the holiest saints of the Church. But who shall collect and enshrine the bones

lying in the secret dungeons and towers of the Inquisition? What bold and pious hand could there have caught and treasured the blood which dripped from the wheel, or splashed against the walls of the *oubliettes*? When shall the saints, who there suffered in secret and died in extremest anguish, receive their canonization?

We drove past that proud tomb which has lifted the single name of a woman, amid the storms of centuries, above the destruction of empires and the convulsions of a thousand wars. Little could Cecilia Metella have dreamed that the inscription on the tomb, raised by "love, or pride," above her dust, would stand out clear when the language in which it was written had been silenced over the whole face of the earth—that the tomb itself would remain unvelled, almost unbroken, when Rome had been long bowed in ruin—when the smiling country about her had become a wild waste—when her race had sunken away out of all remembrance of the glory and power which once dazzled and ruled the world.

We also drove along the tomb-bordered Appian Way, where some recent excavations let us down several feet, on to the very stones over which the chariots of Roman conquerors once rolled, and the troops of the Empire and the Consulate often swept, in all the splendid pomp and insolent pride of victory. Thick, on either side, stood broken and mouldering tombs, and the black, tottering walls of houses—everywhere dead desolation and decay. Looking off to the left, the eye grew weary in following miles on miles of ruined aqueducts. Amid the destruction around, you wonder to see so much of these grand works yet standing, and you almost expect to see them go down before your sight, arch after arch.

The grotto over the fountain of Egeria is an interesting bit of ruin, though stripped of its rich marbles, and every way dilapidated. Of the Temple of Bacchus there remains enough to suggest a faint vision of pillared and sculptured beauty. But what a wilderness of ruin are the Baths of Caracalla! The longer you wander among these stupendous remains, the more you are amazed by the conceptions they give one of the beauty and grandeur of those vast temples of pleasure, in which the Romans revelled like gods, and in whose voluptuous atmosphere Rome's destruction ripened.

The lofty dome of the Pantheon opens towards heaven in almost its first grandeur, defying the devastations of time. Its beautiful pavement seems yet little worn by the tread of unnumbered generations, and the majestic pillars of its portico bear up grandly under the weight of more than eighteen centuries. The attempt to Christianise the Pantheon and like places in Rome, by the introduction of altars and shrines, glaring pictures and bedizened statues of saints, has, in my opinion, signally failed. Their character remains sternly and obstinately Pagan. The ghosts of the dead deities flit around them still. They are for ever haunted by the sensuous, voluptuous, imperious, magnificent old Roman spirit. Amid the stern simplicity of these sublime ruins, the taste involuntarily resents the accessories and parades of the theatrical Catholic worship, as it might some monstrous anachronism in

poetry or art. Even the crosses and shrines in the Coliseum seem but pious impertinencies and the arrogant triumphing of a new faith; and I own that I find it impossible to see the diminutive soldiers and effeminate priests of to-day in the Forum, or the ruined temples of the old heroes and divinities, without a desire to have them swept away, and their places filled by stalwart followers of Mars and manly worshippers of Jove.

Among the most interesting antiquities of Rome are the *Columbaria*, on the Appian Way. These subterranean tombs are so called from their consisting of tier on tier of niches, like pigeon-holes, where the ashes of the dead are stored—some in classic urns, but most in round earthen receptacles, with covers, very like preserve pots or pickle jars. You can thrust your hand into almost any one of these, and bring it up full of the ashes and bony fragments of somebody, or something. In these economical, gregarious sepulchres, were deposited all that stood fire of the slaves and inferior officers of the imperial and princely houses. Over every niche is an inscription, and beside many of the urns and jars a lamp and a small vessel for containing wine.

The grandest view I have yet had of the city and surrounding country was from the tower of the Capitol. There it lay beneath me, in one vast, magnificent circle. Rome! Rome! the fact that I am indeed in its midst, which seems to come to and pass from my mind in a sort of ebb and flow of realisation, broke upon me then almost overpoweringly.

“No more the dream, the longing—
The pilgrim strays at last
Amid thy haunted temples,
Thou city of the past,
Whose eagles once made darkness
Where'er their wings unfurled—
Whose seven hills propped a glory
That domed the ancient world.”

I wrote these lines some time last year for another, little dreaming what a few months would bring forth for me. Almost prophetic they seemed when I stood on that high tower, and looked down on those seven hills, on the yellow Tiber, on the Tarpeian Rock, on the Pantheon, the Coliseum, the noble arches of Constantine, Titus, and Septimius Severus—on the beautiful ruins of the temples about the Forum, and the dark mass of crumbling masonry, of undistinguishable fragments of columns, arches, and vaults, called, as though in bitter mockery of greatness, the Palace of the Cæsars. With these mingled, yet for ever distinct, was modern Rome, headed by that consecrated wonder and splendour of the world, St. Peter's. Out beyond the city walls our eager gaze was directed to plains, and mountains, and ancient places, whose names were familiar as school-house words—Latium, Etruria, the Camp of Hannibal, the Sabine Hills, the Alban Mount, Frascati, Tusculum, and, far away over the desolate Campagna, Tivoli. But I soon turned from the distant to the near, and looked long and thoughtfully down upon the Forum and the

Coliseum, once the point of the highest architectural splendour the world could boast. Soon from those glorious fragments and colossal intimations my mind grasped large conceptions of Rome's proudest times. The broken arches of the Coliseum seemed to fill out again, and the vast amphitheatre to inclose its shouting thousands. The fallen and buried columns about the Forum arose from the dust, and ranged themselves in their old accustomed places. Priests and vestals ministered at sculptured altars, to which the long-banished deities had descended. The warlike brothers sat curbing their fierce steeds—Vesta in her white purity, and Minerva in the calm majesty of wisdom, stood again before their worshippers, and Jupiter sat sublime in his ancient temple.

And the host of the historical recollections of Rome—the memories of battles, and triumphs, and sieges, and revolutions,—how they stormed upon the heart! Scenes in the victorious, disastrous, splendid, and guilty reigns of her emperors, the countless tumults and insurrections of her republics, seemed to pass before me. I saw the Forum now surging with an assembled populace, excited to frenzy by the words of some powerful orator, now brilliant with some sacred festival, now gorgeous with the triumphal course of an army returned from foreign conquests, the victorious leader standing, laurel-crowned, in his chariot, followed by captives in chains, and slaves bearing spoil; and now I beheld it overrun with barbarian hordes, slaying, pillaging, and destroying, till the night closed in blood and flame.

Over that *Via Sacra*, how many of those whom the world counts among her immortals have walked!—Horace, and Virgil, and Cicero, and Catullus, and Brutus, and Cæsar, and Mark Antony, and Cato, and Coriolanus, and, it may be, Peter and Paul.

The "chaste Lucretia" must have trod those stones, and *Brunus's* heroic Portia, the "noble Volumnia," the high-souled Cornelia, and the hapless Virginia. The stern *Virginus* passed here daily, and near by he struck down a base tyrant through the tender heart of his child—surely the grandest sacrifice to freedom and virtue in the annals of time.

November 29.

The outside view of St. Peter's disappointed me, as it does almost every one; the great number and enormous size of the columns which compose the grand colonnade in front, and the admirable proportions of the building itself, having to the eye a strangely diminishing effect. But the first full view of the interior struck a glorious picture upon my mind, which all the waves of time can never wash away—which, it seems to me, even the light of the unsetting sun of eternity cannot fade. That moment is stamped into my soul with those in which I first beheld Niagara and the Coliseum.

St. Peter's is not alone grand, beautiful, and vast—it is absolutely sublime; you feel awe-struck, utterly overwhelmed, by its immensity, its incomparable stupendousness. Were it not for the general harmony of style and just proportion, it would seem not a single gigantic structure, but a mass of congregated and conse-

crated buildings, all constituting a vast accumulation of the splendours of art and the wonders of architecture—the piled offerings of the pride and piety of many ages and nations, the mighty type and temple of a world's worship, towering towards God.

It were far from impossible for good Protestants to feel devotional at St. Peter's; for, though lighter and less gorgeous than most Catholic cathedrals, its stillness and vastness are profoundly impressive, and among its countless shrines, statues, and pictures, there are comparatively few objects offensive to our taste, understanding, and common sense. My eye was most revolted by the stiff bronze figure of St. Peter, sitting bolt upright, key in hand and foot extended, to receive the pious homage of the people. This miserable production has long been the particular object of popular worship—the lip service of millions of the devout has repeatedly worn away the solid metal, and the holy saint has been at least thrice re-toed. The best of the joke to a heretic is, that it is not St. Peter at all, but an old and very ugly statue of Jove, enhaloed, and simply grasping a key instead of a bolt.

The works of Bernini and his disciples, marked as they nearly all are by the wild extravagance and boisterous strength with which this master seemed to boil over—bushy-headed saints, who look as though they had just alighted from riding on a whirlwind and directing a storm—angels in such a state of dishevelled discomposure, with their drapery in such a crazy flutter of breezy folds, and their very wing feathers so on end, you could almost believe them just escaped from some celestial insane asylum—these are simply detestable.

There are here a few monumental works by Thorwaldsen and Canova, which go far to make you forget these sculptured abominations. Many figures, originally fine, are utterly spoiled by an atrocious addition of drapery, consisting of sheets of tin, painted in vile imitation of marble. The modesty of Holy Mother Church has evidently had an alarming outbreak of late years, in the direction of art. Scarce a gleam of a saintly leg or an angelic bosom is now permitted to shock the pure eyes of the devout; but figures poetic and allegorical—muses, seraphs, and the larger-sized cherubs—are henceforth to be muffled up and wound about in this ungraceful and uncomfortable manner. “*Honi soi qui mal y pense.*” O saintly nuns and holy fathers!

It is really a great and memorable thing to stand under the grand dome and look up, up, to the far shining of the pictured glory and mystery of the Godhead. The splendour of those wondrous mosaics, and all the elaborate beauty of the surrounding ornaments, seem to strike down upon you, and dazzle you like the sun at noonday.

Just as we were leaving, after that first visit, the sound of an organ came from one of the chapels nearest the altar, and rolled down the magnificent nave, rounded, solemn, and sweet. The melodious flood seemed to swell about us, sensibly, almost visibly—to lift us off our feet and bear us forth.

Since seeing St. Peter's, all other churches seem to have sunk

away out of sight. I never go to any other, except to hear fine music, see some particular work of art, or witness some imposing ceremony. Yesterday we saw the Pope perform high mass at the Sistine chapel in the Vatican. Here the music was grand, and the ceremonies very magnificent, though somewhat meaningless to a heretic. Into that portion of the chapel where we sat no spectators are admitted, unless dressed entirely in black. The ladies must wear black veils thrown over their heads, without bonnets; and for gentlemen, a dress coat is as indispensable as at the opera. A gilded open-work screen separates this part from that in which are the altar and papal throne. When we entered, the Pope was seated on the latter, under the canopy of purple and gold, in his resplendent sacerdotal robes, with his towering mitre on his head, and with his red-robed cardinals about him. The blaze of silver and gold at the illuminated altar, breaking through wreathing clouds of incense—the frescoed roof and walls, where the gigantic genius of Michael Angelo stands forth supernal in majesty and power—the magnificent costume of the cardinals, and other high-church dignitaries—the striking antique costume of the Swiss guards, the gleam of their helmets and halberds—all constituted a scene peculiar and splendid, if not to us religiously impressive.

In Rome, the “sacred elements” are removed from church to church, and chapel to chapel, every forty-eight hours. This was the occasion of their being removed from the Sistine to the Pauline chapel, which is also in the Vatican.

The Pope did not officiate constantly at the altar, but sat most of the time on his throne; and whenever he rose to take part personally in the ceremonies, whenever his soft-toned voice was heard in prayer, or his paternal hands extended in benediction, all the faithful dropped on their knees, the Swiss guard going down with a resounding clang of arms.

At length the procession formed. A small canopy of white silk and silver, very like the state umbrella of a Chinese mandarin, was held over the head of His Holiness, and with cardinals, bishops, and guards, before, around, and behind him, he walked from the altar to the first door of the chapel, where a large canopy of white silk and silver received him, and was borne over him the remainder of the way to the Pauline chapel. I had a very near view of the sovereign Pontiff, as he passed slowly forth, praying audibly and apparently earnestly, and also as he returned, in less state and at a much less solemn pace. I like the papal countenance; it may be wanting in strength, but it is beautiful in shape and feature, and remarkably gentle and meek in expression.

The Pope is rather stout, yet by no means gross—he looks healthful, but a little indolent.

In strong contrast to him was Cardinal Antonelli, the real force and brain of the present government, who walked a little in advance of His Holiness, and showed for what he is—a proud, subtle, ambitious, unscrupulous spirit. His lips moved mechanically, but little prayed his dark, restless, sinister eyes.

We afterwards visited the chapel in which the sacrament had

been deposited with such pomp and circumstance, and found it as brilliant as rich marbles, gold, and silver, and wax lights innumerable could make it.

From thence we drove to the Catacombs, the dark subterranean source of that mighty spiritual despotism which has subverted empires and exterminated religions, but whose power and glory have declined, and are declining fast, and whose sanctity has become an idle fable, at which, openly or secretly, the world laughs.

Modern Rome is the most singular *mélange* of the grand and poor, of splendour and squalor, imaginable. The streets are narrow and dirty, but many of them lined by towering old palaces, and leading into noble piazzas. There are open squares, containing, almost invariably, fountains beautiful or grotesque, and those most sombre yet picturesque and imposing of monuments, Egyptian obelisks. The general aspect of the city, as seen from a height, is of a dark gray—a strong contrast, indeed, to Iris-hued Genoa. I have as yet remarked no fantastic-looking buildings, painted in light, brilliant colours, or with frescoed outer walls. All respectable dwelling houses are built on a large and lofty scale, with the best suites of apartments astonishingly high up, and the entrance halls chill, dreary, and prison-like.

The Romans of rank and fortune are singularly handsome. You see little in their dress to distinguish them from the English or French resident here, but unerringly recognise them by their pale, olive complexion, their shining black hair, and large, magnificent eyes—not the quick, fiery, sparkling eyes that flash lightning-like upon you in southern France, but those of full-orbed yet chaotic thought, of slumberous passion, dreamy and soft; eyes which do not strike off your gaze from their bright surface, yet are utterly unfathomable, and into which you can look down to depth on depth of mystery and darkness.

The common people are gayer in manner, and you sometimes remark among them forms and faces of striking beauty. I regret to say that the picturesque national costume of this class seems rapidly going out, at least in the large towns. I have seen comparatively few women in the distinctive Roman dress, and most of these are old and ugly, holding on with the deadly tenacity of age to things of the past—alas! I fear a Partington-like resistance to the onward sweep of French fashions and Manchester prints. I sometimes see in the streets a *contadina* from Albano in a brilliant dress of red and white; or out on the Campagna a shepherd boy, clad in a regular John the Baptist kilt of sheepskin, who really look as though they had just stepped out of a picture.

They are far finer and more intelligent looking than the Irish peasants—their dwellings are better, and with pleasanter and more poetic surroundings. But the oft-told truth must be repeated—there is not in the civilised world a people of more careless and uncleanly habits. In all the towns we have yet visited, in the best streets, along the public walks, about the palaces and churches, we meet disgusting filth and vile stenches enough to breed a pesti-

lence which might scourge the world. After a little observation of what manner of lives the common people lead, you little wonder that, for all their delicious climate, they are seldom healthful in appearance. You see very few with the rich, kindling, sun-kissed complexion which painters and poets give them; nearly all their faces are colourless, and some are sallow to the last degree. The children are usually miserably pale and thin. I have seen poor babes tightly swaddled, as all infants are here, lying on the ground or carried stiffly in their mothers' arms, like blocks of wood, whose great patient eyes looked out of black shadows, and whose complexions were of a faint pea green. Yet among this class there are, of course, some children, treasures and godsend to painters and sculptors, whose beauty seems to spring rich and perfect from the very filth and misery which surround them, like those gorgeous flowers which feed and flourish on corruption. These dirty little ragabonds are liable to be waylaid and kidnapped by needy artists, stripped of their rags, washed and *posed*, then to reappear in profane full length, pinioned and quivered as Cupids, or in sacred quarter length, a cherubic head and wings, with indefinite cloudy continuations.

In passing through the suburbs or inferior streets of any Italian town on Sunday, or any other day of more than usual leisure, you will witness an odd and purely Italian sight—mothers seated in, or in front of, their doors, with the heads of their children in their laps, absorbed in an indescribable and hardly hint-at-able maternal duty. At first I took them for practical phrenologists, making careful and conscientious examinations of the organs of their responsibilities, that they might “train them up in the way they should go.”

The beggars constitute a prominent and a most repulsive feature of Italy. They appear in every imaginable variety and degree of wretchedness, disease, and deformity. They beset you everywhere, and at all times—in walks, drives, churches, on the steps of palaces, in shops, *cafés*, among the ruins—at early morning, at noon, at midnight. It is not safe for you to pause to admire a handsome peasant woman, or child, however well-dressed, for begging seems the earliest instinct, the universal, ruling passion of the people.

Driving in the country lately, we passed a stream, on whose banks some women were washing linen; and, on seeing us, an old dame, of at least seventy, dropped the ragged sheet she was cleansing on the rock, dashed through the water up to her venerable knees, cleared the bank with a bound, and presented her withered and dripping palm at the coach door, keeping up with the full speed of our horses—a hideous, horrible creature, chattering and howling like a very she devil, till we exorcised her with a few *bajocchi*. As for those ever legitimate objects of charity, the blind, diseased, deformed, maimed, and crippled, they seem as innumerable as the waves of the sea. You see men with sturdy, broad chests, and big, bushy heads, on legs which have shrunk into a second childhood, and lie coiled under them like cables.

Among the regular liars in wait about one of the churches is an old woman with an immense wen, projecting from her forehead like the horn of a unicorn, and a boy whose withered right arm hangs bare at his side, stiff, straight, and slender, like a pump-handle. Men, legless and armless, mere *torsi*, roll down upon you from declivities; men with paralysed spines wriggle across your path like reptiles; and, in short, there is no end to these deformed forms of humanity, these dismembered members of society. I am always most touched with the appeals of the blind and the maimed. To be sightless and crippled in *Italy*!

O "god of life, of poesy, and light"!

With soldiers and priests Rome actually swarms. You go nowhere that you do not see the French and Papal troops, though far more of the former than of the latter. Indeed, from the number of barracks, sentinelled points, parades, marchings hither and thither, bugle calls, and noisy drum beatings, one might suppose Rome entirely under foreign rule and military law. As for the holy priesthood, as was said of another institution, its "name is legion." You meet, everywhere, dark, sinister-looking Jesuits, in their sombre robes, moving about by twos, at a peculiar, stealthy, prowling gait—walking presentments of the very blackness of spiritual darkness; stupid, vulgar-looking Franciscans, in coarse gowns of brown cloth, rope-girded; barefooted, shaven, begging friars, sometimes leading asses laden with the pious offerings of the faithful—the more asses they; handsome young *abbés*, who contrive in some inexplicable way to give a dandical touch to their ugly, unmanly costume, and who are seldom too much rapt in heavenly contemplation to cast searching and insinuating glances at the young and comely women they chance to meet.

On the Pincian, which is the principal Roman drive and promenade, we often encounter troops of boys and youths, in training for the church, dressed in flowing gowns, and something very like petticoats of black or white flannel, and wearing immense broad-brimmed hats. Nearly all these have faces either cunning, or to the last degree stolid in expression. We there often meet the higher church dignitaries—cardinals, whom we know by their red legs; and monsignori, who are proclaimed by their purple legs. In short, one might suppose it had rained priests for forty days and forty nights on this devoted land.

AN UNDERGRADUATE'S VACATION RAMBLE IN SWEDEN.

INCLUDING A VISIT TO BOMARSUND.

"ALL hail to land once more!" I exclaimed mentally, as I left the deck of the recently moored steamer from Christiania, and elbowed my way through Gottenburgh, the second city in Sweden, with feelings heightened by the perusal of Madame Carlen's charming works on her native country, and with an inclination arising therefrom to regard all things Swedish with a kindly eye. Enjoyment, however, is partly the offspring of fine weather, and a leaden sky and a cold wind gradually dissipated my appreciation; and, indeed, it would have required an infinity of colouring from my imagination to invest with continued interest this dull and orderly merchant city, rendered more so on the day when I entered it by its being Sunday, and from the fact that its wealthiest inhabitants had betaken themselves to their neighbouring country residences. Sunday here seems to be better observed than in other parts of Sweden, and this is probably owing to its mixed population of English, German, and Swedish merchants. For a pleasure-seeking Englishman, Gottenburgh can have no charms, and, accordingly, as Stockholm was the great loadstone which attracted me to Sweden, I determined to take advantage of the steamer, which was to start that night for the capital and commence its three days' journey up the canal and across the beautiful Wenern and Wetteren lakes. Not a berth was to be had; but for this I was prepared, for the proprietors of the "*Gotha Kellare*" had insinuated that, despite there being three steamboats weekly to Stockholm, not a berth would be vacant until the middle of October, all having been taken by the summer excursionists, who go by the canal to Malmö, and so back again to the capital.

Nothing daunted, I resolved to try the endurance of an English constitution by a snooze on deck, with my travelling cloak around me; and accordingly, at twelve o'clock, in company with a couple of Germans of like determination, I pushed my way on board the "*Nordeval*" and laid myself out for sleep near the warm funnel; but the intolerable smell emanating from the engine-room drove me elsewhere, where, in spite of the chilly night air, I was enabled to procure about a couple of hours sleep.

Next morning I found we had just left the Gotha River, and had entered upon the noble Wenern. My first view of Swedish rural scenery gave me many pleasurable sensations: it was more like our own, and probably this will account for my bad taste in preferring it to the grandeur of the Norwegian, which is everywhere so very similar.

Though cultivation did not seem to extend very far inland, yet what there was, seemed to have been well attended to. I met with some very agreeable company on board, and some of Sweden's "celebrities," Professor Frixell, the Swedish historian, and Count Stjerneld, minister for foreign affairs, his wife and daughter. The captain himself was, I understood, a son of the minister of the Marine. Atterbom, the poet and philosophical writer, was there also, besides clergymen, consuls, and other officials. Large was the sprinkling of cadets. They attend, I was told, a military college in Stockholm, to which they go at a very early age, and apply themselves to military as well as to less advanced studies. Some of them are mere boys. Their gymnasium is well worth a visit, on account of the agility of its frequenters. These cadets wear the military uniform, consisting of a dark-blue cloth jacket, with brass buttons, epaulettes, white or blue striped white trousers, and a large military cloak, whilst a sword dangles by their side. A quaintly shaped cap, with a large shade and a small flower decoration on its front, completes their attire.

In the afternoon I was introduced by the captain to an English gentleman, of the name of V., a resident merchant in the capital, having houses both in America and England. He told me he led a very "*dolce far niente*" life in Stockholm, for the nature of his business did not require much exertion on his part. He is enamoured of Stockholm, and lauds highly its society, of which he sees the best circles. S., his country residence, about three miles from Stockholm, is a charming rural spot. He had his carriage on board, and a Swedish servant. Like a generous Englishman, he offered me part of his saloon in the cabin, an invitation which I was only too glad to accept. The packet having several locks to penetrate, time was allowed us to visit the Falls of Trolhættan. Before I had seen Rjukand Foss, I had heard much of these falls, but subsequently was told I should be disappointed: but it was not so. The grandeur of the numerous falls delighted me; not that they fall from any great height, but the breadth and depth of their waters, as they foam and dash through the oddly shaped massive rocks, create awe as well as admiration.

Tuesday, Aug. 15.—To-day I made acquaintance with a couple of Swedes. One was an enthusiastic admirer of poetry, and a reader of all the English greater poets. He had with him a copy of Byron in English. His acquaintance with his author was large, and he quoted copiously from many of the gems, but in such Scandinavian English that I could with difficulty understand him, and was compelled frequently to interrupt him, and beg him to repeat the quotations which he seemed, by his manner, so thoroughly to relish. He conversed with me about Frederica Bremer and Madame Carlen. The latter has lost her son within the last two years, and has become so melancholy as to have laid aside her pen altogether since that unhappy event.

The other Swedish gentleman spoke English fluently, and was likewise conversant with English literature. From him I derived

some information relative to religious matters in Sweden, and felt, as he spoke of the absence of religious freedom, how much was wanting to constitute Sweden emphatically "a great country." Should any one, who thinks he is better informed and educated than the rest, think fit to entertain religious ideas at variance with the Lutheran faith, and should he, for the purpose of inoculating his countrymen therewith, hold a meeting, he would be dismissed his country, should it ever come to the ears of government. The Swedish pastors are a very *laissez-aller* class as a body; they have their *adjunktos*, or curates, whose income averages 400 rix-dollars, or 22*l.*, whilst their own average 2000 rix-dollars. Those selected for the pastoral office are, I was told, generally the least gifted of their families. When at College, they live well, and lead an idle and noisy life; afterwards they enter the church with no very strict notions of morality, and would, moreover, like the generality of their countrymen, make as light of the seventh commandment as Louis the Eleventh of all oaths, save that of the Holy Cross of St. Lo d'Angers. That which particularly strikes an Englishman in Sweden, and in Scandinavia generally, is the seeming absence of all religious feeling, and probably this may be traced to the utter inattention and insensibility of the clergy to the religious wants of the people. Two hours' attendance on Sunday at church, one-fourth of which time is devoted to the extemporaneous preaching of their easy-tempered pastor, absolves them for the rest of the week from any weak attention to religious matters; nor can this be wondered at, when the abilities, or rather inabilities, of the clergy, as a body, are considered.

Swedish society is undoubtedly very pleasant. The Swedes are soon at home with each other, and ever ready to greet a stranger kindly. The monotonous sea voyage of an English steamboat is rendered unbearable by the cautious reserve of my worthy countrymen; but all on board the "*Nordeval*" seemed pleased and full of life. Conversation, books, and needlework for the lady portion of the passengers, rendered additionally pleasant the journey through the lovely lake scenery; cards also afforded amusement to a large proportion of the male passengers, and Pastor E., a jocular fat old man, presided at the game of "Harlequin." They played for money, though not high. The cards have various designs upon them—harlequins, wreaths, flower-pots, swine, hussars, cavalry, each of which has its relative value, whilst he who is dealt "Harlequin" is said to be killed, and has to hand over his stake to the lucky possessor of the card of highest value.

It used to be the custom in Sweden for the clergymen of a district, by the consent of its bishop, to elect one of their number to compose a Latin Theme on a religious subject appointed by themselves. He upon whom the lot fell had a certain time given him, at the expiration of which the bishop would allow the clergy to assemble and discuss the merits of the printed pamphlet. This Pastor E. was some thirty years ago appointed, by his brethren of the cloth, to write the Latin Essay, but the

bishop being very old, and probably not willing to enter seriously into a long debate with his clergy, would not allow them to be called together on this occasion; whereupon he of the rich living threatened an action against his superior unless he called a Convocation, on the grounds that he had wasted much time in the composition of his Latinity, as well as spent muckle silver in the printing of the same. The affair of course blew over, but at the time it created much laughter, and was duly chronicled in the district journal.

On the Thursday following, after a journey of three days and four nights, we anchored safely at one of the numerous quays about Stockholm, at four o'clock in the morning, and my politeness not allowing me to awaken its inhabitants at so early an hour, I waited till six, when I trod *terra firma* and made for the Hotel du Garni. On my way I was struck by the magnificent buildings and monuments of Swedish historical celebrities, as well as by the beautiful site of the city, which commands views both of the island-dotted Malar and an armlet of the Baltic. After I had dispatched my breakfast, to which I did but poor justice, owing to my appetite being whetted for other and better things, I sallied out, with the intention of taking a general view of the city. I was delighted with all I saw, with the Gustav Adolf Torg and the Norrbro, which skirts the northern side of the palace, in particular. Charmed with the view of the Malar and the noble buildings and pretty residences on its shores I obtained from the eastern façade of the palace, I lingered there, notwithstanding the number of noble objects which I had yet to see.

After looking at some fine statues—those of Axel Oxenstjerna in the portico of the eastern façade of the palace of Gustavus Adolphus, modelled in bronze after the famous Apollo Belvidere, with a splendid marble pedestal; an obelisk of granite raised by Gustavus IV. in memory of the support given him by the burghesses of Stockholm in 1788—I came back by the same way and stood before the Opera House in Gustavus Adolphus Square, in which building Gustavus the Third's assassination took place. Turning out of this square, I shortly afterwards found myself in that of Carl XIII., in the centre of which is placed the munificent Bernadotte's statue of that monarch. This square is very broad, and its leafy walks afford a pleasant retreat for all classes.

Stockholm is a fairy city! Seen even from the Malar, it presents undoubtedly a fine appearance, but this view yields to that obtained from the Baltic; its crowning ornament, the Palace, now stands prominently forward as the chief attraction, around which the other noble buildings cluster, to enhance its beauty. One side of this square skirts the Baltic, and as far as the eye could see, its waters were studded with pleasure steamboats and smaller craft, whose gay painted paddle-boxes were propelled by the sturdy Dalecarlian peasant women. The costume of the women is very pretty, and they display great taste in the selection of their colours; but save me from wearing such spiked boots, the weight of which long usage can alone make tolerable, and at the very sight

of which our English drayman would be frightened ! The streets of Stockholm, full of life and gaiety, are crowded with gay shops, whilst the carriage road is well lined with handsome carriages and still handsomer tenants. Yet all is foreign—the costumes of the inhabitants, their manners, the shape of their vehicles, and, in short, almost all you see. One is struck by the contrast of a country haycart drawn by sturdy oxen, as it wends its way sluggishly by the side of the handsome carriages. Strömparterren is a tastefully arranged promenade below the Norrbro, whence many a pretty view of the Malar is obtainable. Here I was gratified by some excellently played opera airs ; one in particular, the music of which I well recollected. On one side of this garden an excellent saloon is erected, outside of which the Stockholmers sip their coffee, smoke, and devour ices.

I devoted my next morning to exploring the palace, which is full of all kinds of treasures and collections, and contains, besides the royal apartments, those of the Crown Prince and Princess. The former particularly interest an Englishman, having been once occupied by Napoleon's some time general, Bernadotte. Here, too, I saw beautiful busts and statues executed by the master chisels of Bystrom and Sergel Seyel. Thence I betook myself to the Museum of Paintings, where an unexpected treat awaited me ; instead of a few specimens of some of the best Dutch painters, as I had been led to expect, I found a large gallery, arranged in excellent taste, with marble busts and statues at the base of the pictures, executed by the aforementioned Swedish artists. There were paintings by Rembrandt, Caravaggio, Rubens, Both, Paul Brill, Wouvermanns, Van Dyck, Gerard Dow, besides others of equal celebrity. Gerard Dow's "Magdalen" in this collection is one of his happiest efforts, yet it hardly gives pleasure, for the artist has but one face for all his women. "Paysage," by Paul Brill, is an exquisite wood scene, with a truly grand Rembrandt-like background of wild and shady copse, formed by the overlapping of the rich dark foliage of trees, in the painting of which this artist has no equal. Having spent in this manner a delightful morning, I prepared for my visit to Mr. V.'s summer residence, about half a Swedish mile from the capital, having received an invitation to dinner. An elegant carriage drove us to the residence of the Countess R., who was to dine with us. Our way thence lay through very pretty scenery, and here and there, through the trees, we caught a glimpse of a placid lake. Arrived at Mr. V.'s house, I admired the taste which had prompted him to select so prettily situated a spot. One side of the building looks upon an inlet of the Baltic, which is shut in on three sides by granite rocks, covered with wood, with here and there a cottage on their summits, whose wooden red-ochre-painted exterior contrasts well with the deep green of the surrounding foliage. On one side the height of the rocks was comparatively insignificant, and the surface of one of the highest had been selected as the site of Mr. V.'s residence. The house itself was but of two stories, but these contained elegant and spacious rooms. A separate building, detached, contained the ball-room, which was of great

size and elegance. Shortly after my arrival I was introduced to Mrs. V. and the Countess R.'s daughter, but, as these ladies are more than ordinarily beautiful and accomplished, it is but polite that I should give a description of each of them. Mrs. V., a French lady by birth, became acquainted with Mr. V. in America, whither she had gone with her friends for the pleasure of travelling and sight-seeing; here, however, an attachment sprang up between them, and not long afterwards they were married at the French embassy in Paris. After some time her husband's business required his attention at Stockholm, where they have now been settled for some time. They are known very generally in Stockholm, and mix in the best society. The lady is very accomplished, and is acquainted with English and Swedish, besides her native tongue; she is also an excellent draughtswoman, besides possessing divers other accomplishments. She has a very pretty, but peculiar appearance, occasioned by a border of silver-white hair, which fringes the remaining light brow; the hair is turned back in the French fashion, which gives greater display to her regular features. A complexion of great delicacy, and a winning smile, leave altogether a very charming impression. Her companion, Friu-ken R., is about eighteen, and very pretty, with black hair, dark and intelligent eyes, a pretty voice, and a ladylike figure. She spoke English fluently.

After some chat, dinner was announced, when I was ushered into a cool and spacious room, which, as is the custom in Scandinavia in summer, was carpetless. Two long tables occupied angles in the windows; on one of which were smôrbröd, condiments, and decanters of Swedish brandy; of these it is the custom to partake first, without sitting down. We now went to the elegantly spread dining-table in the centre of the room, where champagne and other choice wines awaited our arrival; the dishes were handed, and divers were the courses. From this room a door communicating with some steps brought us to the garden, which was filled with the choicest specimens of flowers, and laid out with great taste. From a terrace I obtained a lovely view of the inlet, and of the exquisite surrounding scenery. After some time coffee was handed to us, and shortly afterwards the ladies, who had received an invitation to an evening reception, given by the President of the Norwegian Sthorting, whose house was situated in the Dhurgaard, retired; whilst Mr. V. and myself, descending some steps which led to the water, tried the merits of a Canadian canoe. We then returned for the ladies, and by this time the Dalecarlian peasant women being prepared with their boat, we were speedily landed in the Dhurgaard, or Deer-park. On our way through it, we visited Rosendal, a summer residence of the kings: it is a modern building, but displays so many evidences of the artistical taste of the king, as to be well worth a visit. Outside the edifice stands the celebrated porphyry vase, the largest of its kind in the world.

As we turned again into the park from the palace, looking towards Stockholm through the trees, we beheld the lake dyed with a purple hue, reflected by the sunset. Shortly afterwards I

left my friends and plunged into the penetralia of the Dhurgård. This is one of the most fashionable resorts of the Stockholmers, and deservedly so, for to the charms of an English park it unites all the attractions of a gay city, so studded is it with promenades, saloons, restaurants, and other places of amusement: in this respect it reminds the Danish traveller of Dyrhave, though much superior to the latter in point of scenery. Resolved to finish my evening merrily, I entered the King's Theatre, upon which I had accidentally stumbled in my attempts to thread my way out of the park. There was some excellent acting, and the piece being a comedy, served to bring out the dry humour which the Swedish actors peculiarly possess. It was quite dark when I left, and by mere chance I found my way to the water's edge, where I embarked, and was landed at the palace steps, just as the inhabitants of the capital were beginning to settle in.

On Friday, Aug. 18th, despatches were received by the Swedish Government, from Sir Charles Napier, announcing the capture of Bomarsund by the allies. The news was not generally known till the next day, when the Saturday's papers announced the fact to the Stockholmers, and also contained notices of the intention of the several directors of the steamboat companies to start excursion steamboats to the scene of the late action. The excitement of the Swedes was immense; the steamboats advertised were crowded to excess, and not a hammock, much less a berth, was to be had within an hour of the announcement: four steamers were taken off their usual line and put upon one that promised to yield a quicker and larger profit. No more could be had, and, without doubt, multitudes must have been disappointed. I presented myself at the office of the company after the hour, and was only too glad to pay a very high price for mere standing room in the "*Esaias Tegner*," which proved to be the fastest and most comfortable of the four.

Every Swede extols the beauty of the approach to Stockholm from the Baltic, and it was not long before I let my companions know that I joined in their verdict. The armlet at the Baltic, shortly after you leave Stockholm, branches out on all sides, and is crowned with islands of all shapes and sizes; in one of these branches I saw the French screw-vessel that had the day before brought tidings of the capture. At about ten o'clock we arrived at Waxholm, a circular fortress that becomes every year stronger and stronger; whose numerous guns, were their opposite neighbours disposed to retaliate upon the Swedes for their neutrality during the present war, would give them a warm reception, for in their approach to Stockholm by the Baltic, the Russians must necessarily come within range of them. Upon my arrival on deck the next morning (Sunday), after a refreshing sleep of a few hours, though in the densely-packed cabin, into which I had descended, upon the promise of part of a berth from one of my companion Swedes, I found we had just come in sight of the portion of the fleet which had anchored within easy view of the Aland Islands. It was a grand sight, but we reserved a minute inspection of it until our return from Bomarsund. At Degerby we procured

a pilot and proceeded briskly on, having given the steamers that had started some hours before us the "go by." About eight o'clock we came in sight of Bomarsund. Part of the French fleet, and the greater part of the English, was drawn up in front of the main fortress. Having moored our boat within fifty yards of the latter, a debate ensued whether we should land, on account of the prevalence of cholera among the French troops; but the fear of thirteen days' quarantine on our return to Stockholm suggested a more prudent policy, and an opportunity was lost of seeing the French troops encamped within three miles of the fortress—the fortress itself we could not have entered, for here the French troops, suspecting a mine, were busily engaged in probing the earth, and would allow no one to come near. The scenery of the Aland Islands much resembles some of the less beautiful parts of Sweden through which I had passed—the same low rocks with scanty verdure and poor soil, seemingly more cultivated the further the eye penetrated into the interior. When we landed, the French troops were engaged in shipping the guns which had done such terrible execution. Not an English officer was to be seen, save those cruising in open boats from the various men-of-war. The Russians prior to the attack had destroyed the village and burnt the surrounding woods, that presented a strong contrast to the immediate neighbourhood, which was covered with firs. The tall brick chimneys of the houses were the only portions left.

The following particulars I gleaned from my companions on board, who had doubtless seen them related in the Swedish journals. On the Wednesday morning, when the fortress had been bombshelled continuously for many hours, Captain Hall landed in an open boat with a pocket handkerchief in his hand, no flag of truce being procurable, and, accompanied by a few men, made for the fortress, when the Russians drew the flag into the fortress and fired upon them. The French troops, seeing from some distance off the imminent danger of Captain Hall, bore down upon the fortress and opened a warm fire upon the Russian garrison. On Captain Hall demanding the submission of the fortress, the commandant refused to surrender unless under conditions, but as the gallant Captain would not listen to these, and threatened upon non-compliance to demolish the fortress altogether, and give no quarter, the Russians capitulated and surrendered to the impromptu flag of Captain Hall.

It is said that treachery and insubordination were general amongst the Russians, and it is known that during the siege a great portion of them imbibed very freely. In one instance, a French officer coming on shore, found one of the French soldiers playfully stabbing with his sword a prostrate Russian; upon the officer coming up to the group, and demanding the reason of so unusual an occurrence, the soldier replied that he was giving his companion a lesson for his audacity in threatening the life of a French officer. The French officer prevented him from taking the law into his own hands, and bade him help to conduct the Russian, who was thoroughly stupid with drink, to the boat from

which he had just then landed. On their progress the Russian contrived to raise his head with the intention of snatching a kiss from his conductors. Both, having been probably accustomed to similar offerings from fairer lips, managed dexterously to avoid the proffered courtesy, and securing their prisoner with a tighter hand, succeeded in safely depositing him in the boat.

When about leaving Bomarsund, we saw some of the French troops beguiling their spare time in fishing, whilst others were walking about in knots, and seemed to be thoroughly enjoying themselves. As we passed, on our return, the portion of the fleet stationed in front of the fortress, the Swedes waved their hats and rent the air with huzzas; to which the sailors replied by similar demonstrations, an evidence of their being in high spirits after their recent conflict. We saw some of the English sailors preparing for a morning bath, whilst others flung themselves off the masts and swam out a considerable distance from the ship, from whose side a sail had been lowered into the water, secured at the four corners, and intended probably for those who were tired of their refreshing amusement of swimming. We moored our vessel at Degerby, and resolved to follow the example of the sailors, and avail ourselves of the beautifully clear water; so we plunged in, and much astonished the peasants, who stared in wonderment at the floating mass of human heads on the surface of the water. The peasants, though evidently glad to change their masters, were apprehensive of the return of the Russians, and hoped that the allies would not leave Bomarsund.

Soon we came in sight of the remainder of the fleet; to the crews of each of the ships we gave the regular salute, which was always returned with hearty good-will, and with the accompanying wave of the hat. Thus ended the visit to Bomarsund, and, although they did not go on shore, the Swedes were evidently delighted with all they had seen, and admired the gigantic proportions of some of the men-of-war, which alone, they said, were well worth the visit.

Whoever goes to Stockholm should not omit a visit to Dronningholm and Gripsholm: to these summer palaces of the King, steamboats run almost every day. The buildings themselves are not only splendid, but they also contain beautiful paintings by some of the first masters, besides sculptures and other beautiful objects. Dronningholm was rebuilt half a century ago, though the original building was of very ancient date: it is very often the residence of the King, but was now occupied by the Crown Prince. The park around the palace is very beautiful, and contains noble avenues and walks, some not inferior to the celebrated Christ Church Walk in Oxford. At one end of the park stands "Canton," a row of summer-houses, which Louisa Ulrica originally built as manufactories, but they have since been let out to private persons as residences. Pretty little cottages peep out everywhere, which are no doubt occupied by the servants employed in the palace. On the lawn, in front of the palace, stand eight mythological subjects carved in the school of Michael Angelo, but time and weather had

done much to diminish their value, as well as their beauty. Thus my visit to Stockholm and its neighbourhood terminated, and the next day I took a passage on board the steamboat to Ystad, and left, perhaps for ever, a place of which I shall always retain the "sunniest memories."

THE FLITCH OF BACON.*

"THE Flitch of Bacon, or the Custom of Dunmow,"* carries us back to the reign of George the Second; the 20th of June, 1751, being the last occasion on which the ancient ceremony was duly performed with all the attendant honours. The origin of the memorable custom, hitherto enveloped in some obscurity, is fully detailed in the progress of the present story. Here we are on true English ground; nothing is foreign, but all is native and indigenous. Mr. Ainsworth is entitled to our best thanks for a racy little book which never flags, but reminds us of Fielding and Smollett in every page, without the coarseness so objectionable to modern taste, and so disfiguring to their otherwise inimitable pages. There is also enough of mystery, romance, and ghostly visitants to satisfy the most enthusiastic admirers of the "Old English Baron" and the "Castle of Otranto." We forgive Bab Bassingbourne for being nearly a facsimile of Constance in the "Love Chase;" jovial Jonas Nettlebed for being a revival of the extinct landlord, so often limned by the painters of humour we have just named; Nelly, his spouse, for her compound resemblance to Dot and Dolly Varden; and Captain Amurath Juddick for his relationship to a whole regiment of blustering Drawcansirs. The incidental ballads and legends are well thrown in, and quite in harmony with the characters and incidents. This volume will greatly add to the author's well-established fame, and cannot fail to find an extensive circulation. We have seldom enjoyed a pleasanter two or three hours than those occupied in the perusal, and were both sorry and surprised when we arrived at the "*Envoy*."

* "The Flitch of Bacon, or the Custom of Dunmow. A Tale of English Home." By William Harrison Ainsworth. 1854.



THE LIFE OF
GENERAL SIR JOHN WILKINSON

BY
JAMES WILKINSON, ESQ. A FELLOW OF THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQVARIARIES.

LONDON:

1804.

THE CAMPAIGN IN THE CRIMEA.

THE expedition to the Crimea, the victory which inaugurated, and the inevitable result which crowns it, render 1854, like 1814, an epoch ever memorable for the overthrow of a gigantic military power, the terror and might of whose arm petrified both the monarchs and the people of Europe, and prevented either from moving a single step in the path of progress. If Europe was sick of Napoleon in 1814, and sighed for its deliverance, the feelings of one quarter of the globe are identical at the present moment in the desire to shake off the *incubus* of Russia. The blow which ensures this deliverance has just been struck. The battle of the Alma is equal to that of Leipsic in importance. Whether it, like Leipsic, will be the commencement of the complete downfall and destruction of Russian ascendancy, will depend upon the temper and character of Nicholas. If, like Napoleon, he cannot command his proud spirit to accept defeat and its consequences, if his diplomatists higgle when they should concede—and the Czar himself can no more resign the empire of the East than Napoleon could that of the West—then, no doubt, we shall have another campaign terminating in a similar catastrophe; and the conditions of the Western Powers, if rejected at Sebastopol, will be enforced at St. Petersburg.

We objected at first to the expedition against Sebastopol, on the ground that a victory in the field was a result of ten times more magnitude and influence than the reduction of a fortress; and because in the open field there are an hundred ways and opportunities of turning and defeating an enemy, without running against battlements which years have been spent in strengthening, or storming entrenchments in which the enemy have been able to concentrate skill and force. The tactics of Prince Menschikoff have, however, obviated the chief of our objections. Instead of lurking behind the walls of Sebastopol, he has faced his foes in the field, and afforded them the long-sought opportunity of measuring arms in an open battle. The result has been a victory won by the allies, which must have an immense moral effect over one, nay, we may say, over the four quarters of the globe.

Let us begin by doing the Russian commander justice. He displayed great skill, foresight, and courage; and if he failed, it was that the *morale* and spirit of his soldiers were not equal to those of their assailants. And this was of far more importance to establish than the superiority of any one general to another. It was but too generally asserted, that the impulse of the Russians southwards was too national and too powerful to be resisted. On the Alma it was proved, that the spirit and the power which forbid the Russian Emperor to pass the Pruth or absorb the

Levant, are more mighty far and more irresistible than the will or the impulse of all the Russias and of all the Russians.

Prince Menschikoff, no doubt, thought it most probable that the allies would land to the south of Sebastopol: for as the fortress is defended by a gulf and a creek to the north and east, it is only from the south and west it could be effectually assailed; the Russian batteries and forces were prepared and concentrated, therefore, between Sebastopol and Balaklava. There was a possibility, however, that the allies would land north of the fortress; in which case they would have long and circuitous marches over high grounds offering ample means of defence, ere they could turn the gulf or get within range of Sebastopol. Menschikoff, therefore, studied the ground to the north; found there an admirable position, so strong, so difficult to assail, and impracticable to turn, that should the allies land to the north, he resolved to await them there, and not even take the trouble to molest their landing.

The allies landed to the north; and the embarkation and landing of 50,000 men, with the artillery and stores, was of itself a feat unexampled in war. The very experience gained in the accomplishment of such a task, is alone of an immense import to maritime powers. An invasion of the Crimea by so large a force was thought impossible by the Russians. It is a terrible blow to large, and uncivilised, and unwieldy empires, to prove to them that 100,000 bayonets can be landed on their shores; so that Russia may be said to have lost more strength than it gained by extending her empire around the Black Sea as well as the Baltic.

After landing, it so happened that the English obtained the position of most difficulty and peril, being that most inland; whilst the French, marching along the sea-shore, were supported by the shipping, and had both flanks protected. The same arrangement brought the British in front of the strength of the Russian position, whilst the French arrived on its side. There was not need, therefore, of any manœuvre on the part of the French to turn the Russian position; they naturally turned it in the course of their advance. The expectation expressed in the despatch of Marshal St. Arnaud, that the English would also out-flank the enemy on the land side, was unreasonable. If they had attempted it, the allies would have been cut in two, and would not have gained the victory they did. The idea of St. Arnaud was, that Sir De Lacy Evans's division and that of Prince Napoleon should together have the place of honour, should storm and carry the chief battery of the Russians, the light division of Sir George Brown turning it on the left. This plan was deranged; work was found for Prince Napoleon's corps more to the right, and the storming of the batteries fell to both the divisions of Evans and of Brown.

Mr. Russell, in his animated sketch of the battle-field, represents the French as doing what they could best do, advancing a

crowd of tirailleurs, and closing on the enemy with rapidity and daring, the British on their side undertaking

“ To face the batteries’ jaws of flame.”

It is remarkable that the tactics of Menschikoff were those of the Duke of Wellington through a great portion of his campaigns; who whenever he was inferior in numbers, chose a commanding position—an isolated hill summit, if possible, like those which the French call the *Areopyles* near Salamanca—and there he awaited the attack of the enemy; not, indeed, taking the trouble to entrench himself, like Menschikoff, but deeming the advantage of ground quite enough without ditch or earthwork. When, however, the enemy gained the height or plateau on which he was posted, Wellington always ordered the British to attack them with the bayonet; and that was an order always executed with alacrity, and never failing of the most complete success.

Prince Menschikoff took far more precaution than ever the Duke did. He prepared a double and triple line of defence, three or four of his batteries being within point blank shot of the fords of the river, so that he was unassailable in column; and when the first division advanced in close force, approaching to a column, they were mowed down. It was necessary to advance and assault in line; that which no continental army is considered capable of, but which English soldiers have done on several occasions, and most gloriously and notably on the Alma. No one does them more justice than the French officers and soldiers, a proof that they themselves are equal to the same deed of daring.

Although Menschikoff deserves praise for his generalship, it cannot be considered that of the highest order. It was that of a general who aimed at killing as many of his foes as he could, but who did not yet go the best way to defeat them. The idea of having two lines of defence, a second and hinder one to retreat to after the first is carried, is a bad plan; for it puts into a soldier’s head the idea that he is to be beaten, and must retreat. Thus it was with the Russians: knowing that they had a second line of defence, they soon abandoned the foremost and withdrew their guns. One line of defence, with batteries that flanked each other, and masses of infantry to protect them, ought to have made of the heights of the Alma another *Torres Vedras*. But to cover the front of a steep and undulating hill with batteries, easy of defence, and perfectly flanking each other, requires the eye of a consummate general and the work of an experienced engineer. These the Russians had not.

The battle of Alma, as won, is a grand refutation of a pernicious belief too generally prevalent. This was, that courage and the indomitable spirit of the conquering soldier were attributes of rude and uncivilised man; nations, as they become used to the comforts, the luxuries, and the mildnesses of civilised life, deteriorating in the qualities of valour, strength, and hardihood, however they may have supplied them by military discipline and skill. And hereon was built that promise or threat of Western Europe

being once more overrun by the hordes of Siberia, and Europe becoming Cossack. Here it is proved, that the more civilised, wealthy, and pampered the nation, not only are its soldiers superior in discipline, but still more superior in physical strength, hardihood, and daring. It is to the civilised countries of the West that we are now to look, not merely for able generals to command, but for the grenadiers who can face a battery and mount to the assault. In this most important respect, the victory of the Alma is one which tells in support of progress, of freedom, and of intelligence.

It was the moral victory obtained at the Alma, and not the material advantage, which decided the campaign. For we must admit that the material results were small. A loss of nearly 4000 men, whilst the enemy is calculated to have lost but 6000, and the capture of but two guns, is a species of victory which no army could afford to repeat. And had Menschikoff been able to rally his men, so as to make even the same amount of resistance, with the same results, successively on the Katcha and on the Belbeck, the invading army would have been baffled of its object. It was, thus, not the victory of the Alma which paralysed the Russians, it was the mode of winning it. It was the proof of superior hardihood and soldiership, so gloriously manifested. This it was which rendered it impossible for Menschikoff to rally his men, and compelled him at once to sink his vessels, and withdraw the better part of his army to Simpheropol.

Let us, however, not be too vain-glorious, nor suppose that we are always to be superior to our foes in steadiness and daring. The result of continued war is to equalise the power and spirit of belligerents, and we may reckon on the Russians fighting far better than at the Alma, if the population of Russia, in which life is worth so little, should become accustomed to it. To make peace, however, on the same conditions, with which the Allies would have been contented two months ago, is now impossible. They would no longer satisfy the country. And there is no feeling more general, than that the Czar must be made to pay for the French and British blood which his obstinacy and his wrong have spilled. From the great reinforcement of troops ordered and in preparation both from England and from France, it is probable that the governments of these countries do not intend to abandon their conquests. It is right that the Crimea should be subjugated, and held as a material pledge, or to be exchanged for important concessions. We have no hesitation in saying that these concessions should be Georgia and Russian Armenia. If the Russian Empire be finally limited by the Pruth in the south of Europe, the Caucasus ought to be its boundary in Asia. Should the Czar not listen to such terms, the winter season is the time for the despatch of an army from Bombay to the head of the Persian Gulf, for its march to Armenia. Its way lies either through the Persian or the Turkish territory, and either might be adopted, according as Persia may have behaved in a friendly or a hostile spirit. Our Indian empire and

resources ought to suffice for such an effort, without drafting any of the European forces now in the Crimea further eastward.

The great question, however, to be mooted, the great source of difference of opinion between English politicians amongst themselves, and between the few French who possess any influence over public affairs, is, how it is necessary, how far it is expedient, to undertake another campaign. That other campaign is a very serious thing; France and England cannot enter upon another spring and limit their objects and efforts to the battering down of a fortress. Although the reduction of Sebastopol amply crown the first campaign, and satisfies the most impetuous, Cronstadt itself made level with the sea, would not satisfy the expectation and importance of 1855. It is not navies, but armies, which must reduce the Russian power. And 60,000 or 70,000 men, however sufficient for the Crimea, would be nothing, if landed for invasion on either the north or south of Russia. The Emperor Napoleon seems fully aware of this, for he is sedulously raising large armies. He has not only gathered 100,000 men on his north-west coast, but he is keeping them there, collected in camp, and ready for a start. If the fall of Sebastopol and the loss of the Crimea do not bring Russia to terms, large armies must be employed, and her vulnerable side, that of Poland, severely probed. A war so carried on too gravely concerns and agitates Germany to admit of its prolonged neutrality. Victories and defeats on the Neva or the Vistula cannot be achieved or suffered without consequences, so that whilst this year's campaign, however brilliant, does not alter the map of Europe, next year's campaign threatens to tear it asunder, and to necessitate new demarcations and another settlement. No doubt what Russia chiefly reckons upon is, the fears and the alarm of the two great German powers at such changes and such menaces. The Czar and his counsellors, who have made so many mistakes at the commencement of the war, may make still more serious ones. They have gone on the supposition that Austria must be for peace at all price, and Austria, no doubt, was so; but by degrees, and from one contingency to another, Austria has been driven to almost the very opposite conviction, which is, that there is no safety for her but in the humbling of Russia, and that Russia can only be humbled by a vigorous war and a broad alliance.

From the moment that Austria joined France and England in declaring that Russia must forego her old treaties with the Porte, and abandon the lien which she held thereby upon the Sultan, it was evident that the Court of Vienna had broken with that of St. Petersburg. If the former did not then declare and prosecute war, it was evidently from strategic reasons, from the absence of the allied armies in the Crimea, and from the inutility of a written campaign. But that Austria must join her forces to those of the allies against Nicholas, just as she did in 1814 against Napoleon, is evident. She is now pursuing the self-same game as then, sacrificing a friend and ally to the vital interests of her empire.

We have long seen, and several times characterised the at-

titude and interests of Prussia. We described both to be those of neutrality, and thought it best that she should be left to that neutrality. She really cares nothing for either Bosphorus or Crimea. And as long as the dispute and the struggle were purely Oriental, she joined in it merely for form sake, to save Russia, to neutralise Austria, to paralyse war, and keep her place in the great councils of Europe. But events have progressed rapidly since the spring. Russia then menaced the independence of Turkey. Her fleets in the Black Sea were not more than kept in check. Her armies advanced towards the Balkan, and menaced Constantinople.

How different is her position now, after having advanced an army of at least 70,000 men under the famous general Paskievitch to the Danube, when having with full leisure, undisturbed by the Allies or the Austrians, commenced operations against Silistria, where the handful of Turks in that fortress succeeded in repulsing, and finally forcing them to retreat. To the ignominy of this failure is added the loss of the Black Sea fleet and fortress, the Crimea occupied, Odessa at the mercy of the foe. The question is no longer the Russian occupation of Constantinople, but how far she can maintain her conquests of the last century. If the allied powers choose to retain or dispute the possession of Bessarabia, New Russia, or the Crimea, it is plain that the Russian armies could not defend or maintain them. We have not gone to war, however, to conquer the Steppes. If Russia will continue the war, and necessitates the striking of a severer blow, that blow must be struck in Poland,—with Austrian and Prussian co-operation if Austria and Prussia will, without them if they won't.

This altogether alters the position of Prussia. Essentially indifferent and neutral in an Oriental question, to have it transferred from the Bosphorus to the Vistula arouses Prussia at once from either indifference or neutrality. She must take a part. Austria summons her to do so in an imperative note. And Manteuffel, that political worshipper of circumstances, that adorer of all potent influences, and acknowledger of all accomplished facts, declares at once that he can go no further with neutrality. He offers his resignation. The temporizing monarch feels that he can manœuvre and diplomatise no longer, and he at once summons his brother, the Prince of Prussia, to his councils.

The Prince of Prussia deeply felt the humiliation of his country, when it was obliged to crouch before Austrian threats, when it was obliged to abandon the hope and project of leading even a part of Germany in a new federation. It was the severe verdict of Russia that forbade this, and supported Austria in its menaces of war. Russia then treated Prussia as a menial, which it deserves for its successful rivalry to Austria, and humbled it to take the rank of a second-rate power, from which it has not since recovered. The Prince of Prussia, though closely allied to the Czar, never forgave him this, and never concealed his sentiments; and he has all along maintained, that the first opportunity was to be

seized of shaking off the ignominious yoke which Russia had imposed upon Germany and upon Prussia. Strange to say, Prussia's antagonist, Schwarzenberg, professed the same opinions before he died. The opportunity has occurred. The Prince of Prussia recommends that it should be seized, and the alliance of the west frankly accepted, in order, not merely to destroy Russian supremacy in the Levant, but to shake off Russian dictatorship in Germany. Such is the counsellor whom the King of Prussia has summoned to his side.

If it was hitherto the interest of Prussia to remain neutral, it is now her interest to arm for war; to participate in what is going on, and either to force Russia to timely submission, or be prepared to take a share, or at least have influence in the distribution of the spoils of vanquished Russia.

For our own part we hope that there will be no second campaign, and that Russia, sufficiently punished by her own failure on the Danube, and our success at Sebastopol, may yield in time whatever the allies may feel compelled to ask. We say this, not only that we may spare the immense expenditure of blood and treasure, that we may avoid not only the conversion of our own industrious population and resources into the materials and instruments of slaughter, but the metamorphosis of our neighbours the French from thirty millions of workers and producers into as many millions of able soldiers, or of persons interested and dependent upon military profession and exploits. It is most desirable to stop the war development where it is. Should it be allowed another year's impulse and extension, Heaven knows where it can be stopped; for war feeds war, and warlike interests are as tenacious of continuance in power as peace interests are of not being marred and interrupted.

But the great objection to another campaign, a campaign for the purpose of tearing any portion of Poland from Russia, is, that our allies are not liberal enough. France, indeed, would be prepared to do justice to Poland and its nationality. But would Austria, whose conduct at Bucharest is anything but either constitutional or liberal? The result of the present war, even if now concluded, cannot but greatly humble Russia, cannot but inspire German people with contempt, and German princes with diminished dread of the Czar. In some manner, sooner or later, Germany will show a sense of its emancipation. A liberal spirit will thus come to influence one or many of its governments. Then will be the time to deal with Slavonian nations, and liberate them from their yoke. Whilst at present, to take any portion of Poland from Russia, and make it over to Austria, as we have apparently done with Wallachia and Moldavia, would really be efforts idly expended.

But whatever may be the views and desires of politicians and enlightened men in England and in France with regard to the restoration of peace or the continuance of war, they must be conscious that the decision in so weighty a matter does not depend upon them. If Russia will not make terms and give guarantees,

the war must be prosecuted. It can no longer be prosecuted by fleets or by invasions merely of coasts. Russia, if obstinate, must be attacked by armies and by efforts capable of penetrating and making themselves felt at the core. This will not be done without revolution. What has already been accomplished has shaken and destroyed Russian supremacy over the southern Slavons. A continuance of the war could not but menace his hold of the north Slavons, and by producing the moral regeneration of Poland, alter the political demarcation of Europe upon the Vistula.

It is for Austria and Prussia now to consider, whether they will stop such a movement, or favour, join in, and profit by it. If they were free and honest governments, they would favour the movement, not to profit by it, but to form an independent Poland between them and Russia. But both know that they are unpopular, that they are menaced at home by revolution, to rouse which Russia is always ready to give potent succour. And they feel that any day they may be menaced and attacked by France, against which Russia is also an indispensable and potent succour. Austria and Prussia will not, therefore, lend themselves to the destruction of the *status quo* on the Vistula, however they may abet the destruction of the *status quo* upon the Danube; and their efforts during the winter will no doubt be strenuously directed towards inducing Russia to yield.

Another reason for desiring peace and an accommodation this winter is the fact, which it is better to observe than to bruit, but which must after all be mentioned, that the further we proceed in the war, the less do French and English interests coincide. French interests, we take it, are pretty well satisfied. Russia no longer menaces Constantinople, and is scarcely in a position to dispute the French protectorate of the Christians in the Levant, so far as France may wish to exercise it. France has gone far to make Austria a present of Moldavia and Wallachia, and may expect an equivalent favour from Austria, whenever a similar opportunity occurs or is made. France has got glory, has shown its imperial dynasty powerful and fortunate in arms. It has humbled the pride of the previous enemy and overthrower of the great Napoleon. And France has nothing more to do or to gain; unless, indeed, Prussia should foolishly put itself forward as a principal in the war, abet Russia so boldly as to provoke her foe, and thus kindle a war between North Germany and France. This, indeed, would open well-known interests and fresh prospects for France. But Prussia cannot surely prove so insane. Man-teuffel certainly would not do this, nor the Prince of Prussia either, and the king wants courage to follow his ultra Tory *noblesse* in such a crusade.

If British views and interests are already satisfied by the expulsion of Russia from the Principalities, the destruction of her fleet, and the conquest of her stronghold, we cannot but be desirous of making use of an opportunity which may not again occur, of ejecting the Russians from southern Asia. We have urged the

necessity of this before; the difficulty lies in getting the French to regard the independence of Georgia in the same light as England. It is a mistake to suppose that the Russians at Erivan or Tiflis menace our Indian empire. It is not India they menace, but Persia, and still more Asiatic Turkey. Count Ficquelmont, the Austrian minister, in the book which he has just published on the "Policy of Russia," represents that the military power which shall establish itself on that central chain of mountains which extend from Armenia to the Euphrates, is necessarily master of both Persia and Asia Minor. It is but a hundred and fifty leagues from the Russian fortress of Achalzic to Aleppo. The entire range of mountain and valley has a sufficiently large Christian population to be rallied to such a power as Russia. Possessed of the first military position in Asia, the Russians might direct their forces either through Asia Minor upon Constantinople, or upon Syria by Aleppo, or towards the Persian Gulf by the two great rivers. It is remarkable that these facilities for dominating Asia, and menacing the shores of the Mediterranean, which Russia possesses by her hold of Georgia and Armenia, should be found out and insisted upon by an Austrian statesman, who, far from being averse to Russia, recommends strongly that Austria should hold close to her alliance, on the condition, however, and with the proviso, that the Czar should sincerely and for ever abandon the Danube, and the valley of the Danube, regions which Austria commands in a military sense, though she may not yet possess them as sovereign. If France could be made to take Count Ficquelmont's view, which considers Russia more menacing at Tiflis than at Sebastopol, the present war might be made the means of inclosing Russia on all sides within just limits, and finishing for ever with the great bugbear of the East.

The very writer, however, who represents Russia as necessarily lord of Asia, because of her position in Armenia, by no means proposes to expel her from it. He, on the contrary, naturally enough for an Austrian, would make peace and alliance with Russia on condition of Austria's having the Principalities, or, what is the same, having high influence there. The reasoning of Count Ficquelmont is worth quoting. "It is impossible," he says, "for any power to pretend to be master of Wallachia and Moldavia, unless it be at the same time master of Transylvania and the Bukowina. Russia, therefore, by insisting on having the Principalities, reveals an intention to conquer and hold Transylvania. Hence the inevitable hostility of Austria."

The Court of Vienna, in its representation to the German powers, proceeds on much the same principles as its quondam minister, Ficquelmont. It pleads that the independence of the Principalities from Russia, and the opening of the Danube, is essentially a German interest. There is not a pint measure of any save German waters in the Danube, says Ficquelmont. And Count Buol echoes the assertion, forgetting, that although there are no Russian waters in the Danube, there are Slavonian: for, surely, the Save is not a German river. But Slavonian, perhaps,

means German in the mouths and minds of Austrian diplomats.

However, it is a powerful appeal to Germany to tell it that it shall have the great egress of the Danube if it supports Austria in the present strife. This is pretty much the same as promising the French the Rhine and its egress, if they will support this dynasty or that administration.

And how powerful, how irresistible such an appeal would be, if made to the vanity and to the interests of the German people, there being a German people that had the right to feel, or the freedom to express itself. But there is no German people. The Diet of Frankfort consists of the delegates of princes—princes with sisters and daughters married to Russian imperial husbands, or houses married and being allied to Russian Princes. What are the politics of the German Diet but family considerations? Napoleon the Third may be a despot as a domestic ruler, but he consults and represents the will of his people in his foreign policy. What German potentate consults or cares for the will of his people? And hence the want of nerve in their policy, the want of sincerity in their speech, of energy in their actions; even Austria and Prussia, powerful as they are, playing hide-and-go-seek with each other and with the German Confederation, without cause, or frankness, or wisdom, or manhood, the perplexity of Europe, and the object of contempt to their own subjects.

No nation and no dynasty can exist without glory; for it is glory that in politics covers the multitude of sins and shortcomings. We say that the Bourbons perished, in 1791, because of their prodigal and reckless mal-administration, and that the same family foundered, in 1830, for having violated the Constitution. The cause of overthrow lay deeper; it lay in the want of respect of the people towards their sovereigns, to the want of greatness in the princes, or glory in their reigns. A period has arrived when the people, however oppressed, demand that their princes and their governments should display manhood, and reflect dignity upon the countries over which they rule. Listen to even the republican Barbes, who, notwithstanding all his horror of the Imperial Dictationists, writes a letter declaring, that the first requisite for a country is to show its capacity of *eating gunpowder*. The delighted and cunning Emperor instantly liberates the convict, Barbes, for the utterance of a noble and popular sentiment. And the great socialist chief seeks in vain to throw off the weight of the obligation, and to unsay the panegyric, which he unwittingly uttered upon the government and the policy of the Emperor.

The thirst of nations for glory is great, in some instances greater than the thirst for freedom. It is, perhaps, as strong in America as in England; in France, decidedly stronger. What is to become of a country, whose rulers fulfil neither requisite? who, tyrants to their subjects, are pusillanimous to their foes; who can find resolution enough to confiscate popular liberties, hang and shoot its defenders, but who dare not repel a national insult,

and who, exhausting their country's resources to feed an army, dare not use it, or trust to it, except as police. Such is the character and conduct of the King of Prussia: and from such imputations the young Emperor of Austria has not yet quite rescued his character, however he may have shown the inclination to do so. If the present war cease, without the great German sovereigns enacting the part of valiant and capable monarchs, they and their thrones are doomed.

It is impossible to discuss the subject of the present war without adverting to those defects of the British war administration which are signalised, and which are the more glaring from the French, our neighbours and allies, having succeeded in obviating and avoiding them. Our chief point of inferiority is in the medical department, and, we fear, in the commissariat, in providing for the sick and the wounded soldier that immediate relief to which he is entitled.

The simple fact in this, as in many similar cases, is, that the French owe their perfect organisation to the great Napoleon. There was no department to which he more keenly directed his attention and his genius than to the medical staff and regulations of the army. We, no doubt, have surgeons of high character and rank with our armies, and connected with head-quarters in campaign, and with the Horse Guards in time of peace. But Napoleon made of the chief surgeons of his army his intimate friends and companions. Larrey and his brother surgeons were men whom Napoleon talked and counselled with more frequently than with his generals of division. He had intimate friends and counsellors of every branch of science, so that no sooner did his acute mind discern a want or conceive an improvement, than he instantly sought from the physician, the surgeon, the chemist, or the mechanist, the data and the information to proceed upon. To all this join the absolute power which he wielded, the immense incentive to every one's duly performing their task, by the consciousness of the eye being bent upon them of one which could appreciate, reward, and punish. The Duke of Wellington, with his little army of 40,000 men, did a great deal. But what could he do compared with the commander of half a million or a million of soldiers, his great mind bent on their efficiency, their organisation, their health, their discipline?

It is not merely in the medical department of the army, but in a number of institutions, that the genius of Napoleon rendered them superior to England. Compare his Council of State with our Privy Council, his *Ministère de la Guerre* with our three conflicting and confused departments. The fact must be admitted, that despotism in intelligent hands has a great many advantages. The disadvantages, no doubt, more than counterbalance them; but an organising, an administrative, an intelligent despot is as superior to a constitutional government as polished steel is to lumbering lead.

Under a constitutional system, Parliamentary power and electoral influence will ensure being appointed to place. It is borough

influence, not military service or acquirements, that will make a war minister. A member of Parliament has great colonial knowledge, like Sir William Molesworth; he is one of the party, clever, unobjectionable; but a colonial minister has too much patronage to be wielded by any but the head of one of the great sections of party. In a word, it is political, not administrative fitness, that with us appoints to office. How, then, can we expect to have any office or department administered with even average intelligence?

We have, however, a great remedy, a powerful reformer. If we want the eye of a despot, we have the eye of the public. We have the press to lay matters before it with copious publicity. This has been done within the last week by the numerous and appalling details of the sufferings and wants of the sick and wounded; and we may be sure that scores of public servants are trembling for their places, and labouring to repair neglect, so as to meet the angry inquiries of Parliament when it shall meet. If the public continue severe and impatient, it will work a remedy. The press seems resolved to do its duty; and great credit is due to powerful prints, which, however connected with government, are unflinching in their denunciation of abuses.

We entertain not the smallest doubt, that before this Number of the "Miscellany" sees the light, the press and the Tower guns will have announced the fall of Sebastopol. Even the daily press, however, will have had no detailed account. The bombardment, which commenced on the 17th, must have lasted till the 19th at least, and no assault could take place before the 20th. As tidings take ten days in general to arrive, even by telegraph, we can know little more than the event before the new month.

Sebastopol as a fortress presents itself, as never fortress did, to an enemy. Instead of being covered from view, it is open to every eye; instead of towering above its beleaguerer, it sinks before him, and presents pits to avoid, not precipices to scale. If the object of an enemy was to destroy the town, that could be done without the trouble of entering it; and were it a wealthy and populous city, a bombardment would compel its surrender. But a town of barracks, and docks, and government workshops, is not worth attention; to destroy its walls and blow up its fortifications is all we require: for this it is required to enter and occupy.

We can only do, or have done, this by assault; the investment and regular siege is impossible. It is three miles, perhaps, along the northern shore of the gulf of Sebastopol from Fort Constantine to Inkerman. On the other side, it is, of course, more from Inkerman to Balaclava or Cape Chersonese. It would take 100,000 men to invest such a place, and it would require as many to invest Malta. The garrison, therefore, cannot be reduced to such straits for food, water, or ammunition, that would render it advisable for a besieging army to await the lingering effects of privation upon those within. The cutting the aqueduct was idle, whilst the garrison can get water from the other side. The first

plan was to have attacked the forts on the north; and with them in our power, and the introduction of our fleet into the harbour, to have completed the investment. This having been defeated by the sinking of the Russian ships across the harbour, the present line has been taken, which implies the capture of the city by assault, and with little delay.

From the works, principally of earth, which the Russians have hastily and actively constructed outside their *mur d'enceinte*, it is evident that they place very little reliance on this. Their hopes of a prolonged and successful resistance are null; but to make a respectable defence—for the generals and officers to preserve the favour and approbation of that master on whom their fortune depends, by selling the place dearly, and causing all the loss they can to the allies—this seems the utmost Russian object. Indeed, the tactics seem to be, to work a battery well, ply its guns to the last moment, and retire when on the point of being overpowered. Under such circumstances the result of an assault is certain. All that remains uncertain is the amount of loss and sacrifice.

There is another point upon which we hope there will be no dissatisfaction and no difference of opinion, and that is, the parts assigned to each army. As arranged by the last accounts, the French attack the town, and will have the honour of its capture; whilst we confine our attack to the docks and arsenal, much more strongly fortified, but affording much less in the way of trophy or plunder to the victor. The desire of the French to have the town wall to themselves may be that of avoiding rivalry, and of French and English striving to get in one before the other. The fortress and the arsenal are separated by a creek, in which the Russian vessels of war being introduced, will sweep every approach and every street of that part attacked by the English; whereas if the French storm Sebastopol to their left, they can be supported by the fire of their shipping, and will be not in the least exposed to that of the Russian ships. We are compelled to say this; because both at the Alma and in the flank march the English took far the greater share of the peril, and incurred the greater share of the loss; not through the backwardness of the French, no doubt, but through the simplicity of our commander, who evidently knew far better how to fight than bargain.

It is, however, not so much the mode of capturing Sebastopol, that will have for a moment interest. The use to be made of that conquest, and the operations that are to follow it are of much greater importance. The feelings of the majority of persons at home are evidently most excited and restless and daring. Nothing less than a winter campaign, than following Menshikoff into the mountains, and restoring the old dynasty of the Khans of the Crimea, can satisfy a great number. We trust that such mad sentiments will not prevail, and that we shall give the winter to that repose of mind and body so much needed by the statesmen and the soldier. Sebastopol is the Crimea, and Menshikoff's lording it in the mountains or even in Sympheropol, would not secure the possession of the peninsula to the Czar, if we may

winter within the walls of the principal fortress, and our fleets ride within the shelter of her famous port. This is a self-speaking triumph, which will be understood far and wide, and which, however questioned in the "St. Petersburg Gazette," will admit of no mistake in the appreciation of Oriental countries and races.

If driven to a second campaign by the obstinacy of the Czar, a second campaign we must no doubt enter upon; the fleets and armies which have remained at Sebastopol throughout the winter, are within twenty-four hours of Odessa, where, in concert with Omer Pasha and the Austrians, the task of reducing Russia may be pursued. Operations in the Baltic will at the same time be prosecuted with a skill, boldness, and efficiency hitherto unknown. But notwithstanding all such possibilities and prospects we should not be lured by them into war, if there is any hope of peace, peace that will permanently confine Russia behind the Pruth and the Caucasus.

There are a host of reasons for this peace; and not the least one is the fact that we find it difficult, without taking hands from agriculture and manufactures, to keep up so small an army abroad as 30,000 men. Let the great war commence, which must be waged in a second campaign, and what are our 30,000 men? a mere fraction of the mighty masses which the great powers must move to the decisive collision. In the war, if now concluded, we have fought and conquered as Principals. We can only keep the first rank if the war continue, by subsidizing continental soldiers, that is, carrying on a war of mercenaries, and playing the part of Carthage, not of Rome.

Let us, we repeat, prosecute the war with vigour, in despite of these and every drawback, provided we cannot obtain satisfactory concessions from Russia. But let us not be enamoured of war for war's sake, and think that there is nothing but glories and advantages to be hoped from another campaign. Let us consider for a moment, that should the results of that second campaign be the aggrandizement of France to the Rhine, and the blotting out of Prussia, the only Protestant and Constitutional monarchy for the mass of Europe, we shall have a bitter cud to chew, even amidst our ruminations of victory and glory.

JOHNSON'S LIVES OF THE POETS.*

"**TRUTH** is the basis of all excellence," says Dr. Johnson, a sound maxim, which will explain better than a thousand criticisms the hold that Johnson has of the minds and affections of his countrymen. It is quite consistent with this truth that Johnson should be frequently in error, that his opinions should be canvassed, and many of them not ratified by posterity. It is enough for us to feel that Johnson said what he thought, and thought before he said. In reading some of our finest writers we are occasionally conscious of sentiments uttered to please, and popularity sought by ignoring and eschewing unpleasant truths. With Dr. Johnson this is never the case; his bluntly honest mind directed by a reverence for religion, disdains affectation; and, though after-generations may refuse to accept some of his criticisms, he has occasionally laid down maxims which are good for all time. "Truth is the basis of all excellence," came from Dr. Johnson with the joint force of precept and example.

We have been led to these remarks by having taken up a new edition of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," an edition reflecting credit on all concerned in its production. We have now, for the first time since Johnson's death, a well-edited edition of his masterpiece. Mr. Cunningham has long enjoyed a reputation for accuracy which this work will support, as it cannot increase it. The notes are attendants upon the text, and not intruders upon it, and the interesting matter contained in them entitles them to a careful perusal.

The first volume, the only one yet published, contains the life of Cowley, in the course of which Johnson takes occasion to put forth his famous criticism upon the Metaphysical Poets, a criticism which is in itself a tribute to his love of the natural and the true, and containing incidentally some fine general maxims. The life of Cowley is followed by that of Denham, a poet less read than he deserves to be, and who was "strong without rage." Milton's religious and political views made him obnoxious to Johnson. Much has been said of the want of appreciation discovered by this great critic of Milton's genius; but, if carefully read, this charge will scarcely stand, for it is the theologian and the politician that Johnson dislikes. Of the poet he admits that there can be no question; and, indeed, we may look around us in vain for a finer criticism in a condensed shape of the "Paradise Lost," than that which proceeded from his pen. It is true that he is not similarly prodigal of praise in the case of Milton's other productions; that he forgets to mention the "Hymn to the Nativity," a sublime effort, full of choice imagery, and through which there is a sacred vein, which purifies and wonderfully heightens the interest of the poem.

* "Johnson's Lives of the Poets." With Notes, corrective and explanatory. By Peter Cunningham, F.S.A. London: Murray, 1854.

He just alludes to the "L'Allegro" and the "Penseroso," and one is tempted to believe that the airy beauty and the delicate lightness of these gems were not fully appreciated by the solid Doctor. But the treatment which the "Paradise Lost" has received at the hands of Johnson, should surely rescue him from the charge of being blind to Milton's genius.

The Lives of Butler, Rochester, Roscommon, and Otway are brief, and inferior to those of Cowley and Milton. Johnson appreciates the fruitful wit of Butler, his curious out-of-the-way knowledge, and those numerous pithy sentences which he has added to our household proverbs. Satirical poetry is liable to lose its hold upon us in proportion as we are removed by time from the persons and things satirised. It is therefore a triumphant proof of the humour of Butler, that, in an age which has almost buried the memories of Denham and Waller, "Hudibras" should keep its hold of public attention. The indifferent character of Otway prejudices Johnson against him: and "Venice Preserved," which is full of genuine passion, and replete with passages of tenderness and power, scarcely receives its due acknowledgment. The lively satires of the witty Rochester, and the elegant verse of the modest Roscommon, have fair justice at the hands of a man who was too sound to enjoy the first, and too vigorous to admire the last.

The Life of Waller is somewhat longer; and, though honest, Johnson could not repress his disgust at Waller's settled want of principle, he does ample justice to that smooth sweetness which, had it been united with proportionate vigour, would have given Waller one of the highest positions among our poets. As it is, he is little consulted in these days, unless the "Panegyric" upon Cromwell retain for him a few grateful readers. In the course of this Life, Johnson takes occasion to advance his views upon Sacred Poetry, and in a condensed and masterly piece of writing gives the real reason why Sacred Poetry must always miscarry. The Life of Dryden is written in a fine genial spirit, and Johnson has done justice to the fire and force of the "High Priest of all the Nine." Dryden's daring genius sometimes carried him into great irregularities, and Johnson complains "that ten lines are seldom found together without something of which the reader is ashamed." Pope is the only poet who has happily wedded vigour and smoothness, force and exactness; but though Dryden lacked this precision and this even versification, he outstripped Pope in vigour, for even Dryden's weakness was strong. His satire is vehement, bitter, and frequently coarse, but so powerful and so happy as, for the most part, to redeem all that is offensive. His praise is not so fortunate, and, though it was common in his age to lavish adulation upon a patron, Dryden could afford to neglect a practice which added nothing to his fame.

We need say nothing more of this edition of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets." From the care and skill with which it has been edited, and from the manner in which it has been produced by the publisher, it will take rank as *the* edition of Johnson's greatest work.

ASPEN COURT,
AND WHO LOST AND WHO WON IT.

A Tale of our Own Time.

By SHIRLEY BROOKS,

AUTHOR OF "MISS VIOLET AND HER OFFERS."

CHAPTER XLVII.

"AND TAKE MY MILK FOR GALL."

Four days later, Mrs. Wilmslow was announced to Mr. Molesworth, the lawyer, as he sat in his office in London, meditating various matters, and among them the probable and possible results of a curious interview he had that morning had with the Earl of Rookbury.

"Instantly, of course," said Molesworth, surprised, and, contrary to his usual habit, rising and coming out to meet his client. For his custom was to allow his visitors to enter his room before he rose to receive them. He thus obtained, under the somewhat strong light which fell upon the door-way, an excellent view of the expression upon their faces. In ninety-nine cases out of one hundred this view was not of the slightest value—in the hundredth it might afford him a hint, and, therefore, like a practical man, Molesworth secured the one chance in a hundred.

"My dear Mrs. Wilmslow," he said, taking her two hands in his own, in token of his exceeding satisfaction, and bringing her into the room—"this is an unexpected pleasure. At home to nobody, Galton, and mind I have no messages," he added, as that erring, but penitent porter retired. "And how are all the dear little people? Radiant and rosy with the fresh air of Gloucestershire, of course. Fine thing fresh air."

"The elder ones are well—the younger is not," said Jane Wilmslow, in the voice in which one disposes of a question asked as a formality.

Such had not been Jane Wilmslow's habitual way of replying to any inquiry about her children, for her mother's heart had taken a long time to learn that any one who knew them could speak of them quite as he spoke of yesterday's rain or to-day's sunshine. But her tone was as passionless as if she were answering a remark on the weather. It was not lost upon Molesworth, who instantly looked at her with attention, and was conscious of a change which he might have found it difficult to define. It was not that the face was sad—he had often seen it much sadder when the poor wife had hastened to him for aid for Wilmslow in his

days of folly and dissipation. But, if so womanly a face as Jane's could be conceived to have hardened, that process represented what it seemed to the lawyer had taken place.

Jane bore with, rather than listened to, his happiness at hearing that Emma and Kate were well, with his sorrow that Amy was ill, with his hope for the continuance of the one state of things and the termination of the other, and with his trust that she herself was invigorated by a country life, and these considerations naturally led him to an inquiry as to Henry Wilmslow. He had accompanied her to town, no doubt. No? ungallant husband!

Cutting short the lawyer in his lively observations, Mrs. Wilmslow said,—

"Your time is valuable, Mr. Molesworth, and I will trespass upon it only so long as is necessary."

"Pray do not speak in that cold tone, Jane," said Molesworth, "it is so unlike old times. Why should you?"

"Because old times are gone," said Jane, deliberately.

"To make way for better ones, we will hope," replied Molesworth, with something of soothing in his voice, for he saw that Mrs. Wilmslow had sustained some new wrong—and he speedily and instinctively carried it to the right account.

"I have not seen you," said Jane, disregarding his last speech, "since the day when you furnished us with funds to go down to Aspen Court."

"Furnished them for the second time, I think," said Molesworth, not unwilling to aid her expected revelation by supplying her with a recollection of Wilmslow's heartlessness. But that was a small matter, now.

"You have our affairs in your hands," said Jane, "and, I trust, have taken care of your own interests. I should be sorry to think you were the loser by any assistance rendered to us in our difficulties."

"I do not see what she is driving at," thought Molesworth; "was that a hint that she understood matters? Let her go on."

"I owe you much," continued Mrs. Wilmslow, "very much."

"Do not speak of obligations," he replied, with something like a touch of feeling: "I have always found pleasure in being of any service to you—and, perhaps," he added, not untruthfully, "I have *not* been a loser in other ways."

"I know that you have not," returned Jane, quietly, "and that, if all goes on according to your wish, you will be a larger gainer by us."

"A prelude to some heavy demand," said the attorney to himself. "What has that beast in the country been doing now? Forging, perhaps—he is too great a coward to be a house-breaker. Let us hear."

"But I did not allude to money," said Jane. "I owe you my marriage."

This was an acknowledgment which Molesworth had certainly not expected, and it must be admitted that he looked the astonishment that he felt. He had been silent before, from choice,

but he now held his tongue from not knowing how to use it with advantage, and in his embarrassment he made a slight bow, which might be interpreted to mean anything.

"I owe you my marriage," repeated Jane.

"We—we acted as we thought for the best, at the time, my dear friend," said the lawyer, compelled to speak. "Things did not take the course we had hoped they would, but it could hardly be said to be our fault, and, at all events, it is too late to look back. We should rather make the best of the future."

"It is well," said Jane, "that you do not still endeavour to persuade me, or pretend to think you can persuade me, that all was for the best, and that in introducing and recommending to me a husband whom you knew to be an irretrievably bad man, you were doing me a kindness."

In all Jane Wilmslow's troubled life Molesworth had never heard her so speak of her husband.

"I see," said he, "that you have been again wounded—outraged—and, under such circumstances, I should be ashamed to remind you that you use unkind language towards me. I deplore your marriage—I have not ceased to do so for many a long day; and I think I have given better proof than mere words that I have sought, by assisting you through life (I mention it only because you compel it) to make some amends for my original error."

"Error?" repeated Jane, in a low voice. "The word by which a man describes his having doomed a woman to a life of shame and grief."

"One word," said Molesworth, in whose nature the instinct of sympathy was not largely developed in comparison with that of self-defence. "I may admit that I was wrong, and to blame, in the melancholy selection I assisted you to make. But I may remind you that husbands are not forced upon ladies in England."

"No," said Mrs. Wilmslow, patiently. "I am quite aware that you did nothing which the world can blame you for—indeed, I have often imagined you telling my story, and making out a complete proof that you behaved most admirably, to the best of your knowledge and judgment. Your own conscience will tell you whether Jane Tracy would ever have married Henry Wilmslow, had her friend Mr. Molesworth permitted her to know what *he* knew of the husband he found for her. Perhaps your own conscience will tell you why such a man was chosen."

"If," said Molesworth, who had entirely recovered his habitual calmness, "these reproaches are to lead to any issue, you are the best judge whether they are likely to promote it. You cannot make me angry. I have no right to be angry with anything which could fall from your lips, from which I never heard anything so bitter fall before. I will not resign the name of your friend, Jane, and I will do anything, in reason, to continue to deserve it. You did not come to London to taunt me with an error—well—an injury of twenty years ago?"

"I came to say what I have said," replied she. "But you tell me that I never spoke so bitterly to you. I have had much cause for bitterness, but never so much as now."

And, in a few words, delivered with a forced calmness, and with a strange precision, she told the story of the medical visit, and its termination. Precision, that made it seem as if she were repeating a conned lesson. Let those be thankful who have never had a sorrow which incessantly formed itself into a given set of words, dulling themselves by recurrence, and becoming a formula of grief whence it was new pain to depart.

Man's indignation sometimes relieves itself in a savage curse, but seldom in so savage a one as Molesworth ground out between his teeth, as he heard the sequel to the story.

When, in other days, Jane came to him to ask assistance for her husband, and an angry condemnation of Wilmslow's follies would break from Molesworth, she would protest against it, and seem wounded, and he always apologised before they parted. He had now invoked upon Wilmslow a doom too fearful to be written down here (I know not in how much of its possibility Molesworth believed), and Mrs. Wilmslow gazed steadily at him, without a sign of deprecation.

"It is easy, I know," she said, after a pause, "for men to use words at which one's very soul shudders. I have heard such words since my marriage. I know how much they mean. If you meet my husband in the street this afternoon, you will shake his hand, and laugh when you part with him. I should not blame you—it is the way with men."

"You are right, Jane," said Molesworth, "quite right. Curses are folly, and ask folly. But," he added, in a low voice, "we can do something in this world—something—something." And he rose and gazed intensely into one of his pictures after the other, seeing no line in any of them—we once before noticed his habit, when in doubt. Jane remained silent till he returned to his chair. He looked at her for some moments, and then he said,

"Your friend, the Earl of Rookbury, sat in that chair two hours ago. He did not tell me a word of his sending down Carlyon and the surgeon."

"He meant it in kindness," said Jane. "Bernard Carlyon, who does not judge him indulgently, assures me that Lord Rookbury showed sincere feelings when speaking of Amy. But wrong never comes right. They told us a falsehood, Mr. Rushbrook deceived us, and you have heard of the miserable end of the story. They should have written to me and let me know the truth. I could have borne it so—and then the frightful shock would have been spared me. But my suffering is nothing. It is no thought of that which brings me to town to-day. I now stand between my children and their father, and for their sake I am here."

"You have some proposition of your own? I will assist you to the utmost in carrying it out, unless I can suggest a better."

"Mr. Molesworth, I am utterly helpless. I have not even the strength which knowledge of my position gives. I do not know

at this instant whether Aspen Court is yours, mine, or—another's," said Jane, checking herself.

"Or Lord Rookbury's, you mean," said Molesworth. "You suspect, if you do not know, what is going on. I have not been altogether blind to it. But let me hear you to the end."

"You have supplied me with the means of living—of late you have done so liberally," said Jane, "but whether we are rich or poor, whether your supplies are our right or your charity, I have no means of knowing."

"You shall have no cause to complain of my keeping *you* in the dark," said Molesworth. "While your interest, through your indulgence and forbearance, remained the same with that of—Mr. Wilmslow—we will call no more names—you will see that I could best act for your interests by troubling you with as little as possible that he could learn from you. Now, unless I mistake your meaning to-day, you and he are—two."

"Yes—two," said Jane, with low, but marked emphasis.

"And God knows that juster divorce was never pronounced," said Molesworth. "But the children, as you say. Your desire is—"

"To remove them from the society of their father, at once, and for ever," said Jane, with a determination strangely at variance with the gentle bearing of her whole life.

"You are right," said Molesworth. And again he rose, and went round the room, halting, at intervals, as new points of consideration arose to him.

"Have the whole case before you," he said, returning. "The custody of the children is his, by right, unless we can show cause why they should be taken from him."

"Is not his life, since their births, cause enough?" said Jane.

"Morally, no doubt. But we have lost proof of much, and borne with much so long that unless anything very flagrant could be proved as a reason for a move, at the end of all these years, it would look suspicious. Without asking you any painful question—his vices have, I believe, been practised of late out of your sight and hearing?"

The crimson mounted to the fair forehead of the poor wife as she replied—

"He has treated my feelings more offensively than at Aspen Court, though even there—"

"Never mind," said Molesworth, "we will discuss such matters only when necessary. I do not think that we could make out a case strong enough for Chancery—that is to say, since Lord Rookbury has become an ally of Mr. Wilmslow, and lends him his purse. Without that aid, I think that I could manage to get the children from him, but the resistance of a beggared libertine, and the resistance of the friend of a rich peer are two things, even in the Court of Chancery. And he *would* resist, no doubt."

"To the last, for the sake of making me as wretched as he could."

"No doubt. There are other ways, however. I have not been

his friend for so many years without being able to offer him various reasons for complying with any reasonable wish of mine. The Rookbury friendship interferes with my influence to a certain extent, but is not all-powerful."

"I had thought," said Jane—"but you will see difficulties perhaps of which I know nothing—that if he could be driven away, frightened away,—I scarcely know by what means except fear of debts,—until I could remove the children, and hide them with me in some quiet place on the Continent—we could live upon very little, if there is but little—"

"And leave Aspen Court, your newly won inheritance?" said Molesworth.

"Leave Aspen — everything — everything, to escape pollution!" said Jane, with energy.

"No," said Molesworth, firmly. "You must not leave Aspen Court. You must remain there, under any circumstances."

"I will *not*," said Jane, passionately. "And if you will not help me—if no recollections—" and she burst, at length, into tears, that forced themselves between the pale fingers, which she pressed upon her poor eyes.

"I will help you to the utmost, by ——!" exclaimed Molesworth. "But you must let me help you my own way. I tell you that you must remain at Aspen. That is essential. Indeed, flight would be hopeless, for let Lord Rookbury's suspicions be once aroused, and you would be watched night and day. No—you and the young ladies shall stay at Aspen, but we will rid you of Wilmslow's presence."

"How will you?" Jane began.

"You had better know nothing about it. I tell you frankly, that in the old times I should have locked him up—I have ample power do that now, but to lock him up, under present circumstances, would only be to have him released by his noble friend. I should obtain my money, but I should lose my object. When do you return to the country—not until you have spent some time with us?"

"To-night," said Mrs. Wilmslow.

"A to-night in that tone, means to-night," said Molesworth, "and, of course, I understand why it should. You will travel by the same train which carries a message from me to Mr. Wilmslow, and, reckless fool as he may be, even the Rookbury alliance will not keep him out of London many hours after he hears from me. You will not see him again, if you can make up your mind to remain with Mrs. Molesworth to-night. No? Well, I will not endeavour to detain you."

"I *may* rely upon your word?" said Jane, whose old trustfulness seemed to come back at words of kindness.

"Indeed you may," said Molesworth in a low, determined voice. "Give me three days, and you shall see whether I deceive you in this matter. Now—may I replenish your purse—I dare say you came off hastily? Can any of my clerks attend you anywhere—execute any commission—?"

He forced some gold and notes upon her, and they parted.

"The scoundrel could not have taken a more convenient opportunity of coming out," said Molesworth, as he stood upon his hearthrug again. "And he shall have it, hot and hot. D—n him!" he added, stabbing the fire vindictively with his poker: "how blue her eyes still are!"

With which apparently inconsequential remark, Mr. Molesworth proceeded to search for certain documents in a small iron safe by his side, and having found them he left the house.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE AMBASSADOR IN TROUBLE.

SINCE the day of the scene in the garden, Henry Wilmslow had felt it more comfortable to himself to keep out of the way of his wife and daughters. The disgust which had been exhibited by the medical man and by Bernard at Henry's conduct upon that occasion, had at first the effect of rendering him more dogged and insulting, but the courage which comes from without ceases with the stimulus, and when his visitors had departed (after a long and private interview with Mrs. Wilmslow), Henry felt all a coward's inclination to make up a quarrel. The discouragement which his awkward advances met, was passive rather than active. His wife, after recovering from her first passionate burst of agony, made little more demonstration, beyond the most assiduous attention to Amy, and when addressed by Henry, replied with a calmness which his delicate observation and graceful nomenclature recorded as "sulks." The elder girls had of late avoided him as much as they could, without actual rudeness, but in their zeal to minister to the comfort of their sister they disregarded their own, and Wilmslow encountered them more frequently than usual, as they sped about the house on their missions of love. But there was no smile on their faces, no saucy little taunt was darted at him, no playful gesture saluted him, no hurried kiss was printed, as they hastily passed their father. For that father, indeed, a child's code of household signals had never been framed, and his very servants had of late met him less gravely than his children. But now, when they came together, it was with an air of constraint that there was no mistaking. The father had reduced his household to the condition of feeling that he was the blot and blotch upon it. Callous, and defiant though he was, he could not fail to see this, and such conscience as he had left to him, putting forth its last struggles, he found it, as we have said, more agreeable to avoid his family than to join it as before. So he skulked as much as possible in his own apartment, and, under pretext of illness, ordered his meals to be sent thither. So that Mrs. Wilmslow, who might otherwise have found some difficulty in leaving Aspen Court for her visit to London, had actually departed and returned without his knowledge.

Mr. Molesworth kept his word, and a letter reached Henry Wilmslow a couple of hours after Mrs. Wilmslow had arrived at home. It was written by the firm to which, as has been said in one of our earliest chapters, the less dignified portion of Molesworth's business was entrusted—the house in Clement's Inn, where the "common law" of the aristocratic firm was put out to nurse, and where, indeed, it thrived remarkably, perhaps from being untrammelled by several of the conventions of good breeding which tend to injure vigour. The writer, Mr. Scolper (for Scolper and Blirt), recommended Mr. Wilmslow to lose no time in presenting himself in Clement's Inn, and he enforced his advice by an allusion which made Henry turn first hot, and then cold, and which ultimately drove him to his favourite refuge, the brandy-bottle, for comfort. He lost no time in obeying the summons, and was, indeed, not sorry to be relieved, by its peremptoriness, of the task of saying a word of farewell to his family. Simply leaving word with a servant that he was going to London on business, the Lord of Aspen sneaked round by the stables and down to the village, whence he obtained conveyance to the railway station. The old house must have felt more easy after his departure. Since his memorable entrance, on taking possession, when he had not even the grace to congratulate the woman who had given him all, upon her recovery of her estate, or to lead her to her own hearthstone, with a kiss, not one single act of kindness or goodness had that man done up to the time of his present ignominious flight. Nor had his vices been negative only. He had been brute, libertine, and drunkard, and had generally filled up the interstices between active vice, with coarse act and vulgar speech. But this was the individual to whom fate, Molesworth, and girlish mistake, had consigned the keeping of the happiness of my dear Jane Tracy. How soon he converted his office into a sinecure.

At almost any other time Henry Wilmslow would have postponed the immediate business of a journey to town, to the indulgence in a brief round of the amusements from which he had lately been in great measure debarred, but the emergency of the case was too pressing, and the *roué's* nerves, never very firm, had been a good deal shaken. He must have things made pleasant for him, to use his own phrase, before he could sit down and enjoy himself.

If he visited Clement's Inn with any particular hope that the pleasurable operation was about to be performed for him, he must have been considerably disappointed when he took a last glance at the black boy and sundial.

Messrs. Scolper & Blirt's chambers were on a second floor, and Henry, who was evidently expected, was shown into a small inner room, furnished with all the taste and *luxe* usual in such localities. That is to say, there was a rickety old loo-table, with stabbed and spotted green cloth, in the middle of the room, and this, with a couple of new walnut wood chairs, and a lid-less tin box, inscribed *Bolgack's Linnacy*, but used as a coal-scuttle, completed the arrange-

ments for bodily convenience and comfort, while the mind was left to feed upon such suggestions as might arise from examination of a dusty portrait of "Eldon C." and of a sheet of "Rules for the Better Taking of Evidence," nearly all of which rules explained the mode in which certain costs were to be made out against the victims. Here Henry was detained for nearly two hours. In his good days, he would have swaggered the very souls out of the clerks, had he been kept waiting a tenth part of the time. But his gallant spirit was subdued, and he merely ventured upon occasionally coughing loudly, and grating his chair upon the floor, devices to which nervous persons are known to resort in the hope of accelerating the motions of those for whom they are in waiting.

Mr. Scolper appeared at last. A tall, hungry looking person, with that pleasant expression of face which seems to imply that you have done the wearer an injury by your last remark, and the sooner you get away the better. He wasted little time in prelude, observing,

"Well, you've come up."

"Yes," said Henry Wilmslow, in no way soothed by the announcement of this incontrovertible fact. "And now what's to be done?"

"Oh!" grumbled Mr. Scolper, highly displeased already, "it's no use your asking *me* what's to be done. Because, if you ask me, I can't tell you, and I let you know that frankly. I don't say that if I was another party and you came to me and asked me what you was to do, I could n't tell you, but I'm not the other party, and it's no use your addressing such a question to me. Don't you see that?"

"Why," began Henry, "if you—"

"No," said Mr. Scolper, "there's no ifs nor ands in the matter, and its downright d—d childish to talk in that way. I ask you a plain question, and you may answer or not as you like, but a straight-forward man knows when he's asked a straight-forward question. However, you are not obliged to answer me, you know, and it makes deuced little odds to me whether you do or not."

"I wish to do what you think best," said Henry, hurriedly, as soon as the flood of grumble subsided a little.

"Don't go on like that," returned Mr. Scolper, implacable. "You'll go saying next that I gave you advice what to do, and *that* I'll be hanged if I did, or will. If I were an Old Bailey lawyer I don't say that I could not tell you what to do, but I'm not an Old Bailey lawyer."

"If you sent for me only to tell me all that," said Henry, in his turn growing wrathful, despite his fears, I think you might have let it alone, that's all."

"You think so, do you?" said Mr. Scolper, looking askance at him. "Well, I dare say that's your opinion. In here, Jones," he cried, to a clerk in the next room, whom he heard replying to a visitor. "We'll hear whether it's this party's opinion."

And Mr. Molesworth, great-coated to the cheek bones, was conducted into his agent's room. Wilmslow advanced to meet him.

"You'll excuse my keeping my hands in my pockets, it's so cold," said Molesworth, with a nod, and this was all his reply to Henry's salutation. The attorney then crossed the room, and, refusing a chair, into which he motioned Scolper, took up a position in a corner, with his back against the wall, and with Scolper between him and Mr. Wilmslow. Perhaps it was also because of the cold that he did not remove his hat. Henry did not much like these signs and tokens.

"What does he propose?" said Molesworth, abruptly entering upon the business of the moment.

"Propose, bless you!" returned his agent. "He proposes nothing, and makes it matter of grievous complaint that we took the liberty of calling up a country gentleman from the scene where he diffuses so much happiness among his dependents and all around him. Thinks we might have let him alone, bless you!"

"That was not what I said," replied Henry, anxious not to be put into a false position at the outset. "What I said was—

"It does not matter what he said, Mr. Scolper, and as a man of business you are not called upon to waste your valuable time upon rubbish—nor am I. You sent for me to hear some proposal, as I understood you, and I am here to listen to it."

"I do not see, Mr. Molesworth, that you could possibly say anything fairer, or more precisely true and accurate, sir, if you were to talk till that sundial strikes twenty-four. But there seems no willingness to speak, in some quarters."

"If you mean me, I will be hanged if I have had a chance of speaking yet," said Henry. "I'm snapped up like an infernal alligator," he added, with some little incompleteness of illustration.

"You'll be snapped up worse than that," retorted Scolper, who felt with indignation that his flight of imagination about the dial had been rather over-trumped by Henry's zoological simile. "And if I were you, I would not sit talking nonsense about alligators, which is obnoxious and offensive talk at the best of times, but just say what you mean to do, while there's time to do anything."

"You say in your note," said Henry, fairly bullied down "that the party——"

"Now, good heaven and earth," said Mr. Scolper, "what the devil is the use of telling me what I said in my note? Do you think I don't know what I said in my note better than you do, or if I didn't, that I would not call for my letter-book and peruse an examined copy of it instead of taking it from your memory? It seems to me that there's shuffling going on; but people know their own affairs best."

"If I am correct, Scolper," said Mr. Molesworth, "you wrote him something of this kind—of course I do not commit you to my own words."

"I have no doubt, sir, that they will be the same as mine," said Scolper. And it would have been very odd had it proved otherwise."

"You apprised him, then, that a bill which he had procured, and which had been discounted by a client of yours upon the faith of representations that the signatures were genuine, had arrived at maturity, and that, upon its being presented, one of the signatures had proved to be a forgery. You added, I think, that if explanations were possible, the sooner they were made the better, as criminal proceedings were contemplated."

"Now, then," said Scolper, suddenly turning to Henry the moment Molesworth had ceased, "you can say whether you received such a letter as that or not, I suppose? That won't hurt you."

"That was the letter," said Wilmslow, doggedly.

"Well, I am glad you will allow that," said Scolper, looking at him as if his determined wickedness were too much for a virtuous man to bear.

"You wrote to me, Mr. Scolper," continued Molesworth, "to say, that I having been the means of this bill passing into your client's hand, I ought to hear any proposal that might be made on the subject."

"I did so, sir," rejoined the vengeful Scolper; "but I really can only beg your pardon for having brought you here on what I may call a fool's errand. The devil a proposal is made, or likely to be made, so far as I can see. I don't call talking about alligators and rubbish making proposals, whatever others may do."

"Molesworth," said Henry, "we have known one another off and on for a good many years, and I must say I do not understand this conduct. We parted quite friendly some months ago, and since then I can't have done anything to offend you, because we have not had any intercourse. There's something up, which I don't understand. Can I say a word in private?"

"In connection with this business?" demanded Molesworth.

"This and other things."

"Certainly not," said Molesworth. "It is decorous in itself, and due to Mr. Scolper, that he should hear every syllable that is dropped upon the subject. If you have any hesitation at speaking before him, I will remove it by saying that he is an old and confidential friend of mine, and that you may speak as unservedly as if we were alone."

"I'm sure *I* don't care, if *you* don't," replied Henry, "and here goes. What I want to ask is——"

"As I am to hear, and I suppose to speak," said Mr. Scolper, "I say at once, that I don't see that you are in a position to ask anything. Your course is to tell, not to ask; at least so it seems to me."

"D——n it, let me go on my own way, will you," said Henry; "I want to know, Molesworth, in so many words, what this farce is being played for, and what's to come of it?"

"Your language is quite incomprehensible to me," said Molesworth. "Mr. Scolper may understand it, but I do not."

But Mr. Scolper was too much incensed to do more than sig-

nify, by a furious and convulsing shrug, his utter ignorance of Mr. Wilmslow's meaning and his profound contempt for that gentleman's general character.

"You understand me fast enough," retorted Henry; "and I repeat that you are playing a farce which, I may say, tit for tat, I don't comprehend. Had I been aware," he proceeded, with some grandeur, a bright idea having struck him, "that this kind of thing was to take place, I should have requested a noble and intimate friend of mine to accompany me to this meeting. I now regret that I did not."

"Old Rook has been in Clement's Inn in his time," said Scolper.

"I did not mention a name," said Henry, "and I am not in the habit of hearing Lord Rookbury spoken of in terms of that kind."

"If you are coming nothing but alligators and rooks," returned Mr. Scolper, "the sooner we break up the better, and things must take their course. What do you say, Mr. Molesworth?"

"I have waited as long as I can afford to wait," said that gentleman. "You will do your duty to your client, Mr. Scolper, as you always do, and I can only hope that, disagreeable as my share in the affair must be, I shall be able to offer in a court of justice explanations which will be satisfactory."

"By Jove," said Henry, incautiously, "knowing what you know, you will never stand up in a court of justice about the bill."

"Knowing what I know, I assuredly shall," said Molesworth. "To what does your observation point, sir?"

"Do you mean to say, that if that bill comes into court, you will come within twenty miles of it?" cried Henry.

"If I am called as a witness, which I presume Mr. Scolper will find it his duty to make me, I shall go into the witness-box, take the bill in my hand, and, as becomes an honest and an honourable man, shall testify to all I know or believe on the subject."

"Well, I don't know," said Henry, "I've heard that lawyers defy all laws; but how the sauce that is good for the goose is not to be sauce for the gander this time, I don't see."

"Could you oblige us with any more animals?" jerked out Mr. Scolper, who had not forgiven the alligator. "Rooks were the last—now come geese and ganders. I suppose we shall have electrifying eels next."

"Mr. Wilmslow's implication becomes too serious for jesting," said Molesworth, rising from the wall, against which he had been leaning, and taking off his hat. "Will you explain, sir, in a few words of decent Christian English, what you mean by that last speech of yours?"

"I mean this," said Henry, "that if the signature to that bill was forged—mind, I don't say it was—you are not going to get me to say anything of that sort in the presence of a witness; but if it was, you, Mr. Molesworth, knew that it was as well as—

anybody else did, and advanced the money upon it with that knowledge. Deny it, if you dare?"

"My denial to such a person as yourself," said Molesworth, "would be absurd. Luckily the foul calumny is uttered in Mr. Scolper's presence; and I will ask him to note the words."

"Then," said Henry, infuriated, "while you are taking notes, add this: namely, that I, being desperately hard up for money, came to Molesworth, who was managing the Aspen Court suit, and asked him to let me have some. He told me to bring him a bill with one good name on it. I couldn't do that, for I'd pumped out everybody whom I could think of. He suggested my relations. I told him I had none, except a couple of rich cousins who hated me like poison, because my old aunt, Albreda, left me her tin instead of them. Molesworth, let him deny it if he can, said that he had no doubt I could obtain one of their signatures. D——e, sir, I was thunderstruck. I knew that either Frederic or William Barnstaple would as soon have chopped off his right hand as sign to help me. He laughed, and said that if I brought the signature of one of them, there was the money; and he trickled a whole lot of sovereigns through his fingers into a drawer. I suppose you'll say you haven't got a drawer next?" said Henry, pausing in his narrative.

"I have many drawers," replied Molesworth, without moving a muscle.

"I'm glad you'll admit that," said Henry. "Well, I'll tell it you all out now I'm about it. I couldn't think for a long time what he meant; but I knew I wanted the money most devilishly, and, perhaps, being so sharp set, and hearing the clink, made me guess at his aim, and I threw out a feeler or so; saying, in a laughing way, that if I used the freedom of a relative and borrowed my cousin's name without asking leave, I supposed that would do. He answered, in his sanctimonious way, that he had known me too long to think of questioning any document I might bring him."

"The whole story is false," said Molesworth; "but I admit that such would have been my answer to any one who spoke of you. I knew you for a libertine and a gambler; but I did not for a moment believe that you would be guilty of forgery."

"Now mark this, then," said Henry. "I said that I would go out and get a stamp, and do the thing at once, and that the bill would be sure to be taken up to the hour; because before it became due he would have the Aspen Court rents in his hand. He said, in a very serious way, '*Such* bills are always taken up to the hour.' But he would not go on with the business then; because he said, in a meaning way, that I could not see the Barnstaples that afternoon, City business hours being over; and that *if I succeeded in inducing my cousin to sign*, I could come to him at the same hour next day. I did succeed—ha! ha! and got the money. As to its being your client's money, that's all my eye, of course."

This was not a judicious address, all things considered. Mr. Molesworth listened to it with his usual imperturbability; Mr.

Scolper with occasional vivid fits of indignation. Henry Wilmslow having finished, walked up and down the little room in order to relieve his highly-wrought feelings; and during the promenade the two lawyers exchanged glances of considerable meaning. Mr. Scolper then said,—

"Now, Wilmslow, if you'll sit down, and hear what I have to say, it will do you no particular harm. I think you may make up your mind, Wilmslow, to close your brilliant and useful career in one of the colonies."

"He will go with me," cried Henry, looking furiously at Molesworth.

"Are you such an ass as not to see that your ridiculous story about his complicity is not substantiated by a single witness?"

"But I can swear to every word of it."

"You! the forger. The man in the felon's dock! Why, you must be a fool."

"Perhaps I am," said Henry, "and I had better have held my tongue; but I relied upon the honour and friendship of a person whom I have known for many years, who has no cause to break with me, and who has made large sums of money by my family. As you say, sir, I have been a fool. And now I will wish you both a good morning. I must look to myself."

"Possibly we can save you that trouble," said Scolper, coughing loudly. The signal was answered by a cough from the adjoining room.

"You must see, Wilmslow," said Mr. Scolper, "that my duty to my client, whom you have so cruelly injured, will not permit me to neglect any steps pointed out by the laws of our country. That you may be able to induce a jury to believe the story with which you have favoured us is my earnest hope—and, I may add, Mr. Molesworth's, despite the abominable attempt you have made to include him in your offence. But until you have done so, it is necessary and right that security for your appearance should be given, and the individual who just coughed outside is an officer, who, with a companion, will escort you to Bow Street."

"What, trapped me like that?" exclaimed Henry, waxing very white. "I did not expect this."

"You ought to have expected it, Wilmslow," said Mr. Scolper. "Are you not aware that punishment always follows crime?"

"D—n your preaching," said Henry, who, driven to bay, became desperate. "I wish there was something here I could shy at your head." And he made a motion towards Mr. Scolper, which induced that person to start up with some alacrity, and declare that if Henry did not resume his seat he would call in the officers that very instant.

"I have been silent for some time," said Molesworth, "for the indignation I felt at such a charge as that which was made against me, fairly deprived me of my presence of mind. But I have now recovered myself, and I will say a word or two.

I can have no feeling towards this wretched man except one of pity. I knew him in other days, when I had hopes of him, which he has long since cruelly disappointed. I was the means of introducing to him the best wife man ever had, and he has outraged and insulted her, and all but broken her heart. Yet, for old recollections, I would do what I can for him."

"That scoundrel, Molesworth, is frightened," said Henry to himself. "All this fine talk is humbug, and either meant to diddle Scolper, or somebody who has been listening. "I'll clench the nail, however. Gentlemen," he said, "a great many hard words have been used about me, which I may or may not deserve. But I see which way the cat is going to jump."

"One more animal—I thought so," said Scolper.

"I recommend you to hold your row," said Henry, insolently. "I may be a fool, as you said, but I am not fool enough not to see that you are only a sort of puppet here, and that your strings are pulled by my friend here to the left. That's neither here nor there. But there's one thing which may induce you both to bring this affair to a pleasanter termination than you intended, and that is, that whether the signature to the bill was forged or not, I had no hand in the forgery. No, *that* I had not," he added, with an oath.

"You had no hand in it!" repeated Scolper, slowly. "Now, Mr. Molesworth, I presume you are satisfied?"

"I have no more to say," said Molesworth; "I will leave you. Take your own course. If it be any comfort to you, Mr. Wilmslow, to know that whatever happens to you, the interests of your wife and children shall be cared for by me, take that assurance. I wish you better fortune than you deserve. Farewell." He heaved a deep sigh, and left the room.

Henry's last hope vanished. Wilmslow sat for some moments in silence, and then said,—

"Well, you've got your own way now; why don't you call in the fellows?"

"In such a hurry to be locked up—eh! Take my word you'll have enough of it in the gaol before the convict-ship takes you out. You haven't a chance. I did not want to say so before him, because it might have made him more inclined to show you a mercy you don't deserve. But you are booked, my friend. And yet it is pretty much your own fault, too."

"What's the use of preaching, I tell you. When a man's hard up for a pound—I mean a man who has been brought up as a gentleman: a snob isn't tempted, if he can't get wine he can drink beer—but a gentleman driven into a corner, will do anything."

"Glad I'm only a gent, then. But I didn't mean as to the original matter, but to-day. There stood Molesworth, full of kindness for your wife and children, and ready to do anything in reason for you; and instead of humbling yourself before the man you have injured, and who could and would serve you, you talk about cats and alligators, and invent a whole chapter of lies that

contradict themselves. You wouldn't let him help you. I bet at this moment he's considering how he can get you off. I know that's the wish nearest his heart now."

"Devilish little you have done to help him to it, then," said Henry. "I don't know why you should be my enemy. What does it signify to your client, if you have one, whether that bill was forged or not, if it is paid?"

"But it is not paid. It is seized, and the word forgery written across it."

"Molesworth takes the Aspen Court rents, and could pay it a dozen times over. But there is some malice against me," said Henry dejectedly. "I don't know, though I suspect who is at the bottom of it; but I can't help myself, and all the world may go——"

"Hold your tongue, do. It's the being so fond of talk that has ruined you to-day. If I were to do anything for you, I should be insulted the next minute."

"Oh, I'm an infernally bad fellow, of course," said Henry. "An unlucky man always is. If you were game to give me a chance, I might make it worth your while."

"How could you?" said Scolper. "You have nothing except what Molesworth pays you, and, I take it, your order on him would not go for much. Besides, no, the warrant is in the officer's hands."

"And the officers are there. Done, and done brown," said Henry. "By—, I wish I had had a suspicion of this—I'd have put the sea between you and me hours and hours ago. I could hide myself on the Continent in places where none of your fellows could find me. I have been at hide-and-seek in my time. But it is of no use to talk of that."

"No, none," said Scolper. "I must do my duty. But you shall not be taken out before my clerks and people. I will ask the officers to take you through here."

He pointed to a panelled door in the old-fashioned wall. Wilmslow had not noticed it.

"I am going to add the adjoining chambers to mine, as my business increases. Then clients can come in by one staircase, and go out by the other. You shall be taken out through the empty rooms. By the way—I don't know that I ought, but you'll want money. Here's a fiver for you, and if you are in great need, write to me, I dare say Molesworth will let me have any little advances. I'm afraid I must call in the men. But I'll tell them to be civil to you, as you are a gentleman."

He went out to speak to the officers. Henry Wilmslow was not quite such a fool as to misunderstand him, and that night he slept at Boulogne. Yet he might have slept at Aspen Court in perfect safety. His story about the bill was true to the letter, and though that did not avail him, inasmuch as he could not prove it, Molesworth had never allowed the forged bill to be presented at all.

HAPS AND MISHAPS OF A TOUR IN EUROPE.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

CHAPTER XII.

WORKS OF ART.—THE APOLLO.—THE DYING GLADIATOR.—THE CENCI.—VILLA BORGHESE.—TIVOLI.—ASCENT OF ST. PETER'S.—THE COLISEUM BY MOONLIGHT.—THE ENGLISH BURYING GROUND.—GRAVES OF KEATS AND SHELLEY.—A RELIGIOUS PROCESSION.—ALBANO.—A RIDE ON THE CAMPAGNA.

December 6.

IN the few brief comments which I feel inclined to make on some of the great works of sculpture and painting here at Rome, I speak by no means "as one having authority," by virtue of any ripe critical knowledge of art. I should be silent altogether on these subjects, did I not observe that one's true, fresh, and vivid impressions of such things are worthy of some respect, and that a sincere and reverential love of beauty gives one an instinctive appreciation of the spirit of the higher forms of art, however deficient the judgment may be in matters of execution and detail. One may most profoundly feel effects in art with a very limited understanding of causes.

Of all the antique statues I have yet seen, I have been by far the most impressed by the Apollo Belvidere and the Dying Gladiator—the one the striking embodiment of the pride, and fire, and power, and joy of life; the other of the mournful majesty, the proud resignation, the "conquered agony" of death. In all his triumphant beauty, exultant vitality, and rejoicing strength, the Apollo stands forth as a pure type of immortality—every inch a god. There is an Olympian spring in the foot which seems to spurn the earth—a secure disdain of death in the very curve of his nostrils—a sunborn light on his brow; while the absolute perfection of grace, the supernal majesty of the figure, now, as in the old time, seem to lift it above the human and the perishing, into the region of the divine and the eternal. Scarcely can it be said that the worship of this god has ceased. The indestructible glory of the lost divinity lingers about him still; and the deep, almost solemn emotion, the sigh of unutterable admiration, with which the pilgrims of art first behold him now, differ little, perhaps, from the hushed adoration of his early worshippers. I have never seen any work of art which I had such difficulty to realize as a mere human creation, born in an artist's struggling brain, moulded in dull clay, and from thence transferred, by the usual slow and laborious process, to marble. Nor can I even think of it as having, according to the old poetic fancy, pre-existed in the stone, till the divinely-directed chisel of the sculptor cut down to it. Ah, so, methinks, the very marble must have groaned, in

prescience of the god it held. To me it rather seems a glowing, divine conception, struck instantly into stone.

The Gladiator, grand in his perfect humanity, a prouder figure, fallen and overcome as he is, than many an erect and victorious hero, with the rich blood of his prime trickling slowly and sickeningly from his one deep wound, is a profoundly touching, I had almost said a heart-breaking, sight. And yet you scarcely dare to grieve—he is too royal for pity. The marble, age-imbrowned, seems shadowed by Death's awful wing. There seems a strange stillness about it, and you hush your own breath in involuntary reverence. Here is no struggle, no contortion—the soul seems making a truly kingly abdication—the “manly brow consents to death;” and yet you can see, by its deepened lines, by the sunken eyes, the relaxed lips, and by the swollen veins of the extended limbs, that the very citadel of life is stormed by mortal anguish. It is impossible to gaze on the Dying Gladiator without further saddening yourself by gifting him, as does Byron, with a heart whose sweet, sad memories blind him to the dizzying sight of the crowded amphitheatre, and whose last wild throbs of love and yearning deafen him to the shouts which greet his conqueror.

In the hall of the Gladiator are several other noble antiques—a very grand Amazon, a fine Ariadne, the Faun of Praxiteles, a charming figure, and the Antinous, considered a faultless ideal of youthful manhood. It is exceedingly beautiful, but wanting in that something superhuman which, in the Apollo, almost compels a paganish adoration. The Venus of the Capitol is but a beautiful, soulless, voluptuous creature—an exquisite animal, unworthy to lace the sandals of the pure, simple, and august Venus of Milo, which, broken as it is, still stands forth grandly unapproachable among all antique forms of lovely womanhood. Near the Venus stands a delicious group of Cupid and Psyche, whose sentiment seems to me a wonderful union of passion and purity. The expression and attitude of each figure are full of intense lovingness, childlike sweetness, and innocent unconsciousness. The soft light and warmth, the divine atmosphere, of young love, seems floating about the group, the one pure sentiment pervades and permeates the two fair embracing forms. It flows in the drapery, it nestles in the hair, it is expressed in the slightest curve of each delicate limb, as unmistakably as in that fond kiss of lips which cling and cling for ever.

I have seen many wonderful paintings of the great masters since I came to Rome; and from this world of pictorial beauty and power, I know not how to select the few objects on which I may presume to comment. The fairest and grandest of Raphael's exquisite creations, the sublime monuments of the stern and Titanic genius of Michael Angelo, the graceful and glowing forms of Andrea del Sarto, Correggio, Guido, Domenichino,—I gaze upon them daily; they are becoming revered, almost beloved, objects to me. And so I cannot speak of them *en masse*, or deliberately, but may refer to some of them separately and incidentally, from time to time. But I must confess, *en passant*, that I am disap-

pointed in the Transfiguration. Its grandeur I do not question; but it has not, to my eye, all the divine, transcendent beauty I looked to see in the most perfect creation, the crowning achievement, of Raphael's genius. Some of his minor and simpler compositions impress me more. Nor can I find all that poets have found in Guido's famous portrait of Beatrice Cenci, in the Barberini Palace. The upper part of the face is truly beautiful, the brow is noble, and the eyes, in the full, living look they cast on you, have a sweet, appealing sadness and mournful hopelessness, which haunt you through days and weeks; but the mouth I think childish and characterless. I cannot imagine those lips, falling so listlessly apart, ever set with heroic energy and deadly determination. I cannot believe that this expression of weakness could have resulted altogether from the past torture or the coming death agony; and I hold to the opinion, that if Beatrice Cenci was guilty of the terrible yet noble crime for which she suffered, and bore herself so grandly through all as we have been told she did, then this is not a perfectly true portrait.

One lovely afternoon, lately, I drove with my friends Mr. and Mrs. S——, to the villa Borghese, where, among many other fine works of art, I saw Canova's Venus Victoriense. This is an exceedingly graceful and elegant statue, altogether my favourite among Canova's female figures.

This villa is one of the loveliest places in the neighbourhood of Rome. I shall never forget our coming out into the grounds at sunset, and the long draughts of pure delight which I drank in as I gazed around and above me. Stately trees cast their soft shadows across my path; fallen leaves, golden, and bronze, and crimson, stirred into little eddies by the rising wind, rippled about my feet; fountains murmured dreamily in the distance, and intermingled lights and shades played over the pleasant lawn. The sky was gorgeous with purple and gold, shading off into the softest lilac and the serenest blue. Wherever I looked, on earth or heaven, there was beauty—beauty indescribable, unimaginable.

We have spent one day at Tivoli, where we saw the yet beautiful temple of the Sibyl, the famous grotto, the falls, the ruins—had a long donkey-ride over the hills, and picnicked under olive and fig trees, in sight of half a dozen silvery cascades. Tivoli is a very picturesque and charming old place, where one could linger for months, wrapped in long luxurious dreams of its past glories and splendours, when the princely villas of Hadrian, Mæcenas, Propertius, Sallust, Brutus, and Cassius gleamed white and beautiful among its woods and waterfalls; or in quiet, ever fresh enjoyment of the indestructible loveliness of Nature.

Yesterday we attended high mass in the Sistine chapel, the Pope officiating. The cardinals were present in strong force and grand array; and on this occasion I first witnessed the ceremony of kissing the cross on the Pope's robe, and on the toe of His Holiness's shoe. After service we drove to the Basilica of San Paolo, a large and splendid church, now being erected on the site of one destroyed by fire. When finished, this will even

rival St. Peter's in beauty and grandeur. I have never beheld anything in architecture more magnificent than the double rows of pillars down the immense nave.

To-day we have ascended St. Peter's to the very lantern. We found the ascent much less tedious and fatiguing than we expected, and that we had had but faint and narrow conceptions of the height and grandeur of this stupendous building. It was strange to wander about on the vast roof, among the cupolas and workshops, which seemed to constitute a small village of themselves; and after having accomplished the ascent, the down look from the top of the great dome was awfully grand. The head swam, as from the height of that pictured heaven the eye fell from circle to circle of those wondrous mosaics—seraphs, cherubs, prophets, apostles—to the illuminated altar below.

We have visited the Coliseum by moonlight, and bathed our very souls in the dreamy and desolate beauty of the scene. The Forum Romanum and the Forum of Trajan are scarcely less impressive at night; but I always feel and realise most in gazing on the ancient Arches of Titus, of Septimius Severus, Constantine, Drusus, and Janus. What floods of glorious life poured through these in the proud old warlike days—in the slow sweep of victorious armies, or the wild surge of battle and flight, or the quiet, continuous flow of prosperous peace, or the full sparkling gush of pleasure! What countless religious and festal pageants, marriage and funeral processions, have passed under them! What stormy crowds have gathered round them! What murderous faces have lurked behind them! What stars of womanly loveliness have gleamed out the brighter from their momentary shade! What sweet, childish laughers have rung through them!—tumult and crime laid and avenged, lights of beauty and childish laughers quenched and hushed these many, many centuries. And the stately columns of Antoninus and Trajan, nearly as old as Christianity, yet still wreathed with rare sculptures, alive with the matchless forms of antique art, what triumphs and captivities, splendours and desolations, have ye beheld, O wondrous dumb witnesses of a mighty past!

From amid the grand shadows and tender sunlight which fall about me here, I look out on the world, if not gaily, surely not sadly—in melancholy, perhaps, but never in despair.

December 15.

One sunny Sabbath afternoon, lately, we visited the pleasant Protestant cemetery, where Keats sleeps, and where the heart and the ashes of Shelley are buried. I was pained to find the grave of Keats in a bare and shadowless place. He whose heart was so full of music, who loved beauty so passionately, has not a tree to shelter a bird over his lonely rest—not a flower to breathe a perfumed sigh over his lowly pillow.

Saddened as I was at the grave of Keats, I was yet unprepared for the flood of emotion which swept over me beside that of Shelley. He had ever been one of the "gods of my idolatry," not

alone for his sublime yet most exquisite poetic genius, but for his passionate love and fervid apostleship of Freedom—for the burning rebukes, the stern warnings, for even the awful anathemas, which he shrieked out against tyranny and tyrants; but I looked not to feel the real pang of grief, which changed the deep, low breathing with which I approached into quick sobs, and dissolved in tears the admiration and reverence of a life. "The spirit of the spot" bowed me over the stone which covered his ashes, till my brow, my lips, touched it, and my heart throbbed against it all its sorrow and regret.

This grave is in a lovely spot—trees and ruins are about it, and near it towers the solemn pyramidal tomb of Caius Cestius. Near also to this grave is that of the beloved eldest child of the poet, and Mary Godwin. It is sweet to think of the fair young spirit, as running a little way on before, to open for *him* the immortal gates—as looking lovingly and smilingly back—as passing slowly in, shading his eyes from "the white radiance" streaming about him, and as lingering by the portals till he, the tired one, came.

I fear I am succeeding but ill in descriptions of the scenes of my life in Rome. The pictures in my own mind are strongly drawn and vividly coloured; but the copies I make are very feeble and pale. Even of the thought they inspire, I find I can give only the dull, empty chrysalis—the delicate, ethereal, poetic spirit escapes me, flutters above me, and mocks me with its inexpressible beauty. But, if I find it difficult to describe what I see, to utter my full thought, yet infinitely more difficult will it be to give true conceptions of what I *feel* in this life. I actually seem in a sort of prolonged poetic ecstasy.

December 20.

The proclamation of the Empire here at Rome happened, unfortunately for the loyal French soldiers, on a festal day of the Blessed Virgin; so, as it was considered already appropriated by "Our Lady," there was no grand military procession, as had been anticipated. In the evening there were a few illuminations, the principal of which, the house of the French minister, was very fine. We went on that afternoon to the Capitol, to see the Franciscan procession in honour of the Virgin. In the sight for which I went I was ill paid for my long walk—the procession being by no means the imposing affair I thought to see. The Franciscans are the ugliest, coarsest, and the most animal-looking set of men I have ever encountered, in or out of the church. In all that long procession, I saw not one whose countenance revealed that he had one high thought in his brain, one pure aspiration or gentle human affection in his heart.

The pictures and images borne in the procession were unmitigated atrocities. A Virgin, of course,—and a very coarse Virgin,—a cadaverous St. Francis, and a pictured blasphemy in the shape of a crucifixion. Then there were crosses and other symbols, and

incense, and dolorous chanting, and priests and friars, friars and priests, swarming on and on, like the locusts of Egypt.

I was much interested in observing the various groups of peasants who thronged the steps of the Capitol, in their gay, festive dresses, infinitely varied, and many of them picturesque in the extreme. Most striking of all were the *pifferari*—wild-looking musicians from the mountains, who came down to Rome for the Christmas season. They are never cold, or indifferent, or unsympathetic. They seem almost always to mirror the sentiment of the place in which you behold them. Among the old fallen temples and palaces, the solemn and desolate spirit of ruin seems to look forth from them; and beside the sparkling fountains, and out on the pleasant Campagna, they laugh back the sunshine with an added splendour.

We lately spent a day at Albano, driving out in the morning, and returning at night. This excursion was one of the things to be remembered till death chills the heart against all the joy of life, and the grave shuts out all the light of beauty. We passed the lovely Fountain of Trevi, the Forum of Trajan, the Coliseum, which looked less desolate and more grandly beautiful than ever, with the glory of a matchless morning pouring through its mighty arches—past the splendid Church of St. John Lateran, and that lofty Egyptian obelisk that stands near it, which dates back to the Pharaohs, and may have cast its slender shadow upon the royal pomp of Cleopatra—out of the noble Porta Maggiore, on to the Albano road which leads past the ancient aqueducts, in sight of the old Appian Way, the tomb of Cecilia Metella, and many a lonely hill of undistinguishable ruin, and through a picturesque part of the Campagna.

Yesterday we went out by the Porta Maggiore, and rode for some hours along the line of the ruins of the Claudian aqueduct. The day was superb: our horses were fleet; we were confined to no road or beaten track, but passed in and out of the arches, and coursed over the green flowery turf for miles. We remained without the walls till the sunset hour; and then, O then, the very glory of heaven seemed breaking through the floor of heaven, and flooding the earth. The dark, gigantic arches of the aqueducts, and the ruins of old towers and villas, stood out grandly in that gorgeous light; the purple Alban hills, and the lovely undulations, and wide sweeps of green and brown, of that wondrous Campagna, and, above all, that sky of skies, with its exquisite tints, and infinite shades, and inconceivable brightness, made me thrill, as I gazed, from head to foot with shocks of intense pleasure, and almost to reel in my saddle with the intoxication of sight.

We go almost always, before breakfast, to meet the morning on the noble Monte Pincio. We have found out some pleasant walks beyond the Porta del Popolo, which is nearest us; one along the Tiber is an especial favourite with us for its fine views. We sometimes attend vespers at the Trinita de Monte, a church on the

Pincio, when the sweet singing of the nuns is enough to break one's heart by an indefinable something which is more than sadness, and only less than despair. It seems to me but the melodious wail of renunciation, of loneliness, of love in crucifixion.

CHAPTER XIII.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S CEREMONIES.—THE HOLY CRADLE.—HIGH MASS AT ST. PETER'S.—THE POPE.—CARDINAL ANTINELLI.—TE DEUM AT THE GESU.—JEWISH SYNAGOGUE.—THE CAMPAGNA.—DORIA AND CORSI NI PALACES.—PORTRAIT OF LUCREZIA BORGHIA.—MONASTERY OF ST. ONOFRIO.—TOMB OF TASSO.—PROPAGANDIST COLLEGE.—ART.—MODERN ARTISTS.—OVERBECK.—TENNENBACH.—STEINHAUSER.—GIBSON.—BLESSING OF THE BEASTS.

January 3, 1853.

THE Christmas and New Year's holidays in Rome have been something to be long and pleasantly remembered by me; not alone for their novel and splendid ceremonies, but for the delicious weather we have had through all—sunlight as brilliant as that of summer, moonlight absolutely entrancing, loveliness and soft airs everywhere. Every day, as it dawned, crowned with celestial glory, and garnished with beauty inexpressible, seemed fit for the birthday of a god.

On Christmas eve we witnessed some grand ceremonies at the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore. This is one of the most magnificent of the basilicas, and the first view of its illuminated interior almost struck one back with the blaze of its inconceivable splendour. We could see nothing for a moment but the innumerable lights, the silver, and gold, and crimson, the floating clouds of incense, and a vast crowd of people, soldiers, and priests. But presently we perceived that a procession was slowly moving round the church. It was the Pope, borne aloft in his chair of state, arrayed in his pontifical robes of white and gold, with two immense fans of white plumes nodding stately, one on either side of his head. He sat a little unsteadily, and looked, I thought, rather nervous at his elevation; but he never ceased to scatter, devoutly and benignantly, his blessing, right and left, upon the crowd, most of whom knelt to receive the invisible baptism.

Nothing can be finer than the sudden kneeling of the Swiss guard and the Guardia Nobile; they always go down with such a gallant tossing of plumes, and such a ringing clang of swords and halberds, as though challenging the world for their magnificent, old, warlike faith. There is more in that sound than the clang of steel against marble; something heroic, chivalrous, crusader-like—something quite indescribable, but which makes the heart beat bravely, and thrills one from head to foot.

After listening to the music, and witnessing some incomprehensible rites, for about half an hour, we went to a side chapel to see the famous and most holy relic of the true cradle.

At the entrance, before we were aware, we found ourselves in an

absolutely ferocious crowd. Such fierce pushing and elbowing, such desperate assaults and ignominious repulses, I never before witnessed. Torn away from my companions, I at one time gave myself up for lost, believing that I must render my last sigh in a *mêlée* of devout Catholics and sightseeing heretics, the victim alike of fanatic superstition and frantic curiosity. A soldier of the Swiss guard was stationed at the door, and allowed but one or two to pass at a time. I must admit that this stern and dreadful man-at-arms was no servile respecter of persons, but treated all hapless cradle seekers with the same inflexible brutality. He even seized upon an enterprising young priest, in full robes, thrust his reverence back, shook him till his scull-cap fell off, and the holy man was purple with unsanctified ire. At last, when quite in despair, we were admitted, by order of an officer who happened to know one of our party, passed the Swiss dragon in safety, and soon found ourselves standing before what we were told were the miraculously preserved remnants of the cradle in which Mary once rocked the infant Christ. In an immense case, a sort of casket of gold and glass, are kept these wonderful relics—two or three pieces of old wood, worm-eaten, and partly decayed. There is nothing in their form to indicate that they were ever parts of anything like a cradle; and so altogether rough and clumsy are they that I found more natural than irreverent the remark of a jocose Englishman who stood near us, "Well, all I have to say is, St. Joseph seems to have been but a bad carpenter."

Yet I saw women clasp their hands, and burst into tears, at the sight of these formless pieces of wood, and brutal soldiers fall on their knees, with their hard faces softened with something like reverence and devotion, and with their stupid eyes glistening with a ray of something like soul.

We afterwards saw the procession of the cradle—these relics, borne in their golden case, under a gorgeous canopy, to the high altar, followed by the Pope and cardinals, with much chanting of monks and flaring of tapers. We went from this scene of pomp and puerility, of priestly parade and theatrical show, to the Coliseum, which seemed, by contrast, more unapproachably grand, more awful in its immensity, more solemn in age and ruin, than ever before.

After leaving the Coliseum, we attended midnight mass in one of the churches on the Corso, where, at one time, we heard music so worldly and waltz-like in character, that for a moment I half believed it to be one of the ceremonies to dance the old dispensation out and the new one in—almost expected to see some of the devout choosing partners, and whirling about among the pillars.

On Christmas morning we attended high mass at St. Peter's—, a scene and a ceremony which seem yet to blaze on my memory, and crowd my mind with forms and colours of indescribable splendour. The sight commenced at the entrance of the grand colonnades in front of the church, where the beautiful fountains playing in the rich sunshine of a perfect day, the magnificent

equipages of the cardinals, officers of state, and foreign ministers, soldiers and guards in brilliant uniforms, and the mighty old church itself, constituted a scene on which one could be content to gaze for hours. The interior was gorgeous and wonderful to behold. The immense nave, usually looking almost dreary and deserted, was now filled with a vast crowd, infinitely varied by rich or picturesque costumes, draped, decorated, illuminated; while grand organ melodies were swelling through the arches, and strong, clear voices went circling up into the majestic dome.

We were seated on a platform near the altar, in full view of the Pope and all the august ceremonials. Of the latter I understood but few, and perhaps, for this reason, most of them appeared to me puerile, absurd, or, at the best, highly theatrical. There was much going back and forth between the altar and the Papal throne, much kissing of the Papal toe, much blessing of tapers and swinging of censers, and countless other parades, pomps, forms, and imposing mysteries. There was one portion of the ceremonies which struck me as a beautiful piece of art, producing a highly-wrought dramatic effect. This was at the elevation of the Host by the Pope, when nearly all of that vast concourse having dropped on their knees, the sole music heard was a peal of silver trumpets, which seemed sent forth by invisible players, and stole through the church, and swelled up into the dome in strains of ineffable joy and triumph—grand, mysterious, and only not awful because so inexpressibly sweet and melodious. I could think of nothing but the music of the spheres with which to compare it; and to the Divinity in whose praise the stars broke forth in singing, and whose spirit breathes ever in grand melodious sound, to the God of the celestial harmonies, I instinctively bent the knee. I then felt to a wonderful degree the magnetism of worship, emanating from the kneeling crowd around me, and for a few moments no devout Catholic could have responded more unresistingly and reverently to all those solemn appeals to the senses. To my eyes, the beauty and gorgeousness of the scene grew most fitting and holy; with the incense floating to me from the altar, I seemed to breathe in a subtile, subduing spirit; and to that music my heart hushed itself in my breast, my very pulses grew still, and my brain swam in a new, half-sensuous, half-spiritual emotion.

I ever watched with keen interest the movements of Antinelli throughout those ceremonies. Ah, it is a right kingly spirit, in the sense of pride, arrogance, and absolutism. There is an air of domination in his bearing, an almost intolerable haughtiness in his eye, which remind me of Queen Katharine's character of Wolsey. I have never seen so grand a walk as his. It is proud and firm, yet light, and full of stately grace. He treads like a conqueror to majestic music, and yet with an indescribable softness, almost stealthiness, of movement. You could fancy the step as noiseless as that of Mephistophiles.

Finally, amid light, and music, and magnificence absolutely dazzling, the Pope was borne forth in his chair, followed by the most gorgeous procession I ever beheld. High officers of the

church and state, in crimson, scarlet, purple, and gold—symbols of authority celestial and terrestrial, crosses, crosiers, tiara, sword,—the foreign legation, the Guardia Nobile in their rich uniforms, the picturesque Swiss guard—in all, it seemed to me as brilliant and gallant a sight as the world could show. As they swept slowly down the nave, the midday sun poured in upon them from one of the great windows with resplendent effect. The Pope stayed his blessings for an instant, to shade his eyes with his hand, while the gold and jewels on his robes seemed to leap out in flame, and the arms and helmets of his guards blazed back the hot challenge of the sun.

On this morning we had seen the royal pomp, the most patrician and *recherché* splendour, of the Papal religion—in the afternoon we went among the people, to behold its plebeian aspect. At the Church of the Ara Coeli we saw what among the peasants is the great lion of the season—a chapel arranged as a manger, with wax figures of Joseph and Mary, and of an infant Christ lying in a cradle, swaddled in the Italian style, crowned and decorated with very suspicious-looking jewelry. In the background, among some admirably painted scenery, were sheep and shepherds—in the foreground other shepherds, grouped about the cradle in fitting postures of adoration. Above the manger, on a sort of cloudy loft, were clustered a company of angels and cherubs, looking benignly animated and celestially curious. At intervals you heard singing, which was supposed to come from this winged choir, but which, besides being in Latin, which one can scarcely accept as the tongue angelic, had about it a monkish harshness and nasal twang which rather interfered with the solemn illusion. But the effect of the scene was, on the whole, decidedly striking.

At this church we also witnessed the Christmas preaching by children, probably in commemoration of Christ's teaching in the temple. The preachers on this occasion were two small girls, who were hoisted upon an improvised pulpit, and held forth, one after another, in a hurried, parrot-like discourse. I regret to say that these reverend little misses seemed to have a very inadequate realization of the solemnity of the occasion, or of the responsibilities of their "high profession spiritual," and were evidently too much occupied with the curious crowd about them to deliver their discourse with fitting power and unction.

On new year's eve, I heard the *Te Deum* at the magnificent Church of the Jesuits. The Pope was present, and performed some imposing ceremonies. But this time I felt them little—felt nothing but the glorious music, which was surpassingly sweet, solemn, and grand—alternately casting down the soul into depths of humiliation and sorrow, and uplifting it to sublime heights of hope and thanksgiving.

In our walks along the Tiber we occasionally meet the Pope, driving, preceded and followed by a small detachment of the Guardia Nobile. It is expected that all in His Holiness's way shall reverently kneel—those in carriages and on horseback descending and dismounting for the purpose. But, though we only bow

with the respect due to his age and state as a sovereign, he always blesses us as benignly as he blesses those who kneel most devoutly in the most unfavourable places, laying their souls and silks in the dust before him; perhaps more benignly, in saintly commiseration for our unregenerate condition.

On a Saturday morning, lately, I visited several of the Jewish synagogues in the Ghetto with a Hebrew gentleman of our acquaintance. I found the synagogues to differ from one another only in size and decoration—the ceremonies were the same. All were filled with serious if not devout worshippers. Among these I saw many a sharp, repulsive face, marked by the hardest and worst Jewish characteristics—cunning, avaricious, pitiless; but I also saw some of the most magnificent and noble-looking men and beautiful lads I ever beheld. No women were present. On entering, every man arrayed himself in a scarf of white silk or barege, striped with blue, first kissing the fringe, and pressing it against his eyes. The priests wore high black caps, and read prayers and psalms from an immense pulpit or altar. Of the ceremonies, which were exceedingly simple, I remember two as deeply impressive—the bringing forth of the Bible from its rich sanctuary, and the bearing it about the synagogue, when all kissed it with evident emotion—and the solemn, simultaneous blessing which at one period of the service the fathers who had sons present bestowed; turning towards the east, lifting the eyes to heaven, and laying the right hand on the head of the young man, the youth, or the little boy. On the whole, the ceremonies, though mostly coldly conducted, were touching and mournfully suggestive.

January 8.

In no other country, I am sure, do earth and heaven seem so in love with each other as here. The sky never seems to shut down sharply on the earth at the horizon, but, with infinite and exquisite shade of colouring, to draw near with all the soft approaches of love; while the ground, gently undulating, seems to lift itself to blend with the sky. The hills do not tower upward abruptly and sternly, but rise in gradual slopes, as though wooing the light-dallying mists and lovely indolent clouds to repose on their brown breasts.

On our last ride we went out by the Porta del Popolo, and took a pleasant bye-road, which brought us, after many charming windings, to a broad tract of the campagna, on the Tiber,—a plain as level and dry as a western prairie—where we took a wild, galloping race, and several trotting matches, enjoying to the utmost the pure, free air, the rich, unobstructed sunlight, and the utter loneliness of the scene. There was in view scarce a trace of human life; all was silent and solitary as a desert. At a distance, across the Tiber, we could discern a herd of ugly, black buffaloes, and a group of stately white cattle; and docile and domesticated as these doubtless were, there was to our eyes something strange and wild, and savage in their aspect. Once, as we were riding there, a cloud of white birds passed over our heads, flying seaward, and

looking, as they sailed slowly through the deep heaven, like a fleet of fairy barks, their wings gleaming like silver oars in the blue waves of air.

Twelfth Night was very gaily kept in Rome. It is a season of great rejoicing for the children, as they then receive all sorts of gifts from the gracious *Baffana*, a kind of female Santa Claus. She is a personage very generally and joyfully honoured here—the Corso is illuminated for her, and various ceremonies and festivities mark her annual advent.

The day following, the *Bambino* was shown to the people, with much pomp and circumstance, from the steps of the Ara Cœli. This *Bambino* is neither more nor less than a sacred doll, blazing with jewels, the offerings of the devout, and having an unrivalled reputation in the miracle line. A vast assemblage of the people fell on their knees at the sight of it, as readily and reverently as they could have prostrated themselves if a shining angel of God had descended into their midst.

Yesterday we visited the Doria and Corsini palaces. The former is a beautiful and princely residence, but is not remarkably rich in works of art. Though there are in its galleries several pictures by Guido, Claude, Rubens, Murillo, Raphael, Titian, and other great masters, they are not among those masters' greatest works. In one of the galleries I was suddenly arrested by the portrait of a woman, young and beautiful, yet which seemed to fling down upon me from the wall a powerful and baleful spell. Wishing to feel to the utmost, to analyze, and, if possible, to understand, this strange and startling influence, I stood long before the picture, without looking at the catalogue to ascertain its name. It is the portrait of a woman in the full bloom and ripeness of beauty, with a rich, glowing complexion, auburn hair, and dark-brown eyes. Her form is perfectly rounded, her throat and hands of great beauty, and her dress royally luxurious. But in the face I read, as clearly as though they had been set down in a book, all the most dark, and strange, and contradictory qualities and passions ever congregated in one mortal nature, and arrogantly and fatally manifest in one human embodiment. Intellect, keen and subtle; sensuality, and cruelty, imperiousness, revengefulness, voluptuousness, and utter falsehood. It is the portrait of Lucrezia Borgia, by Giulio Romano.

At the Corsini palace I saw a Madonna and child, by Carlo Dolci, which to my eye, or rather to my *soul*, is the finest picture of this subject I ever beheld. The Madonna is most lovely, full of purity, with a serene and noble yet tender and womanly beauty; while the child is, indeed, an object for holy love, wonder, and adoration. He lies asleep, with a soft, dewy flush upon his cheeks and lips, and with his small hands clasped on his breast, and you feel that he is visited by sweet dreams of the celestial home he has just left. You feel that he is a pure ray of the eternal brightness, sent to light the death darkness of earth—a bud of the divine life, sent to fill our sad mortal being with the breath of its immortal sweetness. You seem to see the great

God-soul throbbing and glowing through all the little baby-form; and slight, beautiful, and tender as he is, you read in both face and form, as in "a sure word of prophecy," all the sorrow and grandeur of his mission of redemption—the sublime abnegation and long-suffering of his beneficent life.

In this palace, after her abdication and conversion to Roman Catholicism, Queen Christina, of Sweden, lived and died. The room in which the royal madwoman breathed her last, now forms part of the picture gallery. Standing within it, I could not feel quite cheerful and at peace, but was troubled as by the presence of her stormy and reckless spirit.

From the Corsini we went to the Monastery of St. Onofrio, where Tasso died. His tomb is shown in the chapel, marked by a small slab of white marble, bearing the simple inscription—*"Torquati Tassi Ossa."*

January 9.

I have just returned from the Accademia di Lingue, or Propagandist College, where I have witnessed a very curious sight, and been deeply interested in listening, without comprehending. I saw there students from all the nations of the earth, and heard speaking and chanting in forty different languages. It was a strange, Babel-like scene, I assure you, and impressed me more with the energy, vigilance, power, and fostering care of the church than anything I have yet seen.

For some time before the performance commenced, I was occupied in regarding the faces of the students, which furnished a fine study of physiognomy and national characteristics. There were all shades of complexion—from the Ethiopian to the Norwegian, from the American to the Burmese. But when they began speaking, I became quite absorbed in the study of sound. I saw the visage of the speaker in his voice, and the strange, uncomprehended words had power to conjure up for me scenes of far and unknown lands, beautiful or barbaric. In the sweet, sonorous Persian I had most delight. There is a sentiment in its sound, luxurious and dreamily passionate, vague, and mysterious. The Turkish and Arabic partake of these indescribable qualities, and the voices of the speakers in all these Oriental languages gave out something wild and grand in the high tones, while their low tones were like whisperings of hate or fear, or like Passion murmuring in sleep. The African tongues are rude, warlike, and barbaric in sound; those of Northern Europe are cold, strong, and rugged; while nothing can be more mellow and tender, and deliciously dreamy, than those of the south.

January 15.

I lately visited the studio of Overbeck, and was impressed by the peculiar spirit of his works, which are in the style of the old masters, nearly all treating of religious subjects. The sentiment of the exquisite drawings is ever tender, touching, and deeply devout, evincing the presence of a sincerely religious and reverential soul. His representations of our Lord are among the

finest in modern art. Meek, yet majestic—sorrowful, yet serene—divinely gracious, pitiful, and patient. I know of none so noble, except it be the Christus Consolator of Schœffler. His Madonnas are heavenly beautiful, pure, and tender, and his angel faces have an ineffable sweetness which touches and exalts the heart of the gazer. But in the powerful heads of some of his apostles, pharisees, high priests, and Roman soldiers, is his genius best displayed.

Overbeck himself has about him an air of almost solemn earnestness, and looks as though he had watched and prayed over his works; and in this reality and depth of feeling lies the justification of his style. There can be no affectation in his painting in the manner of the old religious masters, inspired as he is by the same devotional spirit. But I sincerely hope he may be the last of those who have narrowed a great artist life to the old worn-out ground—dedicated a glowing pencil to the thousand-times repeated traditions of the church—monk-cowled and cloister-shadowed a genius which should have had a broad look-out and a free range over the world.

I have seen in an Italian garden a stately figure of Juno wreathed about by flowering vines, and a head of Jove crowned like a Bacchus by purple-ripened grapes. And so it seems to me that the poetry and the needs of our day, in laying hold on this severe and supernal art, have added a living grace to its cold beauty and beneficence to its stern majesty. I rejoice to see whatever there is of the heroic and poetic peculiar to our age and race passing into stone; and better than figures of Olympian grandeur, stamped with godhood, are forms on which I may gaze till I think I see the very marble heaved with the beatings of a great human heart.

Yet one of the most sublime statues of modern times is that of neither God nor man—The Angel of the Last Judgment, by Tenerani, the first Italian living sculptor. It is a colossal, sitting figure, the power, beauty, and divine majesty of which I find beyond description. The archangel holds his trump, not raised, but resting across his knees, and seems awaiting the moment and the signal to sound. There is a solemn waiting repose in the figure, and in the face an intent, absorbed look of listening for the word of doom, grand to awfulness. You hush your voice, your breath, as you gaze, and you gaze till it seems that all God's universe is listening with him. Nothing can be grander than the wings of this angel—broad and high, though but half unfolded, they shine behind him all stately and silvery white, every smallest plume seeming to make a part of that charmed stillness, and looking as though their upbearing power and swift vitality had been suddenly frozen in that dread expectancy.

I look upon this figure, so majestic and mighty, yet waiting, subordinate, and obedient, as marvellously suggestive of the greater majesty and might of the infinite and invisible God. For this reason it is more to me than the Christ of the same artist, which is less forcible, and not more divine. Next to representations in art of the Sovereign Father, which are simply blasphemous, I

place nearly all attempts to portray, or embody, the inexpressible sweetness, sadness, and meekness of Him who walked earth sorrowful, poor, and lowly, yet whose death-agony darkened and convulsed the world—with whose last groan Nature, dismayed, cried out to God.

In strong contrast with this grand figure is the fainting Psyche, which stands near it, in the studio of the artist. This seems to me the loveliest representation I have yet seen of that exquisite ideal of olden poetry. She has just opened the fatal vase sent by the envious goddess, and inhaled its deadly vapour. She has dropped it at her side, and is sinking towards the earth. Her beautiful life is visibly passing away; you see it dying out of her very wings, which droop with an almost leaden heaviness in their airy tissues—in the languid failing of the limbs, the weary falling of the eyelids, the death-kissed sweetness of the lips. So tender, and touching, and softly beautiful is this figure, that, gazing on it as I did through tears, I could scarcely believe it a work of art—it seemed rather a magic crystallisation of some gentle poet's dream of love and death.

Mr. Spence, the young English sculptor, has in its studio, among many other admirable things, his charming figure of Highland Mary; which, by the way, has been commissioned by the Queen. Ah, what an omnipotent leveller and exalter is Genius! Think of the poor ploughman's barefooted peasant love in Buckingham Palace!

Steinhauser has just finished a colossal sitting statue of Goethe, attended by the Genius of Poetry bearing a harp. The figure of Goethe is full of the grand repose, and the head and face marked by the beauty, cold and proud, the almost supernal dignity, of that poet universal and irresponsible—the great I AM of German literature. The slight, youthful figure of the attending genius is a graceful accessory, whose presence, if not absolutely necessary, is yet justified by beauty.

An object of unceasing delight to me is the young violin player, but just executed in marble, which will, I am sure, take rank among the finest works of the artist. It was created in deep and sweet poetic thought—the very soul of music seems breathing over the face, and flowing through all the lines of the exquisite form, in the visible harmonies of grace.

In strong contrast alike with the powerful, subtle, Italian genius of Tenerani, as shown in his Angel of the Last Judgment, his Psyche, and his Venus, and with the poetic, dreamy, and essentially German genius of Steinhauser, is the cold, yet spirited, classic, but emphatically English genius of Gibson. This last is by no means wanting in poetry, but he is not a poet—his love of beauty is a principle, or a religion, rather than a sentiment or a passion—he waits on the oracles of art, before delivering himself up to the inspirations of nature. A reverent worshipper of the spirit and forms of antique art, it follows that his works, if not startlingly and powerfully original, are pure in conception and faultless in execution. They do not always captivate the imagi-

nation, or appeal strongly to the passions of the heart; but they delight the taste with noble forms of beauty which are alike the triumphs of genius and the slow results of art.

Of the works of this sculptor now in Rome, I admire most the Narcissus, an exquisite figure; the Wounded Amazon; the Cupid and Butterfly; Psyche borne by Zephyrs; and the Phaeton, a composition in *basso rilievo*, full of fire and strength. In the lovely story of Psyche he seems to revel; and many of his representations are worthy of the immortality of which she is the type.

January 29.

We went, last Sunday, to see the blessing of beasts—an annual ceremony, which takes place at the church of San Antonio. There was an immense crowd of all descriptions and classes of people; among the rest, a vast convocation of beggars, the crippled and maimed in endless varieties, wrecks and remnants, divisions and subdivisions of men.

A priest stood on the steps of the church, with a holy-water sprinkler in his hand, and a little boy at his side, bearing the *bénitier*. The animals were trotted up before him; he read a form of benediction in Latin, shook the sprinkler at them, and they were good for a twelvemonth. Of course, this is done for a consideration—as what is not, in the way of church parades, privileges, and immunities? The first applicants for a benediction, after our arrival, were two miserable old cart-horses, who looked as though the blessings of all the fathers of the church could not keep them on their legs for twenty-four hours. I fear the rite was extreme unction to them; and yet the owner doubtless led them away, rejoicing in the faith that the crows were cheated of the poor skeletons for a year to come.

Next came a drove of donkeys, with their heads and tails decorated with gay ribbons. One of these committed the ever-to-be-apprehended asinine impropriety of braying in the midst of the ceremony. So absurd, ludicrous, and pompously farcical was this scene,—so stupid, yet consciously ridiculous, seemed the chief actors,—that it struck me the benediction might have commenced without great inappropriateness with an apostolic “dearly-beloved brethren!”

There came up a sudden and violent shower, and we were driven for shelter into the church, where we were brought into more intimate relations with the lower classes than was altogether safe or savory. After the storm was passed, the Pope's stud came, mostly driven in carriages, magnificent turnouts. Then followed those of the cardinals, scarcely less stately and gorgeous. Next came twenty-four superb horses, belonging to Prince Piombino, attached to one carriage, all decorated with plumes and ribbons—really a beautiful sight. The horses which are to run in the Corso, during the Carnival, were blessed amid unusual demonstrations of popular feeling; and so it ended—the oddest, absurdest, most utterly ridiculous religious ceremonial I ever beheld.

MASTER GUY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TABLE TRAITS WITH SOMETHING ON THEM."

IN the month of November, 1575, a family group was assembled round the ample fire, in the ample room, in the house of an ecclesiastical lawyer, in the city of York. There were mother, father, a boy some five years old, and two younger children, both girls. The boy, an exceedingly quick-eyed and altogether active little fellow, was playing on a silver whistle with all his shrill might, and round his neck, suspended by a black ribbon, was an old coin, a golden angel. The entire party were in mourning. The boy was engaged in throwing pieces of paper among the hot ashes of the wood fire, and when a blaze followed his labour, he blew a blast of triumph on the whistle, on which, indeed, he never ceased to keep up a running accompaniment.

"Guy," said his father, "you have forgotten what Master Harrington said this morning at St. Michael's."

"I remember it well enough," said the boy, dropping the whistle from between his lips; "he said that God loved obedient children."

"Then why are you not obedient? why do you not cease that noise? and why do you not go to bed?"

"Because," said the boy, with a laugh that was rather a happily sincere than a rebellious laugh, "because I like to do what I like—play on my grandmother's best whistle and sit up late. Besides, when I go to bed, I lie awake and think. What *do* you think," he added, turning eagerly to his mother, "that I thought about last night, as I lay in the dark?"

"Of what?" listlessly inquired the fair matron, whose thoughts were upon the saints, of whom she had been discoursing with Dennis Baynbrigge, a zealous Romanist gallant, who was anxious to secure a follower for his church; "of what, child?"

"I was thinking," said Master Guy, "how much more clever the ear is than the eye. The ear knows sounds as well in the dark as in the light; but the eye's of no use in the dark at all;" and the boy smiled with a smile that "filled the silence like a speech;" and then he added, "Master Harrington also said, 'In the beginning God created all things.' Was He so clever too when only a child?"

The grave father looked shocked, but he only muttered a "*sancta simplicitas*" at the strange question, and then said, after a pause,

"He will be justly angry at such speeches——"

The daring Guy at once interrupted him by exclaiming,

"Perhaps just now He is not listening;" but this irreverent remark was followed by his immediate dismissal to his couch, he threatening, by the way, to set fire to the head-gear of the hand-

maiden who carried him off. The whistle and coin were sequestered; and father and mother sank into perplexity, for they could not tell whether this eccentric child, with his man-like daring, rather than man-like wisdom, were to prove an object for smiles or for tears. The mother shifted all care for him upon the saints. The father would have taken his proper responsibility had he lived; but he died when the lad was in his ninth year; at which time, Guy Fawkes, son of the York Proctor, was master of himself, tried to be master of his mother, and played in the churchyard of St. Michael le Belfry, instead of going to church. His chief amusement was in constructing turf models of York Castle, which he blew up with gunpowder given him by Dennis Baynbrigge.

Guy, throughout his youth, had one attachment; he loved his silver whistle. It, with the old gold angel, had been devised to him in the will of his grandmother, Ellen Fawkes. That will, which is still extant, is a singular document. The old lady was a collector of still older coins, and these she scattered among her acquaintance as memorials of the bequeather. But she was as careful touching other articles. Thus,—and it is not to be forgotten that she was a lady by birth and position; for though she had a “grocer” among her kindred, it must be remembered that the term, three centuries ago, was given only to those who dealt in merchandise *en gros*, in large wholesale quantities: the grocers of 1550, who were the princes of the commercial world, never dreamed that the appellation would be given by posterity to people who sold half an ounce of vermillion and brick-dust, and called it “cayenne”—thus she left her eldest son, Tom, the uncle of Guy Fawkes, ten pounds and a cauldron, “that I bought of my syster Wilson.” The good mother, moreover, left him “one of the greate brasse pottes,” a fair share of plate, linen, and jewels, her second-best petticoat, a worsted gown, and a damask kirtle. The legatee must have smiled over these “unconnected trifles.” His mother seems to have had pleasure in making such bequests. It is true that her female kindred came in for the gala dresses of Mrs. Ellen Fawkes; but the grandmother of Guy had some humour in her, when she left her “best silk hatte to Thomas Fawkes;” and I only wish she had insisted that Thomas should appear in it in church, on the Sunday after the funeral, and duly seated on the upturned cauldron, which she had also made a part of his inheritance!

The portion of Master Guy was thus mentioned:—“Then, I give to Guye Fawkys, my best whistle and one ould angell of gould.” All the gold he was after possessed of would not have defrayed the cost which he paid for his whistle,—that second whistle of which he made such small music in the vaults beneath the collective wisdom of the nation. To judge from subsequent facts, one might really think that he had blown that collective wisdom to shivers, and that we had never recovered any of the fragments.

Young Master Guy, however, was an “heir.” His sire died

intestate, and the real estate descended to Guy, whose representative, his mother, immediately despatched him to school, in order that she might more uninterruptedly discourse about the saints with that seductive reasoner, Dennis Baynbrigge. As for the paternal estate, Guy rather sneeringly said of it, when he had become "great," and was a prisoner under examination before the privy council, "My father left me but small living, and I spent it."

In the meantime Guy was placed in the then popular establishment for young gentlemen, kept near York, by the Rev. Edward Pulleyne. The locality was "Le Horse Fayre," and as that is a locality where mendacity most flourishes, it was perhaps there that Master Guy acquired his inveterate habit of lying.

At this school the precocious youth had two notable *condiscipuli*. The first was Tom Cheke, a shabby-genteel boy, mild, patient, and delicate. His grandfather was celebrated as tutor to Edward VI. His father had lived half his life, and spent all his fortune, in waiting for court preferment. It came at last, in the shape of a beggarly appointment to the secretaryship of the Council of the North. He had to look out for a cheap yet genteel school for his boy, and he fixed upon Pulleyne's at the Horse Fair. "We have none but gentlemen's sons here, sir," said the pedagogue. "That boy you see there, sir, is Master Fawkes, son of the Consistory Registrar of York; a most promising boy." The promising boy perhaps thought of this speech when, before his "greatness" was consummated by death, he boastingly remarked, "We were all gentlemen, and gentlemen's sons. There was not a man among us who put hand even to a spade, who was not a gentleman."

The other boy was another Tom, Tom Morton. His sire, too, had had cause to look for an academy where terms were moderate, for Tom was one of nineteen children, and, as his father used to say, "To have such a family, sir, is like keeping a school, and never getting paid for your pupils."

I wonder what the youthful prattle of those three boys pointed at. Was it about their future course and success? Which should live longest, and become greatest? Did they, as was the fashion of the time, lay wagers thereupon? If so, Guy lost.

Tom Cheke, born in 1571, the frail student, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," lived the calm life of a fine old English gentleman; married "Essex," daughter of Rich, Earl of Warwick, and ultimately died, fourscore years and upwards, A.D. 1654. His brother, Hatton Cheke, was of another wit and fate. He took to fraternising with Master Guy, accompanied him to Flanders, and was killed there in a duel. That honour was conferred upon him by a baronet; so the simple gentleman must have been highly delighted at the catastrophe.

The mercer's son, Morton, born seven years before Cheke, died in the same year. He was a tall, ready-witted, well read, and most shrewd fellow. He was, after a glorious career at college, successively Bishop of Chester, Coventry, Lichfield, and Durham. He was as bold as Master Guy, but more honest and more dis-

creet. He did not blow up parliament, save by metaphor; and he fought a war of words with the Long Parliament, in defence of episcopal rights, which gladdened every episcopal heart, and ruined his own estate. However, sadness never sat in the same chair with Tom Morton; and so, he lived uncomplainingly, and died contentedly, in the year 1654.

Guy lost half a century of life, perhaps, and an eternity of reputation, by not imitating the ways of this brace of Toms. Like them, had he taken to *battues* or bishoprics, instead of powder barrels, he might have lived from the time of Elizabeth to that of Oliver. As it was, Morton and Cheke, in their prime, went to see their old schoolfellow executed, when Master Guy, of the Horse Fair academy, near York, was yet of the galliard age of six-and-thirty.

But the young gentleman had some disadvantages. That irresistible wooer, Dennis, had not only married his mother, but had carried her to his house at Scotton, near Knaresborough; and there Master Guy spent his holidays, and was beaten into the profession of Romanism. Poor little fellow! How could he help himself? The visitable people of the neighbourhood were the Pullens, Percys, Winters, and Wrights. These were all of the old faith; and so, between the *argumentum ad baculum* which he encountered at home, and the muscadel and lemon cakes which he met with when invited to the *soirées* of the families above-named, Master Guy became convinced; and a terrible convert the lad made.

And a jovial life he led for a time. He was *ex ephēbis*, went whither he would. He was the most skilful angler the Nidd ever saw; the rabbits of Bilton Banks knew his very footsteps, and flew from him in terror. He blew up their burrows, and took especial delight in this sort of fun; and then he would go nutting in Goldsbrough Wood; or from the top of Grimbald Craig, look down lazily, perhaps thoughtfully, at the little rock chapel where dwelt a recluse, who was famed for piety and penance, and in whose deserted home, in after years, the most ignoble of murders, killing for money, was committed by the cleverest of men, Eugene Aram.

When Master Guy had become weary of this kind of life, his uncle Thomas died,—the worthy gentleman whose mother bequeathed to him her one cauldron, two brass pots, and her best bonnet. Uncle Thomas was a rich man, and his nephew respected him, as nephews do respect uncles who are wealthy, and who do not tarry unreasonably in the work of shuffling off this mortal coil. Uncle Thomas, however, left all his wealth to Guy's two sisters. To Guy himself he bequeathed only "his bed, with one pair of sheets, and the appurtenances." "I will never lie on a bed of my uncle's making," said Master Guy; and it was said with spirit, for the proctor's son, who had scorned his father's desk, was now lord of his sire's estate, a few acres of land and a farm-house. The latter he let to a tailor. The tenant of Master Guy was named Lumley, and he paid two-and-forty shillings a

year for the holding. I wonder if the bargain was long in making, and if Kit Lumley suggested to his young landlord that he should be permitted to work out the rent, and repair the rent hose and slashed trunks of Master Guy.

The latter being now a "squire," affected to find the country dull; he even disparaged England, talked of foreign parts, "grew sick, and d——d the climate like a lord." The end of this condition of uneasiness was, that Master Guy sold all his land, and with money in both pockets, came up to town. There was no such gay fellow as he in Paul's Walk or along the Strand; certainly none so "fast." His cash dissolved like dew in the summer sun, and it was then that he went into the Spanish service,—the favourite service of all scamps, for there was as much leisure as hard fighting; bloody coxcombs, it might be, but *maravedi* for "heal-all." It was in that service he made acquaintance with Catesby, who named him afterwards to the plotters as a fit instrument for their purpose. At this time, however, he had ceased to be, in one sense of the word, Master Guy. I may, nevertheless, add, that the conspirators met at a house at the back of the Strand, in the neighbourhood of St. Clement's; and probably had Master Guy not frequented the locality in the days of his dissipation, and had been content to kill roach near his father's house, in the Ouse, he would never have thought of blowing up so august a body as that of the Parliament, who now, alas! daily meet the same fate, at the hands of anonymous "Guys," who are baptized by the immense appellation of "We," and who serve their readers as the law served Master Guy—put them on the rack.

The Guys of York are hardly yet extinct, albeit not connected with the old family, the Fawkeses, now of Farnby. I remember an anecdote of a Guy of old Ebor worth recording. He was a reverend gentleman of that name, who, horror-stricken at the fact of a brother clergyman running a horse on Knavesmire—although the horse was entered under a friend's name—posted to the late archbishop, and revealed the dire atrocity. The good prelate only smiled, but he petrified the reverend Mr. Guy with this remark, which followed hard upon the smile:—"If 'Slasher' really belongs to the canon, I will tell you what I will do, Mr. Guy." Guy was all ears. "I will offer you half-a-crown to ten shillings that 'Slasher' wins!" The prelate good-naturedly laughed at the reverend informer's look of horror and disappointment; and, on the afternoon of the race, the view of a shovel-hat from behind the hedge which bordered the course, bespoke an archiepiscopal's presence, honouring the triumph of "Slasher" and the canon.

TERESA BANDETTINI, THE IMPROVISATRICE.

AMONGST the many curious means to which Lucca had, occasionally, recourse in order to maintain an independence, disproportioned, it must be confessed, as the world goes, to her size or physical force, not the least curious, perhaps, were the talents of an Improvisatrice, which were crowned with the most complete success. Judging by my own experience, I am under the impression that the profession, if I may so call it, of an improvisatore or improvisatrice is very imperfectly understood, and greatly underrated by the generality of untravelled English, I think it may not therefore be misplaced to say a few words upon the earlier life and studies of one of the most celebrated of her class.

Teresa Bandettini was born at Lucca somewhere about the year 1765, in the humblest ranks of life, and was another instance of the struggles against annihilation, which the unfettered spark of genius is generally compelled to make, before it finds or recognises its proper sphere. Far beneath the reach of moral cultivation, that spark which, however, brooks not repose, first manifested itself in her by a sort of grace in her movements, so far different from those of her companions, that at an early age she was admitted as a dancer at a minor theatre; and for some years her parents were not only content but proud to receive a miserable pittance for such an exercise of the talents of her who was destined to be crowned Poetess and Improvisatrice at the Roman Arcadia, to be the theme of the verses of Mazza, of Monti, and of Alfieri, and finally to save her country from what must have been a fatal surprise, by the respect and the prestige with which her name was surrounded. But, however satisfied were her mediocre parents, very different was it with herself, who still felt "that within which passeth show." Her introduction to the theatre gave her access to some books of poetry, and, fortunately for her, amongst them were Metastasio and Tasso. The healthful young appetite at once recognised and seized with avidity upon its congenial fare. She devoured all the poems which by any means she could procure; and her wakening soul thirsting still for more, and, like all young people, believing that what they desire is to be found somewhere in the world, if they only seek for it, she left Lucca and made her way to Florence. It is said that she had not been long there when, from reading poetry, she proceeded to attempt writing it, and, between such attempts, (which, however, were far from prefiguring her future greatness), and the soul which she now began to throw into her dancing, she there received the name of the "Figuraute Poetessa," or the poetical dancer. That her fame and name were still confined to the lowest circles is evident from two circumstances: firstly, that she was utterly unknown during that period to the celebrated *Corilla*

Olimpica, then the most famous improvisatrice of the world, who was then at Florence; and secondly that, while there, she married a buffo dancer name Landrini, who became the *bête noir* of her after-life. Though worldly inexperience, however, caused her thus in one way to undervalue and throw herself away, conscious genius still whispered that she had not yet found its sphere; and away she went once more in search of it.

This time she arrived at Bologna, and there, patronised by the Count Ludovico Savioli, author of the classical little work called "*Amori*," she seems to have made her first step upon that path which was at the opening covered with thorns destined, as she advanced, to disappear amongst clustering roses. She here wrote a little poem in four cantos, entitled, "*The Death of Adonis*;" and, showing the manuscript to her patron, he returned her the poem not only elegantly printed at his own expense, but adorned with the first engravings of Francesco Rosaspina. This timely and delicate aid enabled her to abandon her early profession, so unworthy of her talents; and encouraged her to decide upon trusting her future fortunes, or, at least, subsistence to extemporary recitation. I do not know exactly why she did not continue longer at Bologna; but she left it for Ferrara, where she had some very trifling success, through the indulgent protection of the poet Manzoni. From thence she went to Venice, then to Padua, still with only such success as, while enabling her to support existence, was far from satisfying that thirst after fame which some one says is the inseparable companion of genius.

From Padua, Teresa Bandettini went to Verona, and here there took place another sort of crisis in her fortunes, the reverse of that which befell her at Bologna. Verona was at that time the Athens of the North of Italy; many are the names both of men and women, dear to Italian literature, who were there assembled. But it was not that circumstance alone which made any literary or artistic success difficult there just then; there was yet another which exerted its baneful influence more directly upon the particular branch for which La Bandettini came to solicit their suffrages. Just before her arrival there had departed from amidst those brilliant circles one of those gifted beings, which, rare everywhere, are unknown in colder climes. The Duke Gasparo Mollo, young, handsome, rich, noble, with a voice of the most silvery sweetness and cultivated flexibility, and possessing the gift of singing extemporary poetry, had been for some time the attraction of all eyes, the delight of all ears, and, if all be true, the idol of too many hearts. Having received from nature these two latter, and peculiarly southern gifts, the talent of composing extemporary verses, and a soft delightfully musical voice for singing them—which though no study can ever give, never can be carried to perfection without it,—his position in life enabled him to second them by such advantages as fall to the lot of few. Paësiello, Cimarosa, Zingarelli, and other musical composers, whose names are nearly as well known in England as in

their native land, were his contemporaries, and the talents of each and all were put into requisition, in order to compose airs peculiarly adapted to the voice and powers of the noble amateur, who seems to have possessed besides the rarest and best of all gifts, and which, in fact, gives value to all others, namely, that of keeping within the *rôle* for which nature had qualified him.

Feeling, or at least believing, that his talents did not extend to sublimity of conception, great powers of imagination, or even exuberance of fancy, he caused airs to be composed to suit the different metres of poetry then most in vogue; and by adapting his extemporary effusions to these varied airs and measures, he contrived to prevent that disagreeable monotony and consequent weariness which must otherwise have been the result, especially as he laid down and adhered to the rule never to allow more than one subject to be proposed for the exercise of his talent in the same evening. For instance—on one occasion he was given as a subject, the Creation of the World. After a few minutes given to reflection he decided upon dividing it into five parts; each part being of a different measure, and sung consequently to different airs. The first contained the description of the Almighty Father, surrounded by his angels, as he is represented by Michael Angelo in the Sistini Chapel at Rome, about to inspire Adam with the breath of life. The second division contained the surprise of Adam when he looked around him on Creation. The third, the creation of the Woman. The fourth, the dialogue between Adam and Eve. The fifth, the hymn of thanks of both to their Almighty Creator—and with this variety in music and in measure, given by such a voice, it is easy to understand that even where he did not deserve applause, he never failed to excite delight; and that criticism itself was taken captive by his graceful tact and ingenuity. Nor was it the least proof of these latter qualities that, while doubly enjoying his success from the very consciousness that it was beyond his deserts, he prudently resolved to withdraw himself from its scene before his dazzled admirers should have time to cool into critics, and while unsated enthusiasm was sure for a time to increase by absence.

Such was the predecessor whom Teresa Bandettini offered herself to replace, and such the moment selected or doomed for that offer. But before proceeding to the result, it is desirable to have some more precise idea of the attractions she had to oppose to his. She was at that time about twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age. In appearance she was one of those whom nature seems only to sketch out, leaving the outlines to be filled up according to the circumstances that may befall in after-life. For instance, she was of good stature, tall enough to have become a fine woman, when acknowledged genius, and its consequent triumphs, added dignity to the air of good society, to the carriage and movements already graceful from her early profession, yet not tall enough to have rescued her from utter insignificance had her circumstances continued adverse. Her features were fairly enough formed; but

though her eyes were of the intensest black, large and well opened, it was not until cultivation drew forth the latent light from the depths of her soul that they became brilliant and expressive; and her well-carved mouth only assumed its smiling expression in reflecting that which the world so profusely lavished on her at last. When she made her appearance at Verona, none of these favourable circumstances had taken place. She was a plain, poor, uneducated, inexperienced woman, without even the attraction of a superior voice, though after-cultivation rendered it sufficiently agreeable, endeavouring to leave the miserable trade of a second or third-rate stage dancer, by the force of a talent which she declared herself to possess, but which the want of cultivation prevented from appearing; and as if to fill up the measure of her disadvantages, she was accompanied by a low, stupid, obtrusive husband, who during her or his whole life, in any circumstances, was seldom a moment absent from her side, or failed to throw the weight of his dulness into the sparkling gaiety of her conversation.

Such was the person who, without presumption however, or even that self-confidence which for a time imposes on the many, but from the mere necessity of procuring the means of living—a motive in itself the last to propitiate those from whom those means are expected—offered herself to the fastidious society of Verona, to replace the gay, brilliant, handsome and accomplished cavalier who only asked sweet smiles and brilliant glances as the guerdon of his cultivated and elegant talents. Poor Teresa!

Mortified, abashed, and discouraged, she fled rather than withdrew from Verona; probably had she had the means of existing, however miserably, without further appeals to the public, that moment would have sealed her doom, and lost to Italy one of her brightest modern ornaments; but necessity though a rugged is a healthful and health-inspiring nurse. She went to Mantua, and there at once boldly announced an evening for exhibiting her talent as an Improvisatrice, with permission offered to any or every one present to propose a subject. The announcement was startling, and fortunately for her, and for all who ever after heard her, it attracted the attention of one of those guardian angels of man's earthly happiness, whose visits are indeed "few and far between," who, spying out the obstructions to it, occupy themselves in endeavouring to remove them. The Count Girolamo Murari suggested a subject to the trembling aspirant. She handled it poorly, but his own genius, enlightened by benevolence, enabled him to recognise the kindred sparks, and to perceive that they were only prevented from blazing forth by the want of materials. He called upon her next day, and taking a beneficent advantage of his age, his rank, his literary and private character, and even of his personal misfortune, for he was blind—"Listen to me, Teresa," he said, "and take in good part what I am about to say. You are gifted with genius, but success in your present state is *impossible*, because your genius is of that kind which is obliged to offer the proof of its existence in treating of whatever subjects others

may please to give you, and that cannot be done without information so general, as will enable you if not to treat every subject profoundly, at least to adorn, vary, sport with them so as to charm those whom you may not be able to enlighten. This general information is only to be acquired by deep and serious study, particularly since poetry is your gift, by studying the ancient classics, which will furnish you with inexhaustible mines from which to draw at your discretion. This has not been, is not yet, in your power to procure, but I have the opportunity of offering it to you. Come to my house with your husband, look upon it as your own, upon me as your father, give your mind into my keeping, and I shall feel myself more than recompensed by bestowing upon the world one such as you then will become."

The gratitude with which such an invitation was received by a gentle amiable woman, full of talent and sensibility, in La Bandettini's position, must be left to the imagination of the reader. The time, the place, all was propitious to the good man's views; for there were just then residing at Mantua, Andrea, who had already commenced the publication of his celebrated "*Storia della letteratura universale*;" Il Bettinelli, the poet, who was then in his seventy-third year, but who lived for seventeen years after Il Bondi, who was at that moment occupied in a translation of Virgil more literal, if not so attractive, as that of Annibale Caro, who was said to have converted Virgil's gold into silver; and the Abbé Bazoli, author of a version of the Iliad and the Odyssey, who, though but an indifferent poet, was so learned, so good, so gentle and benevolent, that Murari selected him as the immediate preceptor of his protégée, while she had the advantage of a constant intercourse with all the others, as well as with whatever else Mantua had to boast of talent and erudition. Her progress, accordingly, was stupendous. The soil was congenial and prepared, and only required the seed to be sown, in order to produce a speedy and abundant harvest. Her first studies were in history, true and mythological; her next, in the elements of natural physics and natural history; and then she was promoted to a regular and thorough course of the Greek and Latin authors, committing to memory such portions of poetry as might be made available to her object. Though she commenced this course through the medium of translations, she rested not until she was able to quote, at least, the Latin authors in the original. During the progress of her studies, she gave every week an exhibition of her improving talent, first only to the most intimate friends of her benefactor, and extending the circle according as he and her other advisers considered judicious, delighting all by the joyous outpouring of a soul so long repressed by the want of appropriate language in which to make its inspirations understood. Her *physique* partook of the second birth as it were of her *morale*; she grew into a beautiful, a brilliant woman, and at the age when most women have passed the zenith of their bloom and their attraction, she came forth with more than the bloom, the freshness and the joy of early youth. After two years' sojourn

with him, her more than father sent her forth to gather the laurels which he now foretold would be flung at her feet. She went first to Parma, laden with introductions to the most celebrated literati of that once most literary and learned city, and her first public exhibition there became the key-stone to her future greatness. It created such a sensation that the poet Mazza being invited to suggest a subject for the display of her power of extemporising in verse, addressed her in a Sonnet, which, doubtless he had prepared for the occasion, and in which he made allusion to an unfortunate wight who, coming also direct from Mantua and calling himself a poet, had been chased from Parma a short time before. To this, after a few moments of self-concentration and subsequent flashing of her brilliant eyes, she replied in a poem of nine stanzas, of which I shall give one, merely as a specimen, because even those who understand but little of Italian poetry, must, I think, be struck with the harmony of the extemporary measures and rhymes.

“Crolla l' Olimpo, e il Nubicante in ira,
Volge lo sguardo sotto il negro ciglio,
Di Flegra il Vallo Sottoporto mira.
E degli empj Giapetidi il consiglio;
L' Aquila romba, e foco a foco spira,
E gli rinfresca il forgose vermiglio,
Che guizza in mano dell' Egioso e fume,
E di sulfurea nebbia il crin gli alluma.”

In general, while the poets or poetesses sang their extemporaneous effusions, there were persons who noted down the words of inspiration that fell from their lips, and, on one occasion, the celebrated Gianni, on observing how many were catching her words as they fell, was not ashamed to cry out, “Take pens of gold—you write for eternity!”

La Bandettini, with infinitely more modesty, had yet a higher compliment paid her on that memorable evening. Bodoni, the prince of printers, who raised the price of a copy of Horace from five to twenty-five zecchini,* by the beauty of the types cut by himself, and whose editions of the Classics are in the libraries of, I believe, Lord Spencer, and a few other Englishmen of fortune, was present on the occasion, and yielding to the enthusiasm of the moment, he despatched the sonnets, on the spot, to his famous printing establishment, and, before the entertainment concluded, copies of them, elegantly printed, were distributed to the audience. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon the impression made by such an evening and such an incident. Such, indeed, could only happen in sunny, lighthearted, brilliant Italy—Italy, as it then was, instinct with talent, life, and enjoyment. Teresa Bandettini had now crossed the Rubicon, and every after-appearance added a leaf to her laurel crown. From Parma she went to Rome; and there, having the good fortune to excite the admiration of Monti, who composed a beau-

* A zecchino is worth two francesconi; consequently about nine shillings of our money.

tiful ode in her praise, her sojourn there was one continued triumph in private circles of the highest order, as in public exhibitions of her talents, until it reached its climax by her being crowned in Arcadia.*

And here let us pause with her for one moment, and look back, as she did herself, from that dizzy height to the point whence she first started into public life. Neither the time nor space between was, in itself, very great, yet such were the vicissitudes she had gone through, and such the life-time of sensations she had experienced, and, accordingly, so immense the moral distance between what she had been, and what she that moment was, that, as she stood there—a proud, happy, beautiful, inspired woman, crowned in the midst of admiring multitudes, with that crown which, whatever may be its value in the eyes of others at the moment of receiving it, fills the soul with an ethereal ecstasy far beyond all others, and cast her eyes back over that immense moral distance and saw dimly at the end of it a poor, plain, miserable, ignorant, despised girl, struggling for the poorest pittance to enable her to live, her identity seemed to vanish, to be, as it were, worn out, and would not, perhaps, ever again have been recognised, were it not that a voice had gone forth from that distant point calling upon her to return, and give to her native land the honour and the glory, of saluting her as its daughter. The voice reached the affectionate heart of Teresa, and, unlike the many who do not feel that they can afford to patronise themselves, she returned to Lucca with all her blushing honours thick upon her; and without satiating the reader's heart or imagination with further particulars, suffice it to say, that the succeeding year might in her case be set down amongst the few perfectly happy that have been permitted to mortals upon earth. With spirit enough intensely to enjoy her dearly-earned and long-delayed laurels, she was free from that morbid ambition whose eternal craving prevents its own enjoyment, and with feeling and imagination enough to derive a soothing satisfaction from the admiration, and, perhaps, even from the warmer sentiments which she now inspired in almost all who approached her, she yielded not to that self-abandonment which never fails to bring its moments of retribution to the most flattered idol.

The first *salons* of Lucca now considered themselves honoured by her presence, and her own house there became the resort of all the talent and fashion, either native or foreign, that came within its reach. Society changed its phase for the time, and, altogether, a sort of delightful moral novelty fell upon the spirits of all, and La Bandettini was looked upon as little less than one of the Muses, *in propria personâ*. Nor was this enthusiasm confined to Lucca. In addition to the number of cultivated persons from all parts of Europe, which the celebrated University of Pisa attracted thither, there were, about this period, assembled upwards of 4000 emigrants from different parts of

* The famous Arcadia founded at Rome by Guidi, Zappi, and others, in opposition to the bad taste of 1600.

France, and as La Bandettini allowed herself to be prevailed on to give one or more academic or public exhibitions of her talents there, when all had permission to suggest a subject for their exercise, it is impossible to describe to what a pitch the entranced amazement of so many enlightened foreigners to whom the talent of singing extemporary poetry was in itself a novelty, carried the pride and enthusiasm of her compatriots. In one single evening she treated six different subjects, and all admirably; one being the surprise of Adam on opening his eyes and seeing Eve for the first time, standing beside him, which was proposed by an Englishman; another was the French Revolution. A French gentleman, of some consideration, a M. Fournier, professing his incredulity in the possibility of the talent existing in such perfection, and it seeming to him more *possible* that the poetess might have previously studied almost every popular subject, hit upon a test which, besides the intrinsic difficulties it presented, must, I think, be considered as conclusive, from the improbability of the idea having been anticipated. He proposed to the improvisatrice to treat some subject as her own which had already been sung by other poets, and he pitched upon the meeting between Petrarch and Laura. On this being proposed to her, she was evidently for a moment surprised by its strangeness; but recalling her self-concentration, with not more hesitation than was naturally necessary to silence memory and invite imagination, she took up the subject, and treated it so as to delight her audience and completely to convert the sceptic. From this time it became a sort of fashion to give her subjects already treated of by other poets, and that which was at first adopted as a test, if not as a sort of snare, became the crowning of her glory. She herself often quoted Addison's fine observation, that the recollection of beautiful passages is only second to composing them; and the habit once acquired, her flexible mind was able to make use of such recollections at once as her beacons and her guides; and the result of this tact and cultivation, united to her native genius, were sometimes such as not only to electrify her hearers, but to transport them and herself beyond the confines of time, space, and identity, into whatever scene or whatever character might be at the moment the focus of her glowing imagination. It was on one of those occasions that a young poet, who I *believe*, without authority positively to assert it, was no other than the now venerable Chevalier Rosini, who has been denominated the conservator of the Italian language, excited beyond the rest, and wholly losing sight of the present in the past, started from his place amongst the auditory, and exclaimed aloud—

“ Penso, o Donna immortal se ad Ilio fui,
Spirto Guerriero d'una Salma altrui ! ”

In the midst of these, her almost unprecedented home-triumphs, she was invited to Florence with such flattering instance, that it was not possible to refuse, and there she was at once received as the companion and friend of the Princess Rospigliosi, the same

who supported the character of Antigone in the tragedy of that name in Rome, in 1782, and who is mentioned by Alfieri in his life of La Bellini, the first amateur musician in Italy, for whom Zingarelli thought it not beneath him to compose music expressly; of La Fabroni, one of the most elegant and accomplished women of her day; and of others no less respectable for rank and talent; while the celebrated Corilla, long considered as the first improvisatrice in the world, addressed her in a sonnet, commencing with—

“ Vieni figlia del genio a questo seno,” &c. ;

and La Fantastici and Il Gianetti sung and recited extemporary verses with her. Gratifying, however, as such a reception in society, whenever she appeared, must have been to her feelings, and flattering as it must have been to her vanity, to carry away the prize where the first contemporary poets were her competitors at the Academia Fiorentina, all fell short, in her estimation, of the complimentary lines addressed to her by Alfieri himself; and ever after considered by her as the most ornamental leaf in her poetical chaplet.

It is time to re-conduct my readers to the point whence we started together; to narrate how it fell to the lot of La Bandettini to save her country in its hour of peril. However high the poetess herself might deem it right to place the name of Alfieri on the list of her admirers, there was one in Florence at that time who deemed another name worthy of a yet higher place. That name was Raimondo Leoni; and he who would so have placed it was no other than Raimondo Leoni himself! He was, in truth, one of those beings whom every one must admit to be the happiest of the human species, humanly speaking, and yet, whom no one in the world would wish to be.

Raimondo Leoni was an able man; for, he not only tried many trades, though he failed in all—but contrived to be employed in places of trust, though he always disappointed that trust. The talents most conspicuous in him were self-confidence and presumption. Italy was then, and had been for some years before, breathing music and poetry. Would Raimondo Leoni be behind others in such simple arts? While waiting for the chance of some occupation more worthy of his genius, he not only wrote a poem, but modestly entitled it “ Il Tempio della Fama.” It is true, his printer, on receiving it, respectfully pointed out to him that as the verses halted here and there, ignorant or malicious persons might deny its legitimacy, but Raimondo held up his fingers, and counting the syllables thereon, proved that the numbers were there, and if people did not choose to lay the needful emphasis to make them run, why, it was all the worse for them. The printer shrugged his shoulders, did his business, and received his pay; but the public were not to be invited to a poetical banquet and starved, and since Raimondo did not furnish food for mirth, some one else must, and so there immediately appeared a poem entitled “ Il Tempio di Fame,” “ The Temple of Hunger,” instead of “ Fama,” “ Fame.”

"The Temple of Hunger" described Apollo, diverted by his presumption, seizing the luckless wight by the arm with his "cithara" (musical instrument), flying up into the air with him, and popping him into the Temple of Fame. Here, becoming intoxicated with his own vanity and all he saw, the poet fell asleep, and tumbling headlong down upon the banks of the Arno, wakened to find himself a goose, as he had ever been.

It was now Raimondo's turn to shrug his shoulders—for *every* one in Italy shrugs his shoulders upon every imaginable occasion—and he talked of casting pearls before swine; which, however, not being a very profitable amusement, after fluttering some time longer in the literary saloons of Florence, in order to persuade the world that the burlesque poem which ran from mouth to mouth had nothing to do with his approaching departure, and paying such devotion to the rival improvisatrice—especially to the Bandettini, as the most in fashion—as should convince the world that he was *aux petits soins* with the Muses, he betook himself to Milan, then the capital of the Cisalpine Republic, in order to see whether Mars might not be less envious than Apollo had proved himself to be. It seemed for a time as if he had calculated justly. Not only did he obtain employment there, but we find him, in 1797, promoted to that trust which few others would have undertaken—namely, to betray by stratagem into the hands of the Directory that little State whose innate dignity had hitherto preserved her from all overt attacks against her independence. It was proposed to him to go as commissary to Carrara and Massa, distant about thirty miles from Lucca, and conducting a select body of troops to the very gates of Lucca, under pretext of passing on to Garfagnana, make a signal to the few within, who, notwithstanding all the precautions adopted by the Lucchese government, had not escaped the taint of infection from the French Revolution; and while thus throwing the firebrand, assume the appearance of having come to extinguish the flames, and take the city by a *coup de main*, and then make his own conditions. When this plan was opened to Raimondo, he scarcely allowed it to be developed; his vast mind took it in upon a hint. He smiled condescendingly, and put forth his right hand with dignified deprecation of further explanation; caressed his military stock as his instructor proceeded, and as soon as respect and good-breeding permitted him to speak, he said, "Give me the men; the thing is done!" and, in truth, even a less confident person might have considered it scarcely possible to fail. No time accordingly was lost. The men were given him; he went as Commissary-General to Massa, and he sent secret orders to the disaffected citizens of Lucca to hold themselves in readiness to make an *emeute* on receiving a signal from him on a certain evening when he should appear at the city gates. Everything proceeded exactly as he could have desired: he arrived at the appointed time; refreshed his men in the fields around the ramparts; and was within half-an-hour of making the preconcerted signal to those within, when an accidental circumstance betrayed the plot to the opposite party; but so late that the very slightest attempt at

resistance would have been little better than a signal for a general massacre. Consternation, horror, and despair seized upon the heirs of six hundred years of independence. All felt that nothing short of a miracle could preserve it to them an hour longer; nor did it. At that moment Teresa Bandettini came to the rescue of her country, and saved it. The alarm, of course, had reached her in the splendid home which her talents had won for her in her native city, and where she was then reposing from the fatigues of incessant triumphs. In a moment, instead of the usual gay and joyous circle, she found herself surrounded by manly faces become pale from the dreadful sense of impotency in the hour of danger, and women whose looks had become suddenly haggard from far other than personal anxiety or fear. For a moment she, too, seemed overwhelmed; and closing her eyes and clasping her hands she sank into a chair, and suffered her head to droop upon her breast in silence. What rapidly passed in that interval through a mind that lived and drew its chief nourishment from another sphere we may not guess; but while all gazed in astonishment upon her, she arose, and slowly opening her eyes, and looking round her as if waking from a dream, "Said ye not," she asked, "that it was *Raimondo Leoni* who is without the walls? and that the signal is to be given to him this evening? Go to him, and say that La Bandettini is about to sing, and invites him to come and hear her!"

At first those to whom these words were addressed believed that terror had over-excited her; but on her repeating them, some of the most collected hastened to obey her. They found the poetical warrior giving the last directions to his men as he prepared to make the signal for insurrection to those who were anxiously watching for it within. The bearers of the invitation felt themselves almost repaid at that moment for all they had suffered in witnessing its effect upon him. His directions had been above all things to avoid all betrayal of design in the projected surprise—what excuse was he then to make for refusing the honour now offered to him? And yet—if he accepted it . . . His agitation became visible, his jaw fell, his lips became blanched: the first articulate words he uttered were "*E tu quoque—Marta!*" and the next an acceptance couched in the language of rapture, but the accents of despair. As the heralds of peace and poetry insisted upon carrying their hospitality so far as not to lose sight of him for one single moment until they led him to the feet of the improvisatrice, he not only had no opportunity of making the concerted signal, but not even of giving the slightest explanation to his own soldiers, who were accordingly left to look on in bewildered silence; while the disaffected within were compelled to assist in closing the gates, manning the ramparts, and making such other preparations against their own projected attack as made Raimondo and his men very well satisfied, the following morning, to turn into reality their affected march to Garfagnani! As may be supposed, this incident did not render La Bandettini less dear to her fellow-citizens, amongst whom she breathed her last sigh not very many years ago.

ADVENTURES OF BENJAMIN BOBBIN THE BAGMAN.

BY CRAWFORD WILSON.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DIARY IN IRELAND.

BEFORE I started next day for Dublin, I asked Lomer to permit me, as a great favour, to peruse the manuscript left him by the unfortunate Bedlamite. I was charmed with his answer:—

"My dear boy," he said, "you shall have it, and welcome. Give me your address in town, and my good lady will send it there, directed to you. I only exact one condition from you, and that is, that you return it to me when you have read or taken a copy of it, as little injured as possible."

I assured him I should do so; so, after a hearty "God bless you!" he betook himself to his writing-case, and I to the cab, waiting to convey myself and luggage to the steamer. I should here remark, that in settling my bill, the six bottles of wine, imposed as my entrance fine, were not charged, the gentlemen having absolved me from the infliction, at the suggestion of the president, allowing the weight of payment to be equally divided amongst them. For this act of kindness I was indebted to Lomer and Riordan, although I did not know it for some days afterwards.

In driving up Lord Street towards the pier, I saw Riordan's jocund face beaming in the distance, a perfect disc of good nature. I saluted him from the window. He saw me, desired the driver to pull up, and was in a moment at the open door.

"Off to the land of the Patts and potatoes, Bobbin?"

"I am," I replied.

"Then you have only time to take a little friendly advice from me. Let me talk to you like a father. You are young; I am not exactly old; but I am older than I was when I was your age. When you arrive there, be careful. Eschew politics generally. Meddle with no man's religious opinions. Compare your watch with the post-office clock, and when you see the difference in the time, and the twenty minutes they are cheated out of, ask yourself quietly, as an honest Sassenach, 'Is this justice to Ireland?' Don't, for the life of you, look under a bonnet. If you see a man embracing a lamp-post, be generous enough to impute his strange position to inclination, convenience, weak legs, anything but drink; and, as a standing rule, never sit in society with an empty tumbler before you. Good bye! God bless you! Learn the doxology, if you can, in the Hibernian tongue, and then you are sure to be booked for a comfortable home, when you are tired of what the world can give you."

He shook me heartily by the hand, shut the door, and de-

parted, leaving me laughing at his paternal advice, and wondering if all his countrymen were equally gifted with the jesting powers so extensively at his disposal.

A few moments afterwards, I was on board the boat; and then the noise, the rout, and the bustle of embarkation; the steam growling and hissing under water, like a wounded sea monster, groaning and panting as if each were to be its last; the captain cursing, the seamen running to and fro, dragging ropes, stowing away luggage, and looking all alive, not a sleepy one amongst them; the vendors of newspapers, printed publications, "Penny Punches," and ripe oranges, exerting their lungs and their persuasive faculties to entrap loose coppers; ladies and gentlemen arriving, stepping on to the huge paddle-boxes, carefully passing down the steps to the quarter-deck, and bustling eagerly to the cabin, to secure for themselves the berths they considered furthest from seasickness; then the casting off, the winding through labyrinths of vessels, whose connection seemed interminable, through passages that appeared too narrow to my inexperienced eye, yet fully wide to give safe egress to our panting leviathan; the turning of the wheel, the noisy revolutions of the paddle-wheels, the "ease her!" "stop her!" "go on ahead!" of the little stout captain, whose closely-buttoned blue frock coat with gilt buttons enveloped, whilst his gold-laced cap surmounted, a petty pyramid of importance, skill, and self-esteem; then the setting sun, the white foam in our wake, the blue waters ahead, the cold sea breeze, and the oscillating motion,—each had its several charms for me, as, abaft the companion-ladder, I looked towards the narrowing streak in the distance, and then turned my eyes to the fore-castle, suddenly determining to join the silent knot of gazing smokers, that lounged in front of the funnel. I did so immediately, lit my cigar, and commenced to give its fragrance to the breeze; but how strange the sensation! it surely possessed an unpleasant flavour; it would not smoke pleasantly, but seemed to me to be compounded of moisture, badly wrapped up in a tobacco-leaf. I threw it away and tried another. Worse and worse. Yet I had bought them as foreign cigars at the hotel. Those I had used the night before were undoubtedly good. Could it be possible that they cheated men who required the luxury more upon the water, and gave them at parting a vile imitation, in lieu of the best material? It must have been so with me. I anathematised the cigar, feeling fully assured that its only tendency was to engender saliva in the mouth, a giddiness in the head, and a nausea in the stomach. Having arrived at this wholesome conclusion, I cast it to the deep, and retraced my steps towards the quarter-deck as the steward announced "tea." "Ah, that will remove the unpleasant taste from my tongue," thought I. So I descended to test its efficacy. Beefsteaks, cold fowl, fried herrings, cold lamb, together with a host of delicacies, garnished the table. How some laughed and ate, whilst I sat undecided! The tea looked well enough; but it had a flavour closely allied to that of senna. The butter seemed fresh; but it was oily, and looked salty. The

herrings were good; but I rebelled against a second mouthful. The beefsteaks were loudly recommended; but the flesh was assuredly "fishified." What could it all mean? Had the steward entered into a league with the cigars to make me unwell? What was to be done? Some few had ordered "toddy." Oh! there lay the charm. "Steward, a glass of punch," I cried; and forthwith the punch was set before me. I mixed it myself; yet it smacked strangely: it was all water, or nearly so. I felt queer—decidedly queer. Could the symptoms I experienced be at all akin to hydrophobia? I was startled at the thought: so I rushed on deck; the air might possibly revive me. Preposterous idea! it only made me worse. Downstairs again, with a corkscrew movement towards my couch, and an oppressive sensation similar to that enjoyed by people of weak capacities who have permitted themselves to eat too freely. "Steward, what's my number? On my ticket, is it? Oh! there it is, then; I should like to lie down." Lie down!—Very fine that!—but lie up was the word; for my place was close beside the clock at the stern of the vessel, and on a level with the top of my hat. How was I, who could scarcely preserve my perpendicular, to pass those reclining figures and mount so high? Yet it must be done, and speedily. And done it was after an effort, or rather a succession of tortuous trials. How comfortable to be there at last! I stretched myself as far as I could, accomplishing the feat by elevating my knees; but felt annoyed at an incessant noise and continuous vibration. What could it be? It proceeded from the hollow woodwork at my head, and was occasioned by the ever-rattling and never-ceasing movements of the chains attached to the wheel above, connecting it with the rudder below. A drowsy sensation ensued; my eyes closed; I endeavoured to sleep. But, no, such a pleasure was forbidden; there seemed to be a reciprocity of feeling existing betwixt the heaving waters and that portion of my own body usually embraced by my waistcoat at the second button (counting upwards). I felt truly miserable, and needed some kindly sympathising voice, some considerate soothing hand. I called for such; when, lo! to my horror, the steward stood beneath me. How I looked at his immovable face; yet it never quailed beneath my gaze, but its owner cried out to some other applicant, "Coming, sir, immediately."

"Steward, some lemonade."

"Yes, sir. A little brandy in it?"

"Yes—quick!"

He was with me again in a moment.

"I'm not well, steward," said I, as I returned him the goblet.

"Oh, it's only the river sickness, sir," said he, leaving me.

"Only the river sickness," I ejaculated, overcome by the horrible intelligence. "If it be that, what shape shall I be by the time we are out at sea; or how much of me will be landed to-morrow at Kingstown? Oh, for the land again! what would I not give to be there?"

"Eh!—what!—what's the matter?" said I, rubbing my eyes, "where are we?"

"Going into the harbour, sir," said the steward, who had aroused me rather roughly.

"Indeed! I wished to see it. Have we passed the Hill of Howth that I've heard of?"

"Yes, just passed it, sir; but the morning is beautiful."

I hurried on my coat, and was soon on the deck. What a charming prospect on every side! The sun was just rising from the sea like a giant from his morning bath, drawing his golden drapery around him, and stretching his limbs before he commenced his diurnal race, flinging long lines of resplendent light across the bosom of the sea we had traversed, and magically decking it in glories not its own. I turned towards the land—there the beautiful and picturesque towns of Kingstown and Dalkey rested with the mountains behind them: like colossal guardians, they raised their burly forms on high in silent grandeur, preaching in nature's eloquent language the stern sublimities of creation. I gazed on the landscape with awe and reverence, inwardly exclaiming, "This should, indeed, be earth's garden of Eden." Slowly we entered the harbour, passing the little lighthouse on our left. In a few minutes we were beside the pier, and I upon Irish soil.

CHAPTER X.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

YE who have landed at Kingstown, have some idea of the confusion that attends the debarkation of your luggage, and are prepared for what awaits you upon every trip you make. I was innocent of ever having been there before, so ye may form some estimate of my feelings. I knew not what to do, or where to turn; I was perfectly thunderstruck. Ireland was a closed book to me, the first leaf of which I had scarcely perused when I wished it far away from me for ever. Hemmed in on all sides, such greetings as these saluted my ears:

"Here you are, sir—jarvey, sir—run you up to town in less time than the thrain could do it. There's the little mare for you, sir, that can go the pace back'ards."

"Arrah! don't be botherin' the gintleman, don't you see he's a judge of horseflesh, and he wouldn't be seen outside iv sich a garron as that. Here's the beauty, yer honour—'Ghee! woo! whup's ye devil!'" and a spank of a whip to a broken-kneed, broken-winded, broken-hearted looking brute. "Nineteen miles an hour, sir, an' all on a thimblefull of wather, an' a praaskeen of pratieskins—that's the horse, sir."

"Faix! an' it's well you towld his honour, for he'd nivir know it was one from lookin' at it. Jump up here, sir, mine's the darling—fit for the hounds, sir."

"Yes, in throth, for their bellies!" cried a fourth, "if they

were starvin' a week afore, and had nothin' but him, or a turf-clamp to ate; but, by my sowkins, they'd want to insure their teeth afore they tackled him; take him out iv that iv he's able to walk, and let the dacent gintleman get up on the quality's car, where he'll have a bit of ould Harkaway's blood foreninst him."

"Bad scan to you! what do you mane?" shouted a fifth indignantly. "Sure you know that that ould three-legged baste av yours was only turned out av the slaughter-house last Monday bekase he was too rotten to be killed. Don't insult a fine young gintleman from England, by axin' him to spile his dacent shoot of clothes by puttin' them on such a shandradan as that. Here you are, sir!—covered car, sir—an omnibus an' a state-coach on two wheels, rowled into one, where you can sit wid your back to the houses. In wid you, sir, an' show the blaguards you're above thravelling wid the likes of 'em, an' have a raal taste for the illigant."

"I'm going by the train," said I, when I could get in a word. "I don't want a car."

"Oh! but you'll take your death of cowlid, sir, iv you go by them, for the windows is all bruk in the carriages, and none iv the axletrees is greased."

"How is that?" I asked, in evident alarm, turning to a car-driver beside me, upon whose countenance innocence and candour were graved, if ever they rested upon mortal face.

"Bekase ye see, sir, the company spent all their money last week in puttin' the lecthric telescope along the lines, an' they haven't as much left aither it as id buy the lard. Up wid ye here, sir, an' we'll distance 'em in no time."

I saw in a moment how it was, especially when a loud laugh rang in my ears from the healthy lungs of the surrounding body.

"Bring that truck here," I said authoritatively.

"Faith, an' I thought he was a gintleman above sich a thing," said one.

"Have a care, Barney, or he'll be sitting on the top iv it," cried another, "and givin' you tuppence for wheelin' himself an' the rest ov the thumpery."

"Who'd think it av him?" asked a third; "sure, an' he looks dacint."

"Divil a bit of it," chimed in a fourth, "he's only a tailor's snip out on the spree; don't ye see he's doin' the chape?"

"Shame on yez!" roared a fifth, "don't ye see he's only a deck passenger, an' he wants to stretch his legs wid a walk, to get the chill of the night out ov 'em."

"Faith, Darby, an' it's thrue for you—he's got the wool from the pigs he was lyin' wid on his masther's clothes."

Flattering remarks, truly, when the individual complimented happens to be of the "first person singular," and the impression formed by no means prepossessing! Now, if there is one position in life more galling than another, it is being made the butt for

sarcasm, when the inner man is anything but convalescent, and the outward signs and tokens decidedly unfavourable. So felt I, and it was with a vague fear of some more practical jokes following, that I passed up beside the truck on my way to the station.

"Go in the front door, your honour, an' I'll bring the things round this away, an' put them into the thrain, while you'd be winkin' one of your eyes."

I did as directed; when I arrived on the further platform, my traps were all placed in safety, so I tendered the porter or truck man a shilling.

He turned it round leisurely in his hand, and then said, "Maybe you'd like me to wheel 'em all the way to Dublin for this much?"

"I've no such desire," was my reply.

"Oh, I thought you had," said he—"for haven't you given me a thrifle too much?"

"If I have, you can keep it," said I magnanimously.

"Thank you for nothin'," he returned, with a laugh.

"Do you want any more, my man?"

"Arrah, an' to be sure I do; sure an' it's only humbuggin' me you are."

I assured him that I had no such ambition.

"Why thin, in throth you ought to be ashamed to look a dacint glass av whiskey in the face, after givin' a man a dirty twelpenny, wid a hole in it, an' the harp rubbed off, for pullin' the arms out av his body, wheelin' such a cartload ov things up the hill beyant. Look here now," (and he turned himself slowly round, until his face was again before me,) "this is all that's left av me afther that job."

"I cannot help that," I said, getting into a first-class carriage. He called at me through the wooden rails that are erected on the platform, for the purpose of keeping such customers at a proper distance.

"Hillo! that aint *your* place."

"Where else then?" I asked, bewildered.

"Under the axlethroe, an' the sooner you're there the betther."

I drew in my head, finding that I was doubly fooled, and was closing the door behind me, when he approached the window and said,

"Why thin, sure you aint a goin' off in that away? give us a thrifle to drink long life to you, an' the say sickness 'll go off you, like a coat made out av a cobweb."

"Well, what is your charge?"

"Only another shillin', your honour," in a deprecating tone. "I would nit ax you for it only that my wife is layin' up at home wid a pair of twins that was only born last night."

"Then there's another sixpence for you."

"Good luck to your honour—but it's yourself has the *flaughthou-lough* fist. Sure an' I knew it was only takin' a rise out ov me you were—but haven't you such a thing as a copper about you?"

"Not one, I assure you."

"The praties is mortal dear, your honour—and there's seven ov 'em at home to feed."

"I can't help that, I've no more for you."

"Nor a bit of tибbaccy to put in the pipe?" (displaying a short black one); "see it's in mournin' for the last whiff that was in it."

"No, nor that either," I answered; "stay, there's a cigar for you."

"Long life to your honour! Oh, an' its proud I'll be of it," saying which he put it into his mouth, but as suddenly expectorating the small portion he had bitten of it, he shouted with a fearful grimace, "Bad luck to it, it's pison."

"Then give it back to me," said I, affronted at his method of treating my three pennyworth.

"Not I, by my sowkins; jilt 'll do for to kill the rats wid."

The bell rang, and the train started, leaving him behind upon the platform. A moment afterwards I looked out to see where he was. There he stood laughing and exhibiting the money and cigar to men who had been employed like himself in similar jobs, whilst his impressive gesticulations gave me fully to understand that he did not look upon me as a paragon of good sense. As I cast myself back in the seat, I heard his opinion as to my general merits audibly pronounced; there was no verbosity in his style—it was succinct, yet comprehensive—the comparison capable of being grasped by the weakest intellect. These were the words—"Poor devil—he's as green as a gosling."

CHAPTER XI.

COLLEGE GREEN.

THE lovely scenery, combined with the bracing air, and my near approach to the Irish metropolis, soon drew me from my nook, and forced divers expressions of pleasure from my lips. Salt Hill to my left, with its sun-lit slopes and blooming gardens, smiling in the face of morning, each blade of grass, and leaf and flower lifting up its dew-spangled face to heaven, like a beautiful babe of nature, freshly stamped with the crystal seal of its Creator, and waiting for the sun's paternal kiss. Then Booterstown, equally romantic, more bleak looking, and less pleasing, afterwards Merrion, and finally the Railway terminus at Westland Row.

I was speedily upon the platform, my writing-case in my hand, and my travelling cap safely stowed away in the crown of my hat. Three huge porters in white flannel jackets, men of might, like to the sons of Anak, raised each upon his shoulder one of my heavy cases; down the numerous stone steps I followed them, in mental fear lest my leathern companions of the neuter gender should obey the first rule of gravitation, and topple from their elevations, down the steep descent; such fears, however, were groundless, and I soon had the pleasure of seeing my luggage in what was termed the "well" of an outside car. The man who had carried

the largest trunk, when he had set it safely in its position, asked me very gravely (the while rubbing his forehead with the sleeve of his rough coat, and looking most roguishly droll),

"Do you count the fust of them there waggin loads, sir?"

"Of course," said I. "I count the first."

"Then if you do, sir, I may make bowld to say that that there's *one*."

And one of some size it assuredly was; I could scarcely refrain from smiling at the manner in which he emphasised the "one," when the second having given his load into the custody of the driver, turned round to the man with whom I had spoken, and said with a groan, whilst bodily suffering seemed to be depicted on his face,

"Terry, my darlin', feel my back." Terry did as desired, but rather roughly I thought. "Do you feel anything, ashore?"

"Yes, there's a hollow in it, Mick avie, when you push back your shouldher blades."

"Is that all, Terry, acushla?"

"Yes, that's all."

"Faix, an' I thought it was clean bruk. Nelson's pillar, or the Hill of Howth, id be only a trifle compared wid that load I carried."

"Musha, an' look here," said the third, "here's the gintleman's portmantle has complately pult the arm out av my sleeve, and my sleeve out av my coat; but I'd be sorry to grumble for that same, though I niver had the use of it again, for he looks for all the world like the lord-liftinnint that gev me the half-crown to dhrink his health in."

I knew perfectly well that perquisites were never demanded by the company's servants, under pain of dismissal—nevertheless I could not refrain, as I mounted the jingle, casting them a shilling as an emollient for their injuries. It was pocketed in a twinkling, with a "thank your honour," as the whip fell upon the worn-out skin, that kept the bones of the miserable quadruped together, behind whose unpresuming tail the creaking car moved slowly. By dint of blows our pace was mended—the driver, by some spirit of adhesion foreign to me—stood upon one step of the car, goading on the horse, holding on my jolting luggage, preserving his own equilibrium, and altogether astonishing his passenger, as we moved more speedily along Brunswick-street, towards my destination, "Jury's Hotel, College Green."

The street was wide enough; but whether from a perverse nature, centred in the motive power, or a desire in the sanguinary jarvey to maim an unoffending Saxon for life, I once or twice was compelled to draw my legs suddenly upwards, as the step upon which my feet were placed either brushed by some passing car, or approached within an inch of an immovable lamp-post. However, I said nothing—I only wished myself safely delivered with my cases, according to the directions pasted upon the latter. In passing the little Queen's Theatre, I experienced a kind of electric shock, for the steps of the car struck forcibly against a donkey cart filled with heath brooms, that was moving at a snail's pace in a similar direction.

"Confound your driving," cried I, savagely: "do you call yourself a Jehu?"

"No, your honour; but you ain't far out naither. Jem Corrigan is what the priest called me, and what my mother called me, and what the ould woman at home calls me, and what I calls myself when I want to get up."

"I don't mean that; I mean do you consider yourself a driver?"

"Not I, thank God! My wife has a cousin, though, that was one; he was a bailiff in the imploy of a gintleman in Sligo, and he drew the tinints with the rackrints, till they druv the life out av him with the pitchforks."

Another bump against a beer-cart by the side of the college at the same moment made me exclaim,—

"You seem determined that I shall lose both my legs before you have done with me."

He made no answer; but drawing from his pocket a piece of chalk, he handed it across to me.

"What's that for?" I asked, in amazement.

"Just to write your name an' address on them," he returned, somewhat confidentially; "an' then if you offer a reward, the finder 'll be sure to bring them to you."

I looked at him for a moment, but my anger gave place to a hearty laugh, when I saw the droll twinkle of his small blue eye. Immediately afterwards he drew up at the hotel. I jumped off the jaunting, or rather the jolting, car, and tendered him his due. He seemed satisfied; at least I suppose he was, from the length of time he took to look at the fare deposited in his brawny hand. Bidding him good morning, I passed upstairs to the sanctum of a bedchamber, where I enjoyed the unrivalled luxury of a cold ablution.

A breakfast consisting of tea, cold ham, and fowl, speedily restored me; and, by nine o'clock, I found myself, attended by an itinerary porter in the livery of poverty, on my way in search of the business which was destined to provide me with my daily bread. It was a charming forenoon; the sun seemed to be in an especial good-humour, lighting every place I passed with cheerfulness.

I traversed many of the principal streets, transacted business wherever I had an opportunity, and retraced my steps to my hotel. I had ample time to write my letters and prepare for dinner before the hour appointed for the general convocation. When we had assembled round the table, I noticed that, as it was Saturday evening, the gentlemen seemed by no means disposed to expedite their movements, but to "take all gently." Mentally determining to do the same, I availed myself of a vacant seat, whilst our president—one of those good-humoured individuals, who have the happy knack of keeping conversation continually alive, and the decanters as actively on the move—favoured us with a line from Shakspeare as the covers were being removed,—

"May good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both."

THE EFFECTS OF AN EMPTY PURSE.

BY ALFRED W. COLE.

THE purse was quite empty—not the minutest coin of the realm left in it. I balanced it in my open hand, threw it up and caught it again, opened it and looked into it, shut it up and tossed it on to the table. It is a melancholy sight, an empty purse! Think of it in any way you will there is sure to be something of sadness connected with it, especially when the purse belongs to yourself. It was an ugly purse, too—an old worn maroon-coloured leathern *porte-monnaie*, whose steel clasp was a little rusty, and whose sides bulged out and had to be tucked in before I could close it comfortably. How flat, and meagre, and wretched it looked! If it had been a gay bright-blue silk affair, glittering with steel beads and knitted by the charming ——— (our engagement is not recognised yet, so that I must not mention her name), it might have reminded me less forcibly of its melancholy condition. As it was, there was nothing to redeem the unhappy truth. It was mine, and I had not a notion how to raise a coin to deposit within it.

A tap at the door. "Come in!"

"What will you please to take for dinner to-day, sir?" asked the servant-girl. "And the butcher says, sir, he can't send no more meat till you've paid his bill."

"He's a saucy fellow—thank you," I said: "I don't dine at home to-day—nor anywhere else," I thought to myself, unless some very extraordinary event should put me in possession of a shilling.

The girl left the room, and again I sat staring at my empty purse.

Day-dreams should not be laughed at; they are the offspring of the poetry that is in us. But that dull, spiritless state of semi-thought called a "brown study" is an entirely different affair, and seldom has brought us anything but a headache. I had a strong attack of it now, and it lasted a considerable time; till, at length, rousing myself with a jerk and shaking my faculties as one does a dusty coat, I jumped up and exclaimed,

"Something must be done!"

All the usual alternatives open to people in my position were closed. I was in debt to my landlady, and could not borrow from her. The few London friends I had were all out of town. My watch and other little valuables were already under the care of that obliging relative who is ever ready to aid us as long as we have anything to offer in return. My butcher refused me meat; no doubt my baker would deny me bread; my tailor lived in Manchester, and his Christmas bill was yet unpaid.

Perhaps the reader, with a little pardonable curiosity, may feel inclined to ask what train of events had brought me to this condition. Without entering into a long story, I reply, that my devotion to the lovely — — — had been the cause of a quarrel between my father and myself, as my worthy parent considered that an engagement between a young gentleman of twenty-three without money, and, as yet, without a profession, and a young lady without money or "expectations," was imprudent. He, therefore, demanded that I should at once break off my visits to the object of my attachment; and the lady's father repeated the injunction. We both declined obedience; in consequence of which Julia (I have let the name slip out after all) was locked up and my remittance was stopped. These proceedings made me indignant, but certainly did not lessen my devotion nor induce me to think of compliance. I had stood the starvation siege for some weeks—little debts had been incurred and little mortgages effected of all my valuables—all were now gone and my purse was empty. Was I not right in saying, "Something must be done!"

Some people shut themselves up and mope at home when they are unhappy. I, on the contrary, have a habit of roaming about the streets, on such occasions, in a very purposeless kind of way—staring at carriages that contain people I don't know, looking into shop-windows filled with goods I don't want, and stopping a long time at the crossings when there are no vehicles passing to intercept my progress. I cannot say that I derive any very great relief from this, and certainly I get terribly knocked up; but I do it from habit. On this occasion, therefore, I took up my hat and prepared to walk—I knew not where, but with a kind of vague expectation that it would lead to something.

London was very dull and empty just now. Regent-street was a desert. Bond-street a wilderness; the houses in all the West-end squares and streets were shut up and many of them besieged by an army of painters, whitewashers, bricklayers, and decorators. Downing-street clerks smoked cigars about Whitehall and Pall Mall in broad day-light as unabashed as a Sunday "gent" on a Gravesend steamer. The only carriages to be seen were those of doctors, or a few eccentrics, who, like Dr. Johnson, prefer London to the country at any and all times. The very shop-windows were not dressed with the usual care, while there was a second-rate look about their contents that spoke forcibly of the odds and ends of the "summer stock." Even the omnibuses seemed fewer in number and less crowded than at other times of the year, while cabmen being in little request were absolutely civil. There is a great deal to be said in favour of our great metropolis in spite of all the drawbacks of smoke and dirt; yet, verily, London in September is indefensible. It would puzzle its most ardent advocate to patch up a decent character for it at this period of the year, when all its defects seem exaggerated and none of its compensating attractions are in force.

Thus thought I, as I lounged along the streets with my empty

purse, staring at everything, and thinking of nothing. A tremendous pat on my back aroused me.

"Styles, my boy, how are you?" cried a voice at the same moment; and, turning round, I recognised my friend Phil Benson.

"What on earth brings *you*, of all men, to London in September?" I exclaimed.

"Never mind—I'll tell you all about that by and by," was the reply. "The first thing to settle is, will you come and dine with me?"

"With pleasure," I answered; and I am sure the reader will believe that I never used those words with greater sincerity.

"Very well, then. Dubourg's, in the Haymarket, at six—don't forget. I'm in a hurry now—so, till then, *au revoir*." And, before I could say another word, he had vanished round the corner.

It was almost like a dream. One minute ago I had been friendless, penniless, dinnerless. Now I had met with one of my greatest intimates—a fellow with plenty of money—and I was invited to dine at a house where they *can* cook a dinner, and with a man who knew how to order one. Let any one who is inclined to sneer at my thinking this a wonderful change of fortune go without a dinner for a day, and try how he likes it.

At six o'clock, punctually, I was at Dubourg's, very hungry and very tired from walking about all day.

"Waiter, is Mr. Benson here?"

"Benson, sir—Benson? Don't know the name, sir: there's a dinner for two in a private room, ordered for six o'clock, sir."

"That's it!" I cried.

"This way, sir," said the waiter, showing me into another room, where covers for two were laid on a spotless cloth. "The gentleman that ordered the dinner isn't arrived yet, sir, but perhaps you'll wait."

"Certainly," and I took a seat with much satisfaction.

Two or three minutes later, a Hansom cab drove up to the door, and Phil Benson sprang out of it.

"Pay the cab, waiter," he cried, "half-a-crown;" and he hastened into the house, ordering dinner to be served as soon as he saw that I had arrived.

I rather pride myself on my taste, and I must confess that I have seldom sat down to a nicer little dinner than graced the table that day. Everything was well-cooked and well-served: the wine was admirably iced and of the best quality: Phil was in capital spirits, and I soon forgot all my troubles, and enjoyed the passing hour gloriously.

"But you haven't told me what brings you to London?" I remarked to Phil.

"It's a little piece of confidence I am going to make you," replied Phil, looking suddenly half grave and half confused; "the truth is, I am going to be married."

"Married!—you!—my dear fellow, I congratulate you!" cried

I with all the ardour of friendship and champagne combined. "But may I ask to whom?"

"Not yet. Don't think me unfriendly, but I must not divulge the name for a few days. Let's have some claret."

The claret was brought, and M. Dubourg's claret is very good. I began to joke Phil about his matrimonial prospects; inquired what she was like (beautiful, of course); how old, whether she had plenty of money, and so forth. Phil was very good-tempered on the subject, but not very communicative. He seemed, in fact, to be preparing to make some important announcement, and to feel some degree of awkwardness in doing so.

"I've had a great disappointment to-day, Styles," he began at length. "My confounded agent has not only failed to remit me the money I expected, but tells me that he shall not be able to do so for another month. It's very provoking, and very awkward too, for really I'm cleaned out. The rents of my little estate in Yorkshire (which, by-the-by, you've never been down to see yet) used to be paid so regularly; but there's been some hitch or another this time. The consequence is, that really I'm going to ask you to be my banker for a few days."

I felt exactly like a fellow convicted of picking pockets, and I am sure my face must have indicated something of the kind.

"My dear fellow," I stammered out, "I really should be delighted, but, upon my honour, I haven't a *sou*."

"You don't mean that!" cried Phil, looking alarmed.

"Look there!" said I, and I threw my empty *port-monnaie* on the table.

"Whew!" whistled Phil, "this is awkward. I wonder what the dinner-bill will come to."

"Haven't you got enough to pay it with?" I inquired nervously.

Phil threw *his* purse on the table: it contained three shillings and sixpence.

"I made sure of *you*," he said (and so it appeared, in truth): "What's to be done?"

"You had better stay here, I think?" suggested I.

"But I have got no luggage with me," he replied, "and I *must* go out to-night to see—ahem!"

After a pause, during which I confess that I felt very uncomfortable, he began again:—

"May I go and fetch *your* portmanteau here?" he asked, and then one of us can remain here a day or two, till I get the money to discharge the bill."

I confess I did not like this suggestion. In the first place, I doubted whether my landlady would give it up; in the next place, I did not like the suggestion that "one of us" should stay at Dubourg's. What had I to do with it? I was only Phil's guest. However, I only stated the first objection.

"Leave that to me," said Phil, "trust me to manage the landlady. Waiter, another bottle of claret. Walk into *that*, Styles, and I'll be back as soon as possible."

So saying, he departed, leaving me in no very comfortable state of mind. I began to doubt whether I had had such very great luck in falling in with my friend after all. I might have wanted a dinner certainly, whereas I had enjoyed a good one (what capital claret!); but then the dinner was not paid for, and it seemed very much as if I were going to be left in pledge for it. What should I do if Phil did not receive, or raise, the money in a day or two? I should be taken for a swindler—perhaps locked up in a police cell, brought before a magistrate, and sent to pick oakum in Cold Bath Fields. What would become of Julia! Poor, dear Julia! I had seen and heard nothing of her for six or seven weeks—how she must be fretting, and making her beautiful eyes red and swollen! My own tears began to rise at the very thought. I was dreadfully unhappy.

Suddenly I heard Phil's voice again crying, "Pay the cab, waiter:" and, directly afterwards, he entered the room, followed by a porter of the house carrying my best and largest portmanteau.

"Now I'll stay here!" cried Phil, as soon as we were alone; "it won't look well for you to remain, especially with only one portmanteau between us."

"But what will my landlady think, when she sees me back without it?" I asked.

"She doesn't know anything about its being gone," replied Phil. "She was out: there was only Mary, the servant, who knows me well. I sent her out for some beer, pretending to be writing a note in your room. While she was gone I caught up your portmanteau—ran down stairs—slipped it into my cab in waiting—and got back again to your room before she returned. By-the-by, the portmanteau seems to be full."

"I should think so;" I cried, "I keep nearly all my clothes in it."

"So much the better," said Phil: (but, upon my word, I did not think so.) "Now, look here," he continued: "you want money and so do I: let's do a bill."

I trembled at the suggestion.

"You know I'm a man of property," said Phil; "I know nothing about *your* means, but I do know that you're an honourable fellow: therefore I feel that I am safe in your hands."

This was putting the matter in such a complimentary manner to me, that really I felt ashamed of my hesitation.

"I know a man that will cash it for me in an instant—so here's the stamp (drawing one from his pocket). "I'll draw on you for 50*l.* at two months, and the affair's settled. I suppose 20*l.* will serve your purpose, eh?"

"Ye-es," I said, hesitating, while Phil was coolly drawing the bill.

"Just write your name across that," he said, "and to-morrow, if you'll look me up here about two o'clock, I'll hand you your share of the plunder."

He laughed as he said this last word, while I felt a kind of cold

shudder creep over me; however, I signed the bill, drained a tumbler of claret afterwards, bid him good night, and hastened home in a terribly agitated state of mind.

In the morning I arose with a bad headache and very unhappy, I longed for two o'clock, and never did morning seem to pass more slowly. The deed was done, and my only present consolation was the temporary relief that the 20*l.* would afford me.

"Waiter, is Mr. Benson in?" I inquired at Dubourg's that day.

"No, sir—not seen him since the morning, sir."

"I'll wait."

I *did* wait—till four, five, six, seven, o'clock—and no tidings of Phil Benson. He has had some difficulty about getting the bill cashed, I thought; or he has been detained on some other business; or he has gone to see his betrothed (happy man!—when shall I see Julia?) and she has kept him by her side while he forgets his engagement with me.

"Will you dine here, sir?" asked the waiter.

"No," I replied very faintly; "but I'll leave a note for Mr. Benson;" and taking a pen on the table I wrote a few words of expostulation to the forgetful man and turned again towards home. I was really alarmed, though I scarcely knew why. Phil was a man of property (at least he always said so), and surely he would not—. I dismissed the rising suspicion with indignation at my own thoughts. But still it was very strange of him thus to leave me in the lurch. He knew how I wanted the money—that I could not even get a dinner without any—and yet he had neither come to me nor sent me a line or a message.

"Oh, Julia, Julia! if you knew all my troubles, and that I bear all this for you, how that dear little heart of yours would ache!" thought I as I walked slowly home. But I consoled myself that she did *not* know it, and thus I was spared the pain of making her share my griefs.

"There's a gentleman been a-waiting hours and hours to see you, sir," said Mary as she opened the door to me; "and he's a-walking up and down the room like a tiger or a polar bear."

"Hurrah! it's Phil," cried I, dashing past Mary, to her great surprise, and springing up stairs to my room.

Conceive my bewildered surprise, when, instead of Phil Benson, I beheld Mr. Butters, the father of my adored Julia!

"Where's my daughter, sir—do you know where my daughter is?" he cried, quite frantically.

"Your daughter, sir! Good heavens, what do you mean?"

"Well, I suppose you *don't* know," said the old gentleman despondingly and sinking into a chair; "it's not natural you should, for I believe you were really fond of her, and now she has run away with some one else."

"Run away!" I screamed—"how?—when?—where?—with whom?"

"To-day, and with a scoundrel named Benson," cried the old man.

My brain seemed to spin, as I caught the side of the sofa to save myself from falling.

"You know him?" asked the father.

I nodded my head, for I could not speak a word.

"They only started about two o'clock to-day," said the old gentleman. "I knew nothing about it till I got a letter by the post from *her* to say she was gone."

"Have you known the villain long, sir?"

"Only a few weeks. The truth is, I was very glad to see that Julia was amused and interested with him, because I wanted her to forget *you*; but I never expected she would actually fall in love with him—the little minx."

"You will have the consolation of a man of property for your son-in-law," said I bitterly; for what were *his* troubles to mine?

"Thank you for the sneer," replied the old gentleman. "I objected to *your* engagement with my daughter solely because your own father would not sanction it, and not from any mercenary reasons. You need not now taunt me because my daughter has married a beggar if not a swin——"

"What!" I exclaimed; "has not Benson a little estate in Yorkshire?"

"As much as he has in Nova Scotia; his father allows him a hundred a year, and will stop even *that* now."

"Swindled! ruined!" I cried; "robbed of money and mistress together!"

The old man asked for an explanation, and I gave it. We went to Dubourg's together, and found that Mr. Benson had *not* paid his bill, and that *my* portmanteau was considered the security for it. I must say that old Butters behaved very handsomely in paying the bill, releasing my portmanteau and begging me to accept the loan of a five pound note from him.

So far I was helped out of some of my troubles; but my adored Julia had proved false; my best friend had swindled and deceived me; and my name was on a bill for 50*l*. What happiness could I know?

Time passed on. I was reconciled to my father; the bill became due and old Butters actually paid it—for he makes Mr. and Mrs. Benson a very nice little allowance and professes to like his son-in-law amazingly. The latter had the impertinence to write me a "friendly" letter talking about his own happiness and excusing his past conduct to me as a kind of practical joke easily to be pardoned. His wife, too, wrote in a similar strain, and no one shows the least sympathy for my lacerated heart. But these insults have now reached the climax. I have actually been invited to attend the christening of Julia's first baby and to stand godfather to it!!

THE COUNTESS STE. AULAIRE.

THE recent death of Madame La Comtesse de Sainte Aulaire, naturally suggests to our minds that a few particulars of her life, with which we are furnished, may not be altogether out of place, or without some degree of interest to the general reader. Madame de Sainte Aulaire died on her birthday, in the hundredth year of her age, after having resided forty years in the Château d'Étioles. Here she passed her latter days in honourable retirement, in that perfect repose which must have been so soothing and essential to her, after the severe trials which she experienced during the first French Revolution. Her unconquerable patience, her untiring filial devotion, her scorn of fatigue, her courage when repulsed by the wretches whom she supplicated, as well as the sacrifice of her fortune, made her the instrument of saving her father, notwithstanding the difficulties which M. de Noyan himself frequently cast in her path, by not always consenting to the plans to which she was anxious to have recourse for his rescue. Madame La Comtesse, however, met with the reward which she richly deserved; for if she lost her health and fortune, she succeeded at least in saving her father.

M. Le Comte de Sainte Aulaire, in a short account which he gives of his grandfather, enters into a description of some of the cruelties to which his mother was subjected. This account, which was never intended to be published, but was only written as a family narrative, gives a forcible picture of the times, and of those terrible men whom Madame de Sainte Aulaire, through her extraordinary filial devotion, was at length enabled to soften and conquer. This narrative is worthy of the illustrious historian of the Fronde, so simple, straightforward, refined, and lofty is its tone. M. de Sainte Aulaire has kindly permitted an extract to be made from this sketch, which gives some notion of all that the Countess endured to save her father, and shows how a mother, who had begun by being such a daughter, was loved and venerated by her son, her daughter-in-law, her grandchildren, and great-grandchildren.

“The act of indictment which was drawn up by the dreadful Fouquet Tinville, in consequence of the conspiracy of M. de la Rouerie (a Royalist conspiracy in Brittany), had just been brought before the Revolutionary tribunal. My grandfather and M. Leroy, his secretary, were included in this indictment, as being accomplices of the schemes of the Rouerie, and for assisting in carrying them into execution. The sentence of death was pronounced against both of them, and if they had arrived in time to appear before their judges with the other prisoners, their destruction would have been inevitable; the danger was not less great if they had arrived before the close of the debates, which commenced the 12th

of June, 1793. The risk would have been very great if they had reached Paris a short time after the verdict had been declared, and when public attention was engrossed with the affair. But the more they succeeded in gaining delay the greater was their chance of safety; and when we reached Rennes from Dol, it was a question of life and death that we should be able to obtain a respite of a few weeks. The prisoners were taken to the Tour le Bat, the gaol of that city. My mother contrived that her father should not start till the next day, under the pretext that he was exhausted from fatigue, and not in a fit state for a journey; when the next day came, she managed to secure another day's rest for him, and after that another. It would not do, however, to beg for more delay all at once; the physicians' certificates, which were produced every morning, sufficiently attested that the sick man would not reach the first night's destination alive, and thus the local authorities would be sheltered from all responsibility. In reality they were not badly disposed to us; the measure of the 31st of May was not at all popular in the department of the Isle et Vilaine, and the Girondins still preserved many adherents who were anxious to put an end to the Reign of Terror. Though our position was still very insecure, it was tolerable for the time: my mother and I went to see M. de Noyan every day; his courage did not fail him, and his health, only excepting his asthma, was remarkably good, in spite of the excuses which had been previously invented concerning it. He and M. Leroy were lodged together in a little room at the top of the Tour le Bat. This prison was much cleaner and in all respects more decently appointed than the one at Dol, but then it was much more strictly guarded, so that an attempt at escape here would have been attended with considerable danger, while it would have been a matter of no difficulty during the detention of the prisoners at Dol, or during their removal from Dol to Rennes. However, if amidst these party struggles those who were most ferocious and savage were to gain the victory, it was better to run any risk rather than fall into their hands. It was out of the question for M. de Noyan to make such an attempt, he would have met with certain death in trying to reach the deep prison moat; but this was nothing for M. Leroy to accomplish; he had measured the height of the walls some time before, and had also furnished himself with cords, and clinging posts, and had secured trusty friends to wait for him on the other side of the moat. When the Federalist party was overthrown at Caen, and when the triumphant Mountain fixed upon Carrier, one of its most ferocious adherents, to regenerate the departments of Normandy and Brittany, M. Leroy adopted the very wise plan of not waiting their arrival at Rennes; with considerable strength and skill, he succeeded in the course of a night in piercing a hole through the wall, the exact size of his body. With the help of his sheets and cords, he gained the moat, and got over to the other side, where his friends awaited him; yet that very evening he exchanged pistol shots with the outposts of the republican army. Meanwhile M. de Noyan was reclining in an arm-chair which served him for a bed

anxiously awaiting the hour when the gaolers were in the habit of opening his door every morning; but how great was the alarm when it was discovered that M. Leroy had escaped! The authorities of the town and department were immediately summoned, and repaired at once to the spot. My grandfather answered their interrogations with the most imperturbable *sang froid*; he said he had rendered no assistance to his companion; that he had been ignorant, indeed, of his project; that he had certainly seen him working during the night making a hole in the wall, and observed that he fastened cords to the sheets of his bed, but he had had neither the wish nor the power to interfere with his proceedings, for he had not been able to stir from his bed, on account of a severe attack of asthma, from which he had been suffering for some time. Probably nobody was duped by these statements; but the authorities of the Isle et Vilaine had at that time a great deal of other business on their hands. That very day Carrier made his entrance into Rennes: all ideas of resistance were therefore at an end; those men who were suspected of moderation had taken flight, and those among them who sought to find favour showed themselves merciless to the vanquished. After receiving the constituted authorities at the inn where he had alighted, Carrier proceeded in person to the prisons. On learning that my grandfather was still at the Tour le Bat, he inquired why he had not long before been sent to Paris. The excuses which were made displeased him extremely, and the recent evasion of M. Leroy irritated him still more; he entered the old man's room like a madman.

"'Wretch!' exclaimed he, as soon as the door was open, 'you deserve that I should order you to be guillotined this very day.'

"During this speech, he went up to the arm-chair upon which my grandfather was reclining, and was on the point of striking him with a large cane, which he (Carrier) had brought with him. My grandfather's face did not betray any emotion, he merely looked fixedly at Carrier and said,

"'You may do it, Monsieur, for you are stronger than I.'

"Carrier did not strike him, but left the room swearing frightfully, and on entering the record-office, he gave orders that the old conspirator should be sent off to Paris the next day, where the tribunal would do him ample justice. There was no use in fighting against impossibilities, besides, with whatever fear and horror Fouquet Tinville and the revolutionary tribunal inspired us, Carrier appeared to us still more formidable: we should have thrown ourselves into the midst of flames to elude his grasp. My mother, therefore, only thought of preparations for the journey, and of the means of making it less unendurable. If M. de Noyan, as was stated, was to travel through France in a cart with malefactors of every kind, to be exposed during the day to the insult of the populace, already maddened with blood, and to be cast every night into a dungeon, there was little doubt that he would put an end to his existence before arriving in Paris. It was

with difficulty that he could be induced to bear with the language and manners, to which the filial goodness of my mother made her resign herself in his presence: he grew so violent on this subject that he often bitterly exclaimed that life was not worth having at such a price. My mother, therefore, felt the necessity of not leaving him a moment, and of placing herself between him and the humiliations and dangers which she saw were in store for him during the journey, and, as far as could be, to draw the greatest share on herself. During the short intervals which were left to her after the departure of the convoy of prisoners, she used all her exertions to obtain permission to remain with her father; the permission depended upon a person of the name of Lemoyne, who was then the public accuser at Rennes. This man, who was not naturally cruel, yielded at length to her supplications, and a few hours before the prisoners' departure, he signed an order to be given to the commander of the escort, in which he stated that the *Citoyenne* Sainte Aulaire was to be allowed to travel in the same conveyance with her father. My mother was joyfully carrying off the order, when Lemoyne seemed suddenly to feel a scruple; he called her back to the foot of the staircase and shouted out —

“ ‘*Citoyenne*, are you quite sure that you vote for the unity and indivisibility of the Republic?’ ”

“ ‘Certainly,’ replied my mother, hurrying away.

“ ‘Swear to this, then,’ said Lemoyne.

“ ‘I swear!’ replied my mother, raising her hand, and hastily shutting the street-door after her.

“ Though my mother was now certain of sharing my father's fate, she did not wish me to run any risk; she therefore confided me to the care of one of her friends, Madame de Malherbes, who was to set off for Paris the same day as the prisoners: the latter left the Tour le Bat the 12th of September, 1793. Two carts, which were loaded with about thirty men strongly chained and bound with cords, preceded the coach in which my mother, my grandfather, and his faithful valet, Clavot, were seated. The lieutenant of the police at Rennes escorted the convoy with two regiments of the brigade as far as the boundary of the department of Isle et Vilaine; he was accompanied by strong detachments of the National Guard. In case of any attempt at rescue, Carrier had given orders that the prisoners should be put to death; friends, therefore, might be the cause of destruction quite as much as enemies. If the country population was thoroughly Royalist, that of the cities was altogether Republican, and the passions of both parties were equally outrageous and uncontrolled; the horrors of defence could not exceed those of attack. My mother immediately perceived the necessity of conciliating her escort. She noticed among the National Guard who surrounded the coach a young man with a frank and good expression of countenance; she contrived to enter into conversation with him, and before the end of the day they had exchanged confidence. She learned from him that the lieutenant of police, the commander of the escort, was by profession a dancing-master, and nothing more or

less than a Terrorist; but the young man promised to do all he could for her without compromising himself. The principal favour to be granted was, that M. de Noyan might sleep at an inn instead of in a dungeon with the other prisoners. The commander yielded at length, with much reluctance, to my mother's prayers, and to the entreaties of the good young man who had constituted himself our protector. On reaching Vitré at night, the convoy stopped before the door of the prison, and here the men who were in the carts were deposited; the coach in which my grandfather was seated was to proceed to the inn which was at some little distance. Meantime the people of Vitré had assembled, and were loading the prisoners with imprecations; from words they threatened to proceed to actions, and their exasperation was at its height when they saw my grandfather's coach driving in the direction of the inn; then they began to shout on all sides, 'Why should any distinction be made? Ah! he is one of the old stamp. You old wretch, you'll soon be cut a little shorter in Paris; let's settle his business at once for him!' This scene lasted for more than an hour; and even fifty years after the frightful impression which it made on my mother's mind had not in the least degree abated. She was relating to me only the other day, that when the populace was at the height of its fury, the commander, who was pale and trembling, gave orders to the *gensd'armes* to draw their swords; but she said they reluctantly obeyed the order, and seemed resolved not to make use of them. My mother jumped from the coach, made her way through the crowd, and reached the Hotel de Ville, where the authorities were assembled. In presence of the municipal authorities she declared, that the good people of Vitré had been deceived, and not improbably by their enemies; the *Citoyen* Ranconnet was not a *Chouan*, but an honest Republican; a great friend of the *Citoyen* Fouquet Tinville, who had sent for him to Paris in order to discuss the interests of the Republic with him. Unfortunately the *Citoyen* Ranconnet was very ill, therefore the *Citoyen* Carrier had recommended him to the special care of the authorities, and those who should be the occasion of his death on the road would incur terrible responsibility. The municipal officers were quite convinced by my mother's words, and took her under their protection; the commissary of police also conveyed an order to the innkeeper to install her as well as her father in the best room. M. de Noyan fortunately had not heard my mother's harangue at the Hotel de Ville; but he had seen quite enough of her proceedings during the day to cause him a great deal of suffering and annoyance, and he went to bed more out of humour with her than with the Republicans. I reached Vitré myself in the middle of the night, and could not resist running to kiss my mother while we changed horses. Her first feeling on seeing me enter her room was that of intense fear; she hurried me away, scarcely allowing herself time to embrace me; and charged me not to stop anywhere till I reached Paris, and desired me on no account to say that I had been with her.

"The following morning the prisoners set forward quietly on

their journey; the people of Vitré were tranquilised; and there was no longer any chance of encountering troops of *Chouans* in the open country, or of meeting bands of furious Republicans in the cities through which the convoy passed. The dangers of the journey being over, it was now necessary to prepare for others which might await my grandfather in Paris; here he would find himself weighed down by an accusation which had been brought against him four months before. The principal thing which might turn in his favour would be, that he should be confined in a prison that should not be subjected to the daily inspection of the subordinate agents of the tribunal. The *Conciergerie* was to be especially avoided, because it was here a custom to carry off each day the victims for the following day; and the purveyors of the guillotine, who were made responsible for the regulation of this office, were careful to avoid confusion and a surplus of work for the machine. This consideration induced M. de Noyan to separate from his daughter; and he advised her to set off for Alençon in order that she might reach Paris four or five days before him.

"M. Gohier, a Breton, was at this period at the head of the *Ministère de la Justice*. He was a barrister at Rennes during M. de la Chalotais' time; and he had ever since entertained the greatest respect for all the members of the magistrate's family, and particularly for my grandfather. As soon as my mother arrived in Paris, she went to him and was heartily welcomed; but when she told him that she had come there a few days before her father, Gohier groaned aloud and buried his face in his hands, and, on raising it, his eyes were moistened with tears. He listened a long time to my mother; entered thoroughly and with great interest into the subject, and at once saw the necessity of avoiding the *Conciergerie*; but, in spite of the sympathy he expressed, he did not seem at all inclined to compromise himself. He advised my mother to go to Fouquet-Tinville, and promised to give a good account of Ranconnet, who, like himself, had been an honest Republican even under the former state of things: this undoubtedly was equally as true of the one as of the other.

"My mother, therefore, had to pay a visit to this wretch, whose very name will be pronounced with a shudder as long as any recollection of the French Republic remains. He was very ugly, and the expression of his countenance was particularly vicious. He received my mother tolerably well, however, and said,—

"'Gohier has spoken to me about you; I know you are unfortunate. Where is your father?'

"My mother replied, that her father would shortly arrive; that he was completely exhausted with the fatigues of the journey, and consequently she begged that he might not be taken to the *Conciergerie*.

"'But where would you have me put him?' answered Fouquet Tinville. 'Go and see if there is a place in the *Abbaye*; he might possibly be better there than at the *Conciergerie*.'

"My mother hastened to the *Abbaye*, but she did not carry

any orders to the gaoler, who therefore politely showed her out, under the pretext that there was no room in the prison. M. de Noyan was consequently entered in the gaol book of the Conciergerie on the 24th of September. He stayed there till the 29th of the same month, and the rapidity with which he saw persons, who were accused, brought successively to the prison and carried off to the scaffold, quite convinced him that it would not be long before he shared the same fate. But my mother was watching over him; she had brought with her from Rennes a letter from Madame Desilles to a M. Vilain, who had defended her (Madame Desilles') cause before the Revolutionary tribunal, and had saved her life. Without explaining the means which had been employed, Madame Desilles told my mother that Vilain was in league with Fouquet Tinville, that she might place entire confidence in him, and was to do exactly as he told her.

"When my mother gave Madame Desilles' letter to Vilain, he observed to her, without the slightest circumlocution, that M. de Noyan would inevitably be lost if he remained longer in the Conciergerie, and that Fouquet Tinville was not the man who would remove him thence for the value of a few compliments; but he said, if she would furnish him (Vilain) with 6000 francs, he would take that sum to Fouquet Tinville, and she would, even at the first interview with him, perceive the good effects of this policy. My mother implicitly followed his advice; she gave him the money at once, obtained an audience, and begged that her father might be removed to the Rue de Charonne, to a madhouse, which was kept by a M. Belhomme. Fouquet Tinville did not ask for further explanation, but at once wrote the order, which he placed in my mother's hands, and the removal took place that same day. M. de Belhomme's house was situated at the top of the Rue de Charonne, in the Faubourg Saint Antoine. Here persons suffering from aberration of mind were lodged and treated; those who required to be strictly guarded were confined in a detached building at the bottom of the courtyard, and those who were more quiet and orderly occupied rooms in front of the house. The proprietor of the establishment, who was a good man in the main, troubled himself as little with medicine as with politics; he took in madmen much in the same way as he afterwards took in prisoners, and he preferred the latter mode of earning his living, as he found it more profitable. He became connected with some influential men at this period, and through their assistance obtained a tacit promise that his house should be left unmolested; he also succeeded in interesting them in his undertaking, and this afterwards turned out to be a good speculation in more ways than one. Fouquet Tinville and the Board of the Convention sold their forbearance at a very dear price; Belhomme raised large sums, which the prisoners willingly paid, and the result was, that the Terrorists lost nothing by their indulgence, for these prisoners could always be recaptured when their purse was empty, or when a sanguinary fit made it desirable that they should lose their heads. The only form to be observed,

and this was for the sake of the establishment's good name, was, that they should not be conveyed to the scaffold immediately on quitting it, but be confined for a few days in an ordinary prison. Belhomme was careful to attend to this regulation; his kindness to his guests was carried still further, for while they remained in his custody he endeavoured to make their life pleasant to them, and he also successfully preserved them from dangers from without, as long, at least, as they had the power and inclination to give him plenty of money. These points being taken into consideration, Belhomme's house was viewed as a fortunate oasis, to which all the prisoners of Paris were anxious to be taken; by degrees the place was enlarged, and most remarkable, as well as widely different persons, found themselves lodged within the same walls. But in the month of October, 1793, it was only known as a madhouse, and M. de Noyan, on arriving there, found nobody besides lunatics. He was put in possession of a clean small room in front of the house; took his meals with M. Belhomme's family or with my mother; and we could go and see him whenever we liked, without any restraint being used in our interviews with each other. After six months' confinement in the prisons of Dol and Rennes, this mode of life was comparatively agreeable, but it was impossible to forget that the sword was suspended over our heads. M. de Noyan was still labouring under an accusation, and the particulars concerning his culpability had been sent to the Board of Public Safety; if they were passed from thence to the office of the Revolutionary tribunal, his condemnation was certain. In respect of his security, no dependence could be placed on Gohier's mere feelings of benevolence, or on Fouquet's indifference to money. Several times during our sojourn at Rennes, Morillon (one of the officers of the Board of Public Safety, who caused M. de Noyan to be arrested at Dol) had urged my mother to join him (Morillon) in Paris. The very day she arrived, he informed her that M. de Noyan's papers were in his hands, and that he was authorised by the Committee of Public Safety to sell them for 100,000 francs, ready money. He approved of this removal of M. de Noyan to Belhomme's house, but he allowed it to be easily seen that he did not consider this a very secure harbour of refuge: 'he considered himself sufficiently rewarded in serving us; he said it was not he who threatened and made these demands, his friends were more exacting than he, and, unfortunately, they were more powerful.'

"My mother was not deceived by this language: she mentioned to my grandfather what had passed, but, as his affairs were not in the best order, he was anxious to make the most of his resources. As 100,000 francs were not so easily produced, my mother could only furnish 40,000 francs, a portion of her dowry, so that M. de Noyan was obliged to make up his mind to pay 30,000 francs in hard cash, and to part with a chest of plate to raise the sum required. On these terms being accepted, a day was fixed for the conclusion of the arrangement, when a new condition imposed by my grandfather nearly upset the whole matter.

He was desirous that M. de Montrocher, an old friend of the family, who had nobly assisted us, should witness the restoration of the papers, and that he should not give the money till he had examined them. This was, after all, a very reasonable precaution, for how could my poor mother help herself? Left quite alone to the mercy of these wretches, she would be only too easy a prey; they might take her money, and give her in exchange merely a few unimportant papers, while they reserved those which were valuable to sell a second time: the presence of a third person would prevent any trickery of this kind. Montrocher was a man of decision and courage, and he would take care not to part with the funds without ample security. Morillon knew him very well, and was much vexed at this precaution, the motive of which he thoroughly understood. He complained bitterly to my mother, who could only reply with tears that the will of her father was known to be inflexible; he was at length softened, and promised that the members of the Committee of Public Safety should not be informed by him of Montrocher's interference.

"My mother was just quitting the apartment with a feeling of reassurance, when Morillon called her back to inquire whether she had not got a few jewels to add to the sum already mentioned.

" 'I think I have seen you wear rather a pretty watch ornamented with diamonds,' said he; 'the addition of such a trifle might have a good effect.'"

"My mother, without further bargaining, promised to send the watch the next day with the money. The following evening, at dusk, I saw my mother and Montrocher set off in a coach; they took with them the plate-chest, bags of money, notes which still had their value, and other things, which they thought might help to make up the required sum. My mother was much overcome; she imagined, and not without justice, that she was running considerable risk. First, Morillon might not be found alone, and then, once in possession of the money, his accomplices might choose to show a little severity, by denouncing them in the very act of bribery. Full of these sad thoughts, I watched and waited all the night with the greatest anxiety; my mother returned just as daylight made its appearance, and told me all that had passed. The papers, which implicated M. de Noyan, were in Montrocher's hands, and he had minutely read them and examined them before he threw them into the fire. The money was then produced, and Morillon received it without further exactions, and promised his protection, as well as that of the chief members of the Committee of Public Safety; in short, they parted good friends. But, though we thought the business was now concluded, we were much mistaken; the next day there was a fresh alarm; Morillon sent a message couched in severe language, desiring that my mother and Montrocher would go to him; they went to him immediately, and found him in a great passion. He complained of their want of integrity, their deception; he said they would not be allowed so to treat the Committee of Public Safety with impunity;

Chabot, Bazire, and others, were highly incensed at their conduct, and would undoubtedly have their revenge. As for himself, he had neither the inclination nor the power of further mixing himself up in M. de Noyan's affairs, and he was anxious that his (M. de Noyan's) family should be made acquainted with his determination.

"My mother was quite overwhelmed by the scene, and Montroucher himself lost some of his self-possession. Morillon at length entered into some explanation; he said that when M. de Noyan's ransom was divided among those who were to receive it, one of the recipients, who had taken possession of the plate-chest in lieu of the 30,000 francs, had discovered, on looking over the contents of the chest, that the two privy seals were not silver, but were only plated. These two seals were thrown on the floor, and he had been in the act of weighing them when they entered; he marked that 15,000 francs would be required to make up for the loss which one of our benefactors had sustained. We had been guilty, he said, of great ingratitude, for if the 15,000 francs were not produced in the course of the day, M. de Noyan would sleep that night in the Conciergerie. Of all the trials through which we passed, this left behind it the bitterest recollections. My mother, however, could easily have justified herself; she had merely taken the plate-chest for what it might prove worth, it had not been made up for the occasion, and she certainly had not taken away any piece of silver; but as for the further demand of 15,000 francs which was made upon her, it was totally beyond her power to meet it: she had emptied her purse, exhausted her credit, she had not a single silver teaspoon left, and the whole of the furniture of her apartment consisted of two rough beds and two old arm-chairs. When Morillon ascertained that we were completely without resources, and that his threats would accomplish nothing except making my mother cry, he became more calm, and endeavoured to quiet her. 'He wanted to prove to her,' he said, 'that his conduct towards her had been perfectly sincere and disinterested, he would therefore make up the sum, and would pay 15,000 francs out of his own pocket; he would trust to the family's honour that he should not be long saddled with such an outlay.' While he was talking, he made my mother sit down, placed a pen in her hand, and desired her to write an acknowledgment that she was indebted to him for that amount; she wrote all that he wished, declared again and again that the money should be paid, and gave vent to her gratitude in the most excited manner. I shall afterwards have occasion to mention what use was made of this acknowledgment.

"There were now no longer any papers in existence which could bring M. de Noyan to trial; the secrets of the Rouerie conspiracy had been buried for more than six months; and if care were taken to avoid the observation of the Terrorists, it might naturally be expected we might soon see the end of such a state of things. But my grandfather did not view matters in the same light; he was anxious immediately to be brought to trial, not doubting for a

moment that he should be acquitted and set at liberty when no proofs of his culpability could be found. His money would have been thrown away were he to continue in the same position as before. This idea will serve to show how completely he was deceived with regard to the sort of justice exercised by the Revolutionary tribunal; it was necessary, however, to serve him in his own way.

"My mother again presented herself before Fouquet Tinville, who was rather surprised at finding himself reproached by a prisoner for the lengthiness of his proceedings. As this step did not produce any result, my mother went a second time to the office of the Revolutionary tribunal; and from this visit she returned home literally chilled with horror. Fouquet Tinville grew impatient on seeing her come again, and inquired, with a Satanic look and smile: 'Ranconnet is becoming weary of his confinement, then?' Not feeling any doubt as to the effect her continued entreaties would have, she stammered forth a few insignificant words, and hurried off with all speed, quite resolved not further to expose herself to the danger of awakening the sleeping tiger. It was not without many struggles that my grandfather consented to wait for better times. Independently of these troubles, we passed through the latter months of 1793 and the early part of the following year tolerably well. M. de Belhomme's house was no longer large enough, consequently he hired the hotel (Hotel Chabannois) next door, which communicated with his own house by means of spacious gardens. The prisoners were very slightly guarded, and it would have been the easiest thing in the world to escape; but who for an instant entertained such an idea? The Reign of Terror had transformed France into a vast prison; and had caused all those who were detained in it to look upon the scaffold as a natural death, which it was reasonable to drive off as long as possible, but which it was idle to think of avoiding. Under these circumstances, M. Belhomme's house was certainly one of the most convenient residences that could be chosen in 1793. While there we saw successively arrive the Duchess of Orleans, the Comte and Comtesse de Roure, whose granddaughter I little imagined at that period I should marry, and twenty other persons of the old Court. This assembly was enlivened by the pretty *actrices*, Demoiselles Lange and Mezerai from the Théâtre Français. These poor little *actrices* could not view in a serious light the dangers with which they had become so suddenly associated, and still retained their wealthy admirers: numerous carriages were stationed every night at the prison-door, while from the interior issued sounds of laughing, music, and gaiety. As long as the prisoners' resources did not fail them, everything went on very well; but sometimes they found it impossible to satisfy M. Belhomme's and his patrons' increasing avarice. Every month he made up his accounts in his study, and then those in his power had to bargain for their lives. Very ludicrous as well as tragical scenes passed in this study; and it was curious to hear our gaoler discuss such matters with women of rank and fashion.

“ ‘Really, M. de Belhomme,’ said the Duchesse de Châtelet to him one day, with all the dignity and etiquette of the old school— ‘really you are unreasonable; and it is quite out of my power to meet your demands.’

“ ‘Come, my good wench,’ said Belhomme, ‘behave well, and I will let you off a quarter of the sum.’

“Notwithstanding this concession, Madame de Châtelet found it impossible to pay for her maintenance; she and her friend, the Duchesse de Gramont, left the establishment a few days afterwards to perish on the scaffold. This catastrophe seemed to affect M. de Belhomme considerably, while at the same time he could not help lamenting that they had fallen victims to such false economy. Thanks to my mother’s tact, M. de Noyan was highly favoured with regard to his pecuniary affairs. He was one of the first persons who had entered the establishment; his board was originally fixed at a moderate sum, and this afterwards had been only slightly increased. But even this amount it became every day more difficult to pay; and the agonies of poverty were joined to my mother’s other sufferings. She was careful to conceal from her father, and especially from me, the many privations she had to endure; for though I had not been brought up in the midst of luxury, I could not witness the shifts which our situation required without the disgust of a spoiled child. One day, as I entered the Rue de Charonne to visit my grandfather, I met my mother loaded with an enormous bundle of dirty linen which she was carrying away from the prison; I could not help bursting into tears when I saw her bending beneath its weight.

“My family reached the climax of their misfortunes during the three months which preceded the 9th of Thermidor, when the National Convention decreed that the nobility should be expelled from Paris. My mother took apartments in a house at Vaugirard, a short distance from the *barrière*, and placed me under the care of Doisy, one of her old servants. I had succeeded in getting received as a pupil at the Ecole des Ponts et Chaussées, and therefore escaped the consequences of the decree of Floréal. I became the medium of communication between my mother and M. de Noyan; and every day it was my business to carry news from one to the other. It was a long journey from the Rue de Charonne to Vaugirard. I lodged in the Rue Saint Jacques; and the Ecole des Ponts et Chaussées, where regular attendance was strictly enjoined, was situated then in the Rue Saint Lazare. These long walks quite exhausted me; and anguish of mind was added to the bodily fatigues which I endured; for I viewed the loss of my relations as a matter of certainty.

“Robespierre’s fall at length put an end to our sufferings for M. de Noyan was one of the first persons who were set at liberty; and so terminated the severe trials through which my grandfather and mother had to pass, trials which were borne on one side with so much courage and dignity, and on the other with still greater resolution and self-devotion. M. de Noyan engaged apartments in the Rue Saint Louis du Marais, as soon as he quitted

prison. Here he was talking very quietly one morning to my mother, when he was informed that an elderly man of respectable appearance wanted to see him, but would not give his name. The stranger introduced himself without the slightest embarrassment, and said that his name was Lalligant Morillon, and that he had called for the 15,000 francs, for which sum my mother had given an acknowledgment to his son; as next in succession he sought to establish his claims to this amount. M. de Noyan had never dreamt for a moment that such a claim would be raised; he could scarcely listen to him with patience, and did not appear at all disposed to satisfy his demands: he could not easily forget in what manner this acknowledgment had been extorted. The old Morillon, like his son, was possessed of agreeable manners, and, like him, he knew how to preserve his dignity even in matters of a very equivocal description. He heard M. de Noyan with deference, and then answered very coldly that he had not come to justify his son's conduct; that the faults of the unfortunate young man had been fully expiated by his death, and that those people whose life and fortune he had been the means of saving ought to be the last to cast reflections on his memory. He, an old, infirm and ruined man, deprived of his only child, had expected to meet with more sympathy from a family of whose virtues and gratitude his son had so frequently boasted. The old man then retired with a profound bow, and announced his intentions of returning in a few days to receive a final answer.

"As soon as M. de Noyan found himself alone with his daughter, he could no longer conceal his indignation. To appeal to justice and generosity seemed to him a bitter piece of irony. Rather than relinquish the small remnant of his fortune, to bestow 15,000 francs on one of the inheritors of a race of cut-throats who had wished to destroy him, he would sue for a trial; and he pleased himself in picturing how he would expose the vileness and abuses of such an abominable government. My mother, however, was not the least anxious to be the minister of his justice; and, apart from any notions of prudence, she was touched by the recollection of the circumstances under which her signature had been given, as well as of the oaths she had uttered to keep her word. She declared, therefore, to her father, that she considered this a sacred debt, and that she would pay it with the first funds she had in her possession, and that she would infinitely prefer labouring with her own hands to gain her livelihood, to having any further disputes on the subject."

Such generous and persevering devotion duly met with its reward. Madame La Comtesse de Sainte Aulaire lived to her hundredth year, crowned with the respect and affection of her children and grandchildren; and never, indeed, were the divine words of Holy Scripture more clearly carried out than in her life—"Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

LORD METCALFE.*

THE name of Sir Charles Metcalfe is familiar even to those among our readers who regard India as something of a *terra incognita*; his services in the West brought him prominently before the notice of a British public; and his fame rests as much, perhaps, with the majority of men in this country, upon the short-lived labours of the Governor of Jamaica and the representative of the Crown in our Canadian colonies, as upon those long and toilsome services which won for him the regard of successive Governors-General of India.

The biography of one launched, as he was, early in life upon the sea of Anglo-Indian politics, cannot fail to furnish important historical matter. While viewing the work simply as the Memoirs of a private individual, there is much in it well calculated to point a moral for the edification of those who shall come after.

Charles Theophilus Metcalfe was born in Calcutta on the 30th of January, 1785. His father was a Major in the Company's service, on the Bengal Establishment, who afterwards came to hold a seat in the Court of Directors, and who stood representative for the borough of Abingdon in several successive Parliaments.

Charles Metcalfe was entered at Eton in 1796. His life during the four years he passed at Eton is thus described by Mr. Kaye:—"His play-hours were spent, for the most part, in-doors. He read English, he read French, he read Italian; he wrote poetry; he was fond of drawing. Already was he becoming somewhat prone to disputation. A whole holiday was for him of value only as it gave him more time to puzzle over 'Rowley's' poems, to read Gibbon, or to translate Ariosto and Rousseau.

"Towards the close of his career at Eton he began to keep a Journal. His entries in it exhibit clearly the studious life that he led. They exhibit, too, something more than this. The annals of his last month at Eton afford some curious indications of the resolution of the boy—of his disposition to do what he afterwards called 'holding out' against opposition. It appears that, in defiance of their tutor's orders, Metcalfe and some other boys were determined to drink tea in each other's rooms after the hours prescribed by authority."

And then follow extracts from the aforesaid Journal, which, besides telling us, in few words, what he read, what he did, with whom he drank tea, and the like, sufficiently proclaim the fact, that he was a far more apt imbiber of the works of Ariosto,

* The Life and Correspondence of Charles Lord Metcalfe, late Governor-General of India, Governor of Jamaica, and Governor-General of Canada; from unpublished Letters and Journals, preserved by himself, his family, and his friends. By John William Kaye, Author of the "History of the War in Afghanistan." London. 1854.

Horace, Homer, Voltaire, and Gibbon, than a docile and well-disciplined inmate of Mr. Goodall's establishment."

There can be no doubt that these Eton years were looked back upon by him in after years as priceless in value. He used to say that "nearly all the literary knowledge which he had acquired in the course of his life had been gained as a boy at Eton." With what regretful pleasure must memory have recalled the time when there was no harassing official cares to distract, but when he was free to follow the bent of his own inclinations, and revel undisturbed in those feasts of literature, which, to the public man in after life, are too often an untasted banquet. Business presses—leisure dies—literature is forsaken.

Charles Metcalfe had but just attained the age of fifteen, when it was determined that he should proceed to India in the Company's Civil Service. And now began the "battle of life." The first enemy he had to contend against was idleness. The inhabitants of Calcutta were kind and hospitable. Their dinner-parties and balls possessed a dangerous fascination for the young civilian. His Journal, for some weeks after his landing, consists, alas! of little besides "records of the places at which he dined and at which he danced."

Then there were the native languages to be acquired, and a qualified Moonshee to be engaged. We find that he dismissed in disgust the first one whose services he secured; and the second met with a similar fate. In the third, however, either he was more fortunate, or he had ceased to look for perfection. He had not been long in Calcutta, before he began eagerly to desire a return to England. The climate was doing its work. He was "lonely and dispirited—languid and exhausted, with all sorts of sickly fancies preying upon his mind. He was dissatisfied with the present—he was hopeless of the future—and, worse than all, he was regretful of the past. 'Sorrow's crown of sorrow' was pressing heavily upon him; for he clung to the memory of happier things."

His ambition, at this time, was of remarkable strength and growth. His "Common-place Book" is made the receptacle of speculations on the probability of "his achieving greatness," and on "the fervour with which" his "biographer would seize upon these slight memorandums, and record them to an eager public." He fancied that India was not the field in which he was destined to shine. He panted after home; and built miraculous castles in the air, upon the unpromising groundwork of a clerkship in Lord Grenville's office. But his sensible parents scouted the idea of his return. They represented to him the advantages which his present position in life held out to him, and the extreme folly of desiring to relinquish them. And his strong-minded mother superadded thereto sundry truths, which doubtless served not a little to cool his raptures, to abate his morbid fancies, and to make the vision of Lord Grenville's office fade in dim perspective from his view.

On the 14th of Jan., 1802, having been nominated by Lord

Wellesley Assistant to the Resident at Scindiah's Court, he quitted Calcutta, and proceeded up the country to join his appointment. After indulging in some weeks of leisure and festivity with his friends at Cawnpore, we find him entering upon his official duties; but some unfortunate differences between him and the then Resident, Colonel Collins, shortly produced a rupture between them, and necessitated Metcalfe's early resignation of the situation.

Metcalfe returned to the Presidency, and was shortly afterwards appointed an Assistant in the Chief Secretary's Office at Calcutta. This was an admirable school of training for the young civilian; and he knew how to avail himself of its advantages.

"Of all men living," writes Mr. Kaye, "perhaps Lord Wellesley was the one around whose character and conduct the largest amount of youthful admiration was likely to gather. There was a vastness in all his conceptions which irresistibly appealed to the imaginations of his disciples. Their faith in him was unbounded. The promptitude and decision with which he acted dispelled all doubt, and disarmed all scepticism. Embodied in the person of Lord Wellesley, statesmanship was, in the eyes of his pupils, a splendid reality. They saw in him a great man with great things to accomplish. As he walked up and down the spacious central hall of the newly erected Government House, now dictating the terms of a letter to be dispatched to one political functionary, now to another, keeping many pens employed at once, but never confusing the argument or language proper to each, there was a moral grandeur about him, seen through which the scant proportions of the little Viceroy grew into something almost sublime. There could not be a finer forcing-house for young ambition. Charles Metcalfe grew apace in it."—P. 97, vol. i.

In August, 1804, however, we find him joyfully quitting the Presidency, on his way to join the camp of Lord Lake, in quality of "Political Assistant." The first opportunity of distinction which was presented to him after his arrival at head-quarters, was on the occasion of the storming of Deeg. Metcalfe "was one of the first who entered the breach. There are soldiers now living who remember that memorable Christmas eve, and delight to speak of the gallantry of the young civilian. The 'clerk' fairly won his spurs, and shared with the most distinguished of his comrades the honours, no less than the dangers, of the most brilliant achievements of the war. In the Commander-in-chief's dispatch, the name of Metcalfe was honourably mentioned."

After the expulsion of Ameer Khan from Rohilkund and the Doab, our hero returned with General Smith's division to headquarters at Bhurtpore; and we soon find him accompanying the Commander-in-chief on skirmishing excursions against Holkar, and snatching occasional intervals of leisure for inditing letters to his old friend Skerer in Calcutta. Some of these letters, written after Lord Cornwallis's accession to the Governor-generalship, bear the stamp of partisanship too strongly on their face, to admit of

their being regarded as competent authority on the questions they discuss. Young Metcalfe, a sojourner in Lord Lake's camp, a friend of Malcolm, and the "war party," is unequivocal in his condemnation of peace measures, however appallingly forced upon us by circumstances. He views one side only of the shield, and in his military *furor* launches forth tirades against everything that militates against his policy, with a vehemence and illiberality which, in later years, he would have been the first to condemn. But he was then a young politician, and a very young man, and considering the position in which he stood at the time, it was scarcely to be expected that he should view matters as they were viewed in Calcutta, or deal in panegyric while all around him were lavish in their censures of Government measures and Government men.

The historical matter with which Mr. Kaye relieves his narrative, affords the reader a very clear idea of the closing events of the "*great game*" with Scindiah and Holkar. In the beginning of January, 1806, Metcalfe was deputed to visit the latter chief in person. The summer of 1806 saw young Metcalfe appointed an Assistant to the Resident at Delhi. By Mr. Seton he appears to have been treated with extraordinary respect and deference; but in other respects the situation was not in his eyes an eligible one. His duties branched out into the judicial and revenue line, and to this, Metcalfe, who clung fondly to his "political" predilections, could not reconcile himself. Great, therefore, was his delight on receiving an official intimation (bearing date June, 1808) that he had been selected by Lord Minto to proceed on a diplomatic mission to the court of the Maharajah Runjeet Singh. "The duties of the mission," writes the biographer, "were to be entrusted entirely to Metcalfe himself. He was to move without secretaries, assistants, or *attachés*. A military escort was to be provided; and a proper establishment of moonschees, writers, and servants was to be furnished. But the work of diplomacy was to be left entirely to his unaided counsels. He was to carry with him, however, the Oriental diplomatist's best auxiliary, a costly supply of presents; and in order that his communications with the Government might be frequent and uninterrupted, he was instructed to establish a letter-post between Delhi and Umritsur. His personal salary was to be 2,000 rupees a month, and all the expenses of the mission were to be charged to the State. Such were the outer circumstances of the mission to Lahore. The letter which determined them carried also the instructions of the Supreme Government relative to the course of policy to be pursued by the British representative at the Sikh court. It was such a letter as Metcalfe had never received before—such a letter as a young man of three-and-twenty had seldom, if ever, received from the Government of a great empire. The object of the mission was of the most momentous character. It was simply to counteract the towering ambition of the gigantic despots of France and Russia. Of the great scheme of diplomacy by which Persia, Afghanistan, and the Punjab were to be erected

into friendly barriers against Russo-Gallic invasion, Metcalfe was to be the pioneer. He was to prepare the way for Elphinstone, and make things ready for the reception of Malcolm. He was to conduct a series of the most delicate operations alone and unaided in a strange country, and to negotiate a treaty of friendship with a prince of an uncertain and capricious temper, of selfish and unscrupulous ambition, unrestrained by any principles of Christian rectitude, or any courtesies of civilised life. But the very difficulties which beset such a position, and the responsibilities with which it was surrounded, only, in the eyes of Charles Metcalfe, enhanced its attractiveness. He had been panting for a great opportunity, and now the great opportunity was come."

The narrative of this mission is, perhaps, one of the most amusing portions of the book. The character of the old fox, Runjeet, stands out admirably, and it is not uninteresting to watch the "*boy political*" wielding his maiden weapon of diplomacy against so crafty and experienced a hand as that of the one-eyed Maharajah.

Metcalfe was received at the Sikh court with every demonstration of friendship and cordiality; but "it is better not to put any confidence in princes," and this he found to his cost, when, some few days after his arrival, an extraordinary letter was put into his hand, which was outwardly courteous and complimentary, but its uncourteous and uncomplimentary meaning peeped out from every sentence of it.

"This extraordinary document," wrote Metcalfe, "gave me notice in a plain manner that I was expected to take my leave in three or four days."

But Metcalfe was not to be foiled in his diplomatic game at the outset. He returned a courteous answer to the Maharajah's communication, and appointed the following day for an interview. This called forth a more cordial reply from Runjeet; and on the 19th of September, the meeting took place. It comes not within our province to detail the particulars of the negotiations, and consultations, and discussions which ensued; nor to trace the manifold difficulties against which the young diplomatist had to contend, foremost among which were the caprice and suspicions of the Maharajah, and the poisonous instigations of sundry of his councillors. Suffice it to say that Metcalfe in due course opened out the objects of his mission. His communications were, in the first instance, favourably received; but through that remarkable leaning towards slippery evasions so characteristic of Runjeet, joined to sundry very natural suspicions regarding the real designs of the British, progress was not the order of the day. "The morrow came, and with the morrow a new light dawned on the subject." And so it went on, from day to day, until the patience of Metcalfe was well nigh exhausted.

At length orders arrived from Calcutta intimating the Governor-General's determination to cast the shield of British protection over certain lesser chiefs, who ruled the countries lying between the Sutlej and the Jumna, and against whose liberties Runjeet's

aggressive arms were at that moment directed. "The ambitious Sikh was now called upon to arrest his career of conquest, and surrender the places which he had recently wrested from these petty chiefs." Metcalfe, in communicating these unpalatable tidings to the Maharajah, assumed a higher and more determined tone; represented to him that his conduct throughout their negotiations had not been such as the representative of the British Government had a right to expect; but, at the same time, scrupled not to reiterate those expressions of friendship and goodwill which had distinguished his earlier communications. He left the door still open; but showed that he was resolved to shut it, in the event of further trifling on the part of Runjeet.

Still, little was to be extracted from the sly old man but shuffling excuses and irritating evasions. Metcalfe's forbearance was taxed to the utmost; but it is the business of a diplomatist to "bear all things," and never to be in a passion; and Charles Metcalfe played his part well. He was rewarded by the eventual success which crowned his diplomatic labours. "All that the British Government demanded, was done by the Sikh rulers; Fureed-Koto was finally surrendered to the right owners on the 2nd April, 1809;" and on the 25th a treaty of "general amity" and friendship was concluded between Mr. Metcalfe (on the part of the British Government) and the Maharajah Runjeet Singh. The business of the mission was now fully accomplished.

After revisiting Delhi and Calcutta, we find Metcalfe appointed Deputy Secretary to Lord Minto, on the occasion of his lordship's visit to Madras. This visit, as every one will remember, was undertaken by the Governor-General, with the view of quelling, by his personal presence, the disorders which were rife in that Presidency at the time.

On Mr. Seton's succeeding to a seat in the Supreme Council, Metcalfe was permanently confirmed in the appointment of Resident of Delhi.

The delicate position in which the Resident stood—the difficulty of steering a right medium between laxness of authority and vexatious interference—rendered Metcalfe's perplexities great. He saw evils which he panted to remedy; and at the same time, felt himself on occasions, as it were, held back, and powerless to act. "It was his policy," writes the biographer, "whilst exercising firm control in all matters of essential importance, to abstain from meddling with petty details connected with the interior arrangements of the palace. But nothing was more difficult than this. He could not turn a deaf ear to the reports of robbery and murder which came to him from them; and yet he could not deal with offences so committed as he would with crimes more immediately under his jurisdiction, committed in the open city. Even the truth struggled out but dimly from the murky recesses of the palace. Sometimes little things were magnified and mystified into gigantic shadows, which dissolved at the touch of judicial inquiry. At others, it was not to be doubted that terrible realities were altogether obscured and lost among the swarming labyrinths

of that great building. All these things greatly disquieted Metcalfe ; for the evil was a tremendous one, and difficult to reach."

Metcalfe quitted Delhi towards the latter end of the year 1818, for the purpose of taking upon himself the duties of private secretary to Government, which appointment was tendered to him by Lord Hastings. The political secretaryship being also, about this time, vacated by its incumbent, Metcalfe was requested to undertake the conjoint offices. "The flattering offer was not refused." But it does not appear that, after a time, he particularly relished his change of position, however enviable it might outwardly appear. We believe Mr. Kaye has hit the real cause of his hero's discontent, when he observes, with his usual acuteness, that "Metcalfe was too near to Government House, or perhaps he was not near enough. He had a natural taste for kingship. It pleased him best to be his own master. He had for many years been habituated to independent command. At Delhi, he had been lord paramount, without a rival. At Calcutta, he was one of many—a minister among ministers. It is not strange, therefore, that he should have found his new situation irksome to him."—Vol. i. p. 482.

So he very readily listened to the charmings of John Malcolm, which pointed to the advisability of his suffering himself to be transferred to the appointment of "Lieutenant-Governor of Central and Upper India," in the event of Malcolm's "combination theory" being carried into practice. "The idea fired Metcalfe's ambition." But it was destined that to another sphere his attention was to be directed. The Resident at Hyderabad was about to resign. And where was a more fitting successor to be found than the able and high-minded *quondam* Resident of Delhi?

Accordingly, in November, 1820, Metcalfe quitted Calcutta, to take upon himself the duties of his Hyderabad appointment. These were in every respect most important; and he had not been long at the Residency before he became alive to the difficulties and embarrassments by which he was surrounded. The territory of the Deccan was unsettled—the people lawless—the internal disorders which rent the country deep-rooted and distracting. The Nizam himself, weak and indolent, sunk in supineness and luxury, was a mere tool in the hands of powerful ministers and unprincipled men. Metcalfe's endeavours were primarily directed to the task of settling the country and placing it under a system of efficient European control; and no sooner had he succeeded in arranging these matters upon a more satisfactory footing, than he boldly addressed himself to the still more difficult task of extricating the Nizam from the network of intrigue which enveloped him, and putting a stop to a system of plunder which threatened unavoidable ruin to the State. "It seemed to him," indeed, "that the country was lying prostrate and helpless at the feet of the English money-lenders. The influence which William Palmer and Company had succeeded in acquiring was all-powerful." The house (a member of which, Sir William Rumbold, was regarded in the light of a *protégé* of the Governor-General him-

self), "was armed with the double authority of the British and Mogul Governments; and nothing could withstand it. Its power was at its climax when the new Resident appeared on the scene; and its members were making rapid strides towards the entire possession of the revenues of the country."

We cannot enter minutely into the immediate causes of this unwholesome condition of things—an investigation which will be found both interesting and instructive; and no one can study it without yielding a tribute of admiration to the unswerving firmness, and at the same time considerate delicacy of feeling, which marked the proceedings of the Resident throughout.

Notwithstanding the difficulties that beset the early part of his administration, it was not until 1825 that Metcalfe finally quitted the Deccan, and then he did so with regret. He had gathered around him at the Residency a little band of friends, in whose society he took delight. He felt himself in a position of eminent usefulness, the country was improving under his rule, and he was becoming every day more attached to the duties of his station. It was, therefore, with something approaching to real sorrow, that he saw another and a different sphere of duty opening before him, and acceded to the request of Lord Amherst that he should proceed to Delhi, and again assume the important office of Resident there.

One of the first things which occupied his attention on his arrival was the state of our relations with Bhurtpore. Doorjun Saul having usurpingly possessed himself of the Raj, in defiance of the rights of the acknowledged heir, Bulwunt Singh, it appeared to Metcalfe that war, in support of the claims of the latter, was not only unavoidable, but in some respects actually to be desired. "The capture of Bhurtpore," he observed, in a Minute written on the subject, "if effected in a glorious manner, would do us more honour throughout India, by a removal of the hitherto unfaded impression caused by our former failure, than any other event that can be conceived."

In accordance with his suggestions, a Resolution was passed by Government, on the 16th September, 1825, delegating to the Resident authority to undertake such measures as might by him be judged necessary, with the view of maintaining the succession of the rightful heir to the Raj of Bhurtpore, whether by force or otherwise.

So Metcalfe issued a Proclamation, declaring that the British Government had determined to support the claims of the infant Prince, Bulwunt Singh; and preparations were set on foot for the storming of the fortress of Bhurtpore. "Its reduction, indeed, had long been considered by Metcalfe a necessary condition of the tranquillity of Upper India. For more than twenty years it had seemed to snort defiance at the victorious Feringhees.

"Pretexts for a hostile movement against its possessors had not been wanting before; but it had been deemed expedient to abstain from an effort which required a vast expenditure both of men and money to secure its success.

"This very forbearance had increased the *prestige* of the impregnability of the fortress, and the presumption of its owners. The walls of the palace were said to have been covered over with rude caricatures, illustrative of the ignominious defeat of the British armies. So long as the place was held by men who disregarded our friendship, and were careless of our enmity, it seemed to taunt us with our past failures, and to be a rallying-point for all the presumptuous hopes, the disappointed ambition, the rankling discontent, that might still be festering in Upper India. The historical events of this siege may not improbably be fresh in the recollection of our readers.* On the morning of the 18th of January, three mines were exploded. Our storming columns, under Nicholls and Reynell, then advanced. Eight thousand of the enemy were slain; and the British ensign, waving over the far-famed citadel of Bhurtpore, scattered the traditions of centuries to the winds, and declared that nothing was beyond the power of the military genius of the Feringhees."—P. 150, vol. ii.

A seat in the Supreme Council of India being vacated in 1827, it was tendered to Metcalfe; and, before the close of that year, he found himself again at the Presidency, and took upon him the honours and the responsibilities of his new appointment.

According to the biographer, Metcalfe's choice was "the life of the galley-slave, all comprised in one word—work." We had always pictured him to ourselves, and doubtless our readers had done the same, as an easy-tempered, nothing-caring, pleasant-going man, on whose shoulders official cares fell lightly—who gave dinners, won popularity, and enjoyed life—rather than as a laborious galley-slave; but as Mr. Kaye, in whose correctness, both as an historian and a biographer, we have unbounded confidence, assures us of the fact, we are bound to give implicit credence to it, and to come to the conclusion that labour, with Charles Metcalfe, was powerless alike to quench his humour, or emaciate his frame. It will surprise some of those who have tasted of his hospitality in the City of Palaces, and who have watched him (to all outward appearance in his *element*) *doing* the courteous host, and the gracious *big-wig*, with apparent pleasure and gusto, to turn to some of his letters, and, in drawing aside the curtain, see how distasteful to him were the gaieties into which he entered, and how he panted after that seclusion which it was well nigh impossible for him, in his exalted position, to obtain. He grumbles considerably in these letters, and declares that he is "becoming every day more and more sour and morose and dissatisfied." We can scarcely fancy that it is the affable, the benignant, the good-hearted Charles Metcalfe who is thus pictured. But here again we are bound to believe his own testimony; and when we take into consideration the length of his exile, and his yearnings after home, we shall allow that the slightest possible spice of weariness and discontent may be pardoned, even in the

* It is remarkable that, in the course of this siege, Metcalfe narrowly escaped death by the bursting of a mine. His fate seemed constantly throwing him in the way of military adventure.

most amiable of men. He was still a bachelor; and there was not for him, at the close of a hard day of mental toil, the smiling greeting of a beloved partner to cheer his loneliness, and chase away his cares. While at Hyderabad, he had been bereaved of his brother Theophilus, for whom he appears to have entertained, later in life, a cordial brotherly love. It was many years since he had been called upon to bear that great, that crushing affliction, the loss of parents; but even now, after so long an interval, memory doubtless could not recall the past, nor hope build visions of joy for the future, without his heart sickening at the thought of the vacant chairs he should find, if he ever revisited his deserted home. He stood alone in his exile. No marvel, then, that a man overflowing with the kindest impulses of human nature, should occasionally yield to a despondency, which he shrunk from revealing to those around him. To his private correspondents he might open his heart; and it was a relief to him to do so.

And now, in 1837, he bethought himself that he had sufficiently manifested his devotion to the service, and that it was time to resign. His feelings had been wounded by the fancied disgrace into which he imagined he had been involved with the Court. In August, 1836, he had penned a letter to the Secretary, Mr. Melvill, seeking to be informed as to whether the rumours current respecting his having forfeited the good opinion of his honourable masters, had any just foundations; and indicating his intention, in such case, of resigning the service. Long he waited in vain for a reply; and when at length, in the following year, a few curt, formal, unsatisfying, official lines were placed in his hand, and he found that this was all the answer he had to expect from the Court, his fears regarding their adverse sentiments were confirmed, and he resolved to turn his face in good earnest towards old England.

And so he sent in his resignation, and on the news of his approaching departure spreading, addresses were presented, and entertainments were set on foot, by the inhabitants of Agra and Calcutta, to do him honour. There was a "Free Press dinner," and a "Town-hall ball," and farewell letters poured in upon him from the native princes of India, from the Delhi royal family, the Rajah of Bhurtpore, and Runjeet Singh. It was, indeed, amidst universal regrets that, on the 15th of February, 1838, he departed from the scene of his old labours, and quitted the shores of India never to return.

But his public career was not closed. He had a course of difficult service before him in the West. He had not been long in England before a message was transmitted to him from Lord Normanby, Secretary of State for the Colonies, intimating that "Her Majesty's Ministers would be well pleased by his acceptance of the government of Jamaica. Metcalfe, upon this, hesitated not to place his services at the disposal of the minister, and so, towards the end of August, 1839, he found himself on board the "Curaçao," on his way to Jamaica. On the 26th of September, he assumed charge of the government, and entered upon his arduous duties.

Jamaica was, at that time, as our readers may recollect, rent and distracted by social convulsions, not easily susceptible of remedy.

In consequence of the Act of 1833, there was, on the one hand, the emancipated labourer, glorying in his newly-acquired rights, refusing to work, save on his own self-prescribed terms, and dictating laws, as it were, to his *quondam* master. On the other, was the enraged proprietor, with cultivation suspended before his eyes, powerless to compel work, but struggling to maintain a hold upon the negro population by a system of arbitrary valuation of the lands on which they were located. A sore strife was engendered, and, terrible to relate, the ministers of religion,* those whose vocation it was to pour oil on the waters, and allay contentions, were found to use their influence only in exciting discord afresh, and fomenting strife.

Metcalfe's earnest energies were addressed to the task of infusing a better spirit among all classes, and restoring peace to the colony. It was his aim, steadily pursued throughout his administration, "to remove all sources of irritation," "to keep as far as was possible in the background the old bones of contention," and "to inculcate charity and harmony" among every class of the inhabitants of the island. And his labours were not unrewarded by the event. The hostility with which the Assembly were wont to regard the representative of Imperial Government, gradually assumed a milder form. Even the least friendly of its members melted before the affability and kindness of the man—and in every division of the State, Metcalfe joyfully marked a visible progress towards a better and happier and more harmonious state of things. He remained long enough to see the good work that he had begun well nigh completed; and when he bade adieu (in 1842) to the island and its inhabitants, he carried with him the prayers and blessings of all those who had prospered beneath his mild and beneficent sway. His health was at this time a source of deep inquietude to his friends. He had for long been suffering from a cancerous affection of the face, which threatened fatal consequences; the disease had latterly been making rapid strides; and now, on his arrival in England, the first thing he had to do was to summon Brodie and other eminent practitioners, to hold a medical consultation on his case. Great were the sufferings which this afflicted, but high-minded, man was called upon to endure. They brought into play an amount of heroic fortitude which we cannot look upon without admiration.

Severe as were the remedies applied to the disease, no marked improvement was perceptible; and his best friends apprehended that a slow and painful passage to the grave was all that the future held out to him. But not all his bodily pangs could quench his spirit, nor render him oblivious of the claims of his country. Early in 1843, he was in communication with Lord Stanley, respecting his acceptance of the Governor-Generalship of Canada; and invalid as he was, the Downing-street summons found him willing

* The Baptist Missionaries at Jamaica.

and prepared to exchange the longed-for retirement of a country life, with family and friends around him, for the inquietudes and perplexities of an entangled Colonial Government.

No sooner had he arrived at the seat of government than he became sensible that his was no couch of roses, and that trifling indeed were the difficulties with which he had had to contend in Jamaica, compared with those which now stared him in the face.

Faction here stood before him in likeness of a monstrous giant, overwhelming the government, blinding the people, and stalking about on every side, to the utter discomfiture of order and the annihilation of peace. There was a nominal legislature, embracing three constituent parts—the government, the legislative council (nominated by the Crown), and the representative assembly (elected by the people). But, added to this, there was an executive council, holding office virtually by the sufferance of the popular branch of the legislature, though nominally appointed by the Crown. This executive council was composed of members of both houses, principally of the lower house, to which they declared themselves directly responsible. “This, in fact,” observes Mr. Kaye, “was that *responsible government* of which subsequently so much was heard in all discussions on Canadian affairs. The responsibility was the responsibility of the executive council to a majority in the House of Assembly. They professed to govern the province through that majority. They represented, indeed, the representatives of the people; and therefore governed through and for the community. So far this theory of responsible government was sufficiently sound; but, when it came to be reduced to practice, there were some obtrusive difficulties in the way of its successful application. And, among the most difficult questions which suggested themselves was this, ‘What, under such a state of things, was to become of the Governor-General?’”

It would, in truth, have reduced him to an absolute nonentity; and Metcalfe was resolved to maintain inviolate the delegated authority of the Crown, and to offer a steadfast resistance to the encroachments of democratic councillors.

And nothing could shake Metcalfe’s resolution; moreover, there was much in the appearance of things to justify a certain degree of hopefulness in the high-minded Governor. “There was a fund of loyalty and good sense in all parts of the province, not easily to be exhausted,” says Mr. Kaye. “In the meanwhile,” wrote Metcalfe, at the end of February, “the affairs of the government proceed as regularly and efficaciously as if the council were complete. The country is tranquil. Business is active. The people are prospering; and there is little political agitation; although some of the members and partisans of the late council endeavour to excite it.”

But there was a new council to be formed, and here difficulties lay thick on his path. Never despairing, however, he struggled on manfully with his “recruiting” labour, and at length, on the 27th of August, had the satisfaction of being enabled to report “to the Colonial Office that he expected in a few days to announce

the completion of the executive council of the province. His persevering efforts were about, at last, to be crowned with success." A new parliament was then summoned; and, after a period of extreme excitement, the elections terminated in favour of government, by a triumphant majority.

And now we approach the time when Metcalfe was called upon to receive the honours of the peerage from his sovereign. Well and fairly had his long services earned for him the distinction, and universal was the approbation with which this step on the part of Her Majesty's Ministers was hailed. His health, long since impaired, was now fast succumbing before the ravages of the fatal malady which was eating away his life, and rest and retirement were becoming every hour more needful to the invalid statesman. But still he struggled on. He was ready and willing to cling to his duties to the last, nay, even to die at his post. But as time wore on, the progress of the disease threatened to render it physically impossible for him to discharge the functions of his office with efficiency, and Metcalfe felt at length that *go he must*. So he wrote to Lord Stanley, and that nobleman, in the kindest and most gratifying terms of condolence and regret, in the name of Her Majesty, accepted his resignation. He embarked for England, and, on the 16th of December, 1845, again touched English soil. Too surely was it apparent that he was hurrying to the grave. "Death had by this time become to him merely a question of time." But his heroic constancy never forsook him. "He retired to Malshanger to die!" There is something inexpressibly touching in the contemplation of this portion of the portrait. We view an ambitious man, who has struggled up to the eminence for which his soul panted, stricken down, just as he nears the goal—stricken to the dust by a Heaven-sent affliction, and meekly bowing before the rod. His cup of prosperity was well nigh full, but therein was mixed *one drop* which shed gall and bitterness through the whole. The honoured peer of England, with the coronet at his feet, and honours crowding round him, was a man with whom the meanest ploughman, perchance, would have shrunk from exchanging lots! One thorn in the side, one dark shadow across the picture, and all besides was worthless. Life became a burden, death a boon. "It has been said," says his biographer, "that half the sorrows of life are included in the little words '*too late*.' It would be easy, looking only at the outside of things, to make special application of this pregnant truth—easy to moralise on the vanity of human wishes, and to show that Metcalfe had clutched a bauble which he had yearned for all his life, when he was past the power of enjoying its possession. But they who have read aright the character of the man," continues Mr. Kaye, "will make no such application of the aphorism. If Metcalfe had died that night, the honours conferred upon him by the Crown would not have come too late. They would not have come too late to convince him—not that he had done his duty, for on that subject the testimony of his conscience was most conclusive—but that what he had done was appreciated

by the State which he had so faithfully served. They would not have come too late to assure him that, sooner or later, even in this world, such honesty of purpose, such rectitude of conduct, such fidelity to the throne, such love for the people, such abnegation of self, as had distinguished his career of public service, will secure their reward. It would not have come too late to encourage others, and to be a lesson to the world." But it came too late for every purpose of personal enjoyment to the toil-worn statesman himself. It came too late to launch him into that career of political distinction at home, to which his eager hopes had, from earliest youth, been constantly directed. It came too late to allow of his relishing that wished-for repose in his native land, which he had gazed upon in the distance in likeness of a lengthened spell of happiness, but the reality of which was found to be but a lengthened period of probation and martyrdom. Honours could not abate one jot from his severe weight of bodily suffering; they could not strengthen or recruit his exhausted frame; they were powerless to soothe one pang born of a cureless malady. They could not calm the torments of the sick room, nor illumine the dark passage to the grave. There they stood—"vanity of vanities"—within his reach, but *he* scarce able to clutch them. And, in spite of what the biographer says, it appears to us that this is the most striking moral which this book can be called upon to convey. It is not the lesson with which he closes the volume, "that the highest distinction may be gained without the aid of party; without the aid of personal influence; without resort to any unworthy means of advancement; without the least compromise of independence; without even the possession of brilliant talents, or the achievement of any striking acts; but simply by a life of unostentatious service to the State." This is not the lesson that we require; of all this we may easily furnish hundreds of other instances equally striking. But the great moral which falls with irresistible force on the mind of the reader, as he lays down the "Life of Lord Metcalfe," appears to us to be the utter vanity of all human distinctions; the helplessness and dependence of man; and the perfect possibility of our being the recipient of every good which may be supposed to minister to the pride and delight of mankind—rank, wealth, honour, and a crowd of glittering baubles besides; and at the same time sinking to the grave, powerless to wring from them all one single drop of enjoyment. And the mind naturally reverts to the case of the great Lord Chatham, who, enveloped in a halo of glory, was, perhaps, the most miserable man alive during those darkly-clouded years which saw him bowed to the earth beneath the pressure of a secret, mysterious, and Heaven-sent malady. The arena on which he had won his laurels turned dark and hateful to his eyes. The very mention of politics, in which he had shone with such distinguished lustre, caused him to tremble. His glory was as dust and ashes. He was powerless to wring from thence one single drop of enjoyment.

In the late Lord Metcalfe we behold anything but a perfect character. Early in life may be traced rapidly developing them-

selves the germs of qualities, which, if left to their unrestrained growth, might have carried with them a powerful influence for evil rather than for good. Restless ambition, determined resistance to legitimate authority, unyielding self-reliance—these are the qualities which stand forth in bold relief from the pages of his *Common-place Book*. Unguided by a sound judgment and high principle, these would assuredly have produced only such fruits as are to be traced in the career of every human being who has exercised a baneful influence over the destinies of mankind. But guided, restrained, and directed in the right way, they became in him the essential ground-work of his future fame.

As the reader proceeds in the study of the book, he will observe that those peculiarities which he at first viewed as defects, resolve themselves into actual virtues. The heady determination of the young Etonian, for example, softens into the resolute heroism of the ripe man; the preposterous ambition of the boy takes the guise, in later years, of devoted patriotism and unswerving public zeal. It were hard, indeed, to accuse the afflicted and time-worn statesman, slowly gliding into the grave, of anything approaching to selfish ambition!

His character wondrously brightens as we near the end. On closing the first volume, it may be that we respect the ability with which he turned the favours of Fortune to account, the industry with which he pursued the meteor of Fame which ever glanced before his eyes, and the generosity and general kindness which characterised him; but a far deeper interest invests the latter portion of the *Memoirs*? It is there, not the fortunate aspirer to greatness whose career we watch, but a man tried in the furnace of affliction, and not found wanting. It is with a melancholy interest that we view him bearing up so bravely against the pressure of a calamity which blasted his earthly hopes; and which, just as he had reached the pinnacle to which he had long aspired, left him a suffering invalid in his "darkened chamber."

Lord Metcalfe was unquestionably what may be termed "a fortunate man." Everything was for him; nothing against him. From the time of his launching into life, as a member of the Company's Civil Service, at the age of fifteen, his pockets filled with letters of introduction to some of the first men in India, leaving friends in place and power behind, and greeting friends in place and power whither he was going, everything was in his favour. He had never to struggle against an adverse wind or tide. Even when duty compelled him to present a bold opposing front to the intrigues of unprincipled men, and when to him it was given to expose corruption, and to excite in the breasts of some, distrust, of others actual hatred—even then circumstances worked favourably for him. He had a strong phalanx of powerful friends to uphold him in the performance of his duty; and that which at one time promised to cover him with disgrace, only, as the result proved, redounded to his honour, and added to his fame.

Circumstances, from beginning to end, worked together favourably for him; and he knew how to avail himself of circum-

stances. He had sagacity enough to help himself, while others were helping him; and it is little matter of surprise, therefore, that he should have prospered. It is not every man who has capacity enough to take advantage of Fortune's gifts. Lord Metcalfe had; and the consequence was just what might naturally have been expected. He attained an eminence, to which, we may venture to say, his own unassisted efforts never would have raised him. He was the sagacious, clear-headed, strong-minded, hard-working son of Fortune—not the carver through adversity of his own greatness.

Later in life, when experience had tempered the hot blood of youth, and his unimpassioned judgment had free scope, we find him rather more ready to acknowledge that necessity is a powerful master. His later letters are indicative of anything but a rash indifference to consequences, and a reckless carelessness of the balance of "income and expenditure." Then are financial difficulties not, in his estimation, matters of slight account, to be lightly regarded, or cast to the winds.

But he was not *then* in Lord Lake's camp, surrounded by hosts of interested adventurers, in whose eyes war was but an opportunity for plunder, and economical retrenchments actual ruin. His early letters naturally took the colouring of the atmosphere in which he breathed.

No one, moreover, who follows him through his career, can miss the fact, that it was Lord Metcalfe's good fortune to adopt the popular side on some of the greatest questions of his time. It may chance that on one or more occasions, this may not have been attended with consequences favourable to his advancement, but it cannot be doubted that it *more* frequently tended to favour his prospects and promote his rise.

In estimating his success, too, in public life, we must not forget to take into account the sometimes unacknowledged, but ever silently working influence which attaches to such polish of manner as was possessed by him. This, to a diplomatist, is an invaluable, and almost irresistible instrument of success; and Sir Charles Metcalfe possessed it in an eminent degree. He was, indeed, not only perfect as a courtier, but united to the charm of urbanity of manner such open-hearted frankness, such honest and kindly cordiality, that few were to be found who could withstand the influence of his genial presence.

There is one accusation against Metcalfe, which has been frequently brought forward by those inimical to his fame, and which none of his best friends have ever thought it worth their while to refute. This is his leaning towards favouritism in the disposal of the loaves and fishes in his gift, and in the use he made of the influence to which his high station and character entitled him. Mr. Kaye is far too honest and ingenuous a biographer to pass this over in silence. "Sir Charles Metcalfe," he says "was not free from failings and weaknesses; but they were those only of noble minds and of kindly natures. His failings 'leaned to virtue's side,' and there was a certain strength in his weakness.

It was imputed to him that he was 'open to flattery,' and over eager to serve his friends. In both cases, if he erred, his affectionate disposition betrayed him into the error. . . . His friendship was of a character that could not satisfy itself, unless it conferred substantial benefits upon the object of it. . . . He was wont to say that if he promoted young and comparatively untried men, he knew their qualifications for office, and felt more confidence in them than in strangers of longer experience or higher repute; and I do not know an instance in which the result did not justify his expectations."

All this is very admirable, but it may be questioned whether it can be regarded at all in the light of a defence. Lord Metcalfe's may have been "the failings of a noble mind and a kindly nature," but that they *were* failings, calculated, in the opinion of most men, to impair the beauty of his character as a *public* (be it observed *not as a private*) man, cannot be doubted. He was himself, indeed, foremost in acknowledging an unaffected admiration for that refined and delicate sense of public honour which shrunk from "the use of official influence in obtaining office" for friends and family.—*Vide* p. 221, vol. ii.

But these are but trifling flaws in a very fine whole. There was much that was both admirable and loveable in the character of this distinguished man; and whatever may be the prepossessions of the reader on taking up the book—however his individual opinions may differ from those which Metcalfe advocated—he will be ready to acknowledge that, notwithstanding all his errors, the subject of the Memoir before us was one whose name merits a place in history, and whose many noble qualities entitle him to the respect of mankind.

Mr. Kaye does not come before us for the first time, even in the guise of a biographer. His Memoir of the Life of Mr. Henry St. George Tucker, one of the ablest men that the Civil Service of India has ever produced—at once a statesman and a financier—was replete with interest, and sufficiently attested his biographical powers. The same soundness of judgment and beauty of diction characterise this his last work; and we are induced to hope that it will be followed by many others equally well calculated to win for their author a high and lasting reputation among the historians and biographers of the present age.

BENTLEY'S
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DECEMBER, 1854.

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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ARTICLES intended for this Magazine must be addressed to the Editor of "Bentley's Miscellany," to the care of Mr. Bentley, 8, New Burlington Street. **Rejected Articles cannot be returned.**

THE EVENTS OF THE YEAR.

LIKE a game of cricket, with only one wicket to go down, the year EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FOUR draws towards a close. Though the players still face each other, the notches are nearly all counted; old Time, the bowler, slow but sure, has only a few more balls to deliver, and "dark December" throws up his bat! It is now "a question to be asked," What sort of score has been made since that famous match, "The Months v. All England," began?

The history of the world, since the day when Adam first set his foot in the Garden of Eden, has been little better than a continuous record of mistakes; and that year may certainly be looked upon as the most remarkable in which the fewest have been committed. Is EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FOUR to be marked by a black stone or a white one? Let us see.

It opened inauspiciously, with a hue and cry, raised in an obscure corner, accusing Prince Albert of unduly interfering in the administration of the army, and in matters of foreign policy. The accusation was a calumny; but many credited the rumour; and it was not till Parliament met, and Lord John Russell showed from irrefragable facts how groundless was the charge, that the loud-voiced calumniators were silenced.

A more absorbing subject speedily occupied the attention of the public, to the exclusion of this chimera. It was desirable that the nation should know what was its actual position, and whether we were or not on the eve of war with Russia. Anybody but ministers could have answered the question as easily as they had disposed of the previous one respecting Prince Albert; but they preferred the dilatory course of fencing with it diplomatically, and still clung to notes and propositions, projects and counter-projects, till the Czar sent back their messenger unanswered, and war was declared.

Of the mistakes which have characterised the war, since we entered on it, we shall say but little, as they are patent to all the world. The mightiest naval armament that ever left the shores of England was rendered all but useless for purposes of aggression, owing to the want of gun-boats; the bravest troops that ever were marshalled before an enemy's ranks lost the opportunity of completing their well-won victory for the want of cavalry; Sweaborg and Cronstadt still frown over the Gulf of Bothnia; and Sebastopol, besieged for a month, is yet to be taken. The Prime Minister, it is true, still looks forward to "a happy termination" of the contest. The words are scarcely well chosen, while thousands, pale with grief, are mourning the consequences of irresolution and half measures; but let them pass: *ce n'est qu'une méprise de*

plus! Lord Aberdeen will be wiser next year, and—if he be allowed—make mistakes of a different kind.

Did the "collective wisdom" of the nation, leaders and followers, heads and tails, keep in the straight path the Session through, without swerving? We will not dispute the propriety of abandoning the proposed Reform Bill at a time when the thoughts of every man in the country—with two worthless exceptions—were filled with the desire of punishing the great disturber of the peace of the world; but very few will doubt that it was a manifest absurdity to include Reform in the ministerial programme, and make a promise which could not be performed. It did not require the prescience of Macbeth's witches to foretell the coming storm, "to look into the seeds of time, and say which grain would grow and which would not:" war, on the broadest scale, was *inevitable*, and, under the circumstances, a large increase of Reform impossible. It was a mistake, too, of Lord John to suppose that his sincerity in the matter could ever be questioned. Parliamentary Reform was his own undoubted offspring, and what more natural than that he should weep over its interment! Let us hope that the babe may sleep in peace, or

"The tears shed in the grave of the connection,
Will share, most probably, its resurrection."

Lord John, however, found something to console him before his year of mourning was out: he dug up and made a burnt-offering of the dry bones of David Hume the historian!

If the subjects were not so tedious, we might dwell upon a few more prominent measures which shared the fate of Reform: it may suffice simply to mention the withdrawal of the Bribery Prevention Bills, the Church Rates Bill, the Divorce Bill, and the Criminal Court Procedure Bill, to show that the wisest heads in the Cabinet, even those which are arrayed—or *affublés*—in wigs of legal horsehair, may sometimes share the common lot of mortals, and be in their turn mistaken.

On the other hand, an enormous deal was done, and a good deal of it done wrong. Not to multiply instances, there was that unhappy Beer Bill, which, perhaps appropriately enough, has caused such a ferment ever since it passed. Everybody's reckoning has been put out by it, besides the publican's. A man may journey to London from John O'Grat's or the Land's End, and if he arrive at his destination on Sunday, it is a toss up between a policeman's intellect and his good-nature as to whether the traveller is a traveller or not. If you take a walk to Hampstead, the case may be decided in your favour: if you extend your peregrination to Hampton Court, it shall go altogether against you. You must drink by the clock, or go without. In England there is still that chance for the thirsty wayfarer, but in moral Scotland he is shut out altogether. To the entire suppression of drunkenness by closing all houses of entertainment on Sunday? Not exactly: for absolute restriction on the day of rest has led to something very like extra-indulgence on the days of work.

The subject of beer very naturally suggests the idea of dinner. Was not the farewell dinner to Sir Charles Napier a slight mistake? Did it not look something like counting the chickens before they were hatched, to strike up "See, the Conquering Hero Comes!" and then tie the conquering hero's hands behind his back, and render his coming of no avail? Sir James Graham lauded the gallant Admiral's discretion, and took excellent care that he should not bely the character he gave him. He clipped the bird's wings, and then told him to fly! The maritime experience of England was surely turned to great account when the Lords of the Admiralty learnt, for the first time, in EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FOUR, that the Russian waters were as shallow as themselves!

But politics, at all times a bore, become a positive nuisance when they are stale; only now and then they *will* force themselves upon one's notice. The waning year has witnessed plenty of events with which politics have had nothing to do: mistakes, too, some of them; others, mischances; and, here and there, an occurrence savouring of both qualities combined.

Perhaps the most notable of these combinations was manifested in the abduction at Rathronan. Mr. Carden, of Barnane, was a gentleman enamoured, not only of English beauty and English money, but so close an observer of English manners, that he resolved to make the latter his rule of conduct; only unluckily he fell into the mistake—it is a common one in Tipperary—of beginning at the wrong end. He had heard that, amongst other amiable propensities, it is the custom of Englishmen to beat their wives; and "sure," said he to himself, as he loaded his revolver, and shouldered his skull-cracker, one fine Sunday morning—"sure I'll give the young lady a good bating beforehand; I'll save time by it, and hasten the wedding." Miss Arbuthnot, however, was of a different opinion; and, to use a common expression, all that Mr. Carden got by his motion was "more kicks than halfpence." He had the Irish satisfaction, also, of being tried for the outrage, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment with hard labour. There was nothing but hard labour for Mr. Carden both in his "coortin'" and its consequences. And the sympathising ladies of Clonmel, who waved their kerchiefs when he escaped a heavier sentence, thought so too. Had he but wooed one of them after the same fashion! Perhaps he might, but for one slight drawback: there was no abductive young lady in Tipperary—with thirty thousand pounds!

The success of Mr. Carden, of Barnane, provoked a feeble imitation of his offences at Appleby, in Westmoreland, where an amorous organist, named Atkinson—not without an eye to cash—persuaded Miss Ward, a girl of thirteen, to elope with him from school. In this mild version of the Irish abduction, not only was the preliminary assault omitted, but the fair one—like Barkis—was "willing;" nevertheless, in the ardour of his pursuit, the organist had run his head against the legal wall which environs damsels of tender age, whether they like it or no; and was

doomed, for his mistake, to spend his share of the honeymoon, nine times over, in the county gaol. As the marriage ceremony, such as it is at Gretna, was actually performed, the adventurous organist will, it is said, claim his young bride when the term of his imprisonment is over. If her friends, however, are desirous of preventing this consummation, there is one course still open to them. Let them recommend the culprit for a ticket of leave. Experience has shown that the holders of these documents invariably and immediately "go in" for a heavier offence of the same description as that for which they were last punished. The chances then are, that Mr. Atkinson will incontinently abduct the oldest female in the county; and by the time Miss Ward arrives at years of discretion, the marriage—as she is able to pay—may be set aside.

In what terms are we to speak of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham? Its inauguration was certainly a great event—the building itself is a great fact; but, if there were any mistake about it, that, too, was a great one. Every form of language has been exhausted to describe the beauties with which it is adorned; no eulogy can do justice to the skill and taste which have presided over its construction; art, science, and nature have mutually aided each other to produce a wonder of the world;—but, after all, that death's-head at a banquet, that *mauvais quart d'heure* of which Rabelais complains, *will* intrude itself—the great question must be asked, Will it pay? If the answer only concerned those who treated the Crystal Palace as a mere trading speculation—men in whose hands money is synonymous with manure—it would grieve us little to think that the investment had been an unprofitable one. But although commerce—that great lever by which the world is moved—lent its honourable impulse to the undertaking, the vast scheme was not projected for commercial purposes alone. Its leading object was the extension of knowledge, the elevation of sentiment, the cultivation of taste among the people. One of its chiefest aims was to supply a source of refined enjoyment, which, while it proffered pleasure, should impart information. That such a design should fail would, indeed, be a subject of lasting regret; and yet an unsatisfactory result is possible; principally, we are inclined to think, on account of the locality. Picturesque in the extreme, the neighbourhood of London offers nothing like the site of the Palace—the hill at Norwood is not on the fashionable, nor, indeed, on what may be termed the accessible side of the metropolis. The greater proportion of the wealth and population of London is to be found on the north side of the Thames; at some distance, too, from its banks; and save from motives of curiosity, which may lead them to see a thing once, people are averse from being put out of their way. If the railway terminus were at Charing Cross, the case would be widely different; there is a common accord which centralises everything *there*; it is a point from which everybody starts fair; it is the pivot on which the whole town turns. To make Charing Cross the *point de départ* is, we believe, the ultimate hope of the Crystal Palace Directors;

and we trust some day to see the terminus occupy the place of the National Gallery. But, in the meantime, "*while the grass grows*"—"the proverb," as Hamlet says, "is somewhat musty." To the difficulty of reaching the Sydenham Palace, and not to any want of attraction when you are there, must be ascribed the gradual falling off in the weekly list of visitors; and to the absence of the money-spending part of the community, the deserted appearance of the upper part of the building. To speak sooth, all the attraction at present consists in the ground-floor, among the courts and exotics, the fountains and statues, where the ear is soothed with music, the eye charmed with colour, and that unfailing attendant upon sight-seeing, the appetite, is rewarded by an excellent dinner.

The little Hebrew money-lender in Sheridan's comedy is wittily compared to the blank leaf between the Old and New Testaments, his religion drawing him one way, his interest the other. Much such a position is occupied by our mistaken friends, the clerical Puseyites. The tinkling of silver bells, the odour of fragrant incense, the chime of choral voices, the "fine linen and broidered garments" of the Babylonian lady, appeal irresistibly to their imaginations; while the fees and oblations, the tithes of "mint and cummin" (or any tithes that are coming through the mint), the fat livings and fatter stalls, act as the clog which pins them down to the Establishment. Now and then we hear of a seemingly disinterested renunciation of the flesh-pots of Egypt. The conscience of some dignitary has long been troubled,—so long, that Rome has had ample time to bare her bosom to the trembling one,—and when the pear is ripe, it falls into the lap that is spread to receive it. Is there no compensation, think you, in store for such unheard-of self-denial? For that which they forego, is there not an equivalent, and more than an equivalent, elsewhere? Has the Roman Church no dignities to bestow on the renegade? Has she nothing to offer in the way of influence and power? In our opinion there is at least one Protestant mitre which the wearer would willingly exchange for a cardinal's hat, if the triple tiara were to be his ultimate reward.

The theatrical practices of the lay Puseyites, with their bowings, genuflexions, and incurvations, their "foreign frippery," and "meretricious trumpery," as Mr. Westerton appropriately designates their bouquets, and robes, and candlesticks, afford only so much evidence of the lamentable weakness of intellect with which they are afflicted. Such "embryos and idiots" are welcome to enjoy the Paradise of fools, for which only they are fit. A conspicuous place amongst them belongs to Mr. Ernest Fitzroy, the latest disturber of religious worship at Knightsbridge;—had the churchwarden's office been ours, instead of a simple ejectionment from the church we should have transferred him to the nearest village-pound, where he might, in congenial society, have "intomed" at leisure.

Is it wisdom in the Dean and Chapter of Westminster still to persist in excluding the monuments of illustrious men from "the

extensively put in circulation before he added another interesting unit to the population of the United States. "Where's the difference," said Mr. O'Flaherty, "between one kind of writing and another? As soon as I've feathered my nest, I'm off to New York. What protection will I get there for my writings, suppose I have any, which I haven't, but I might have? The devil a scam! So I'll jist do as I won't be done by, and here goes for my Lord Dunkellin and Billy Keogh, and the whole lot of 'em. It isn't for long I want their names; they're welcome to mine for the rest of my life. A fair exchange is no robbery." So the ex-income tax commissioner set to work, forged right and left, and then bolted. Who knows but one of these days we may see, in the well-known corner of the "Times," an acknowledgment from the Chancellor of the Exchequer of the receipt of any sum you please from E. O'F. on account of conscience-money, provided the absentee's conscience be not altogether swamped by dollarism? On the subject of the Income-tax itself, the opinion of financiers may be at variance with ours, but having now paid it for so many years, we should "prefer" (as the late Mr. Caleb Baldwin, of pugilistic notoriety, used to say) to hand over the tax to posterity, particularly as the mistake was made of doubling it last Session, and the still greater mistake is, most probably, about to be perpetrated, of making a double double of it in the next. Had we room in our bosoms for any other feeling but contempt towards Mr. John Bright, we might condescend to dwell upon the letter which the Greek Member for Manchester lately wrote to his friend, Mr. Absalom Watkins, on the subject of the war. But that letter has already been condemned by the univocal voice of the nation, and it would be honouring Mr. Bright too far to bestow another word upon him.

Our catalogue of events would be both wearisome and sad, were we to particularise the thousand and one accidents with which the year has teemed. The fearful steamboat disasters, the terrible railway collisions, the conflagration of cities, the wholesale loss of life, which appear to keep pace with every advance in commercial or intellectual progress; with the record of these, pages might be filled; but from such dreary chroniclings we abstain. Certain losses, however, affecting us in a literary point of view, claim a brief allusion. In his pride of place, even on the Bench which his eloquence adorned, in the plenitude of his faculties, and while directing them to their noblest uses, Talfourd fell. At one moment he was the fervent exponent and redresser of social evils of the greatest magnitude; in the next, a senseless clod. "But now a king,—now thus!" With less appalling suddenness, but yet so swiftly swept away that those who, but a few days before, had seen him as cheerful and, to all appearance, not more liable to the dread summons than the friends who surrounded and loved him, poor Samuel Phillips was called from amongst us, leaving a void in one department of literature which cannot readily be replaced. His literary attainments were as various as the use he made of them was excellent. As a critic, he was *facile prin-*

caps, and for many years past the reviews in the "Times" have borne witness to his masterly manner of handling the most opposite subjects. As a novelist, "Caleb Stukely" claims for him a prominent place; and in how effective a manner he marshalled the contents of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, may be seen in the general handbook of the building. James Montgomery the poet, full of years, and happy in his recognised fame, is also gone; Crofton Croker, too, the acute antiquarian; and Caroline Southey, who, under her maiden name of Bowles, achieved the distinction with which her memory will long be associated. Silent for some time before his death, yet cannot Professor Wilson pass away without a word of sorrow for his loss. Twenty years ago, the extinction of so bright a luminary in periodical literature would have been felt as the heaviest calamity that could have befallen it; for, although the era of the *Noctes* was past, the vigour and originality of Christopher North remained still undiminished: witness the eloquent pages of "Blackwood," where, month after month, for a series of years, he continued to pour forth the rich stores of his genial philosophy, the abundance of his critical lore, the overflowings of his communing with nature! But, happen when it might, the death of James Wilson leaves "a gap in our great feast." Art, also, has lost a grand and original exponent in John Martin the painter, whose genius, to our national reproach, was more duly honoured in foreign countries than our own. When we look at the list of the select "forty," and remember how long, and with what noble results, the author of "Belshazzar's Feast" vied with the choicest of their productions, we may well echo the opinion that the mystic letters B.A. do not constitute an exclusive claim to distinction. More recently, a vacant place in the Academy has been caused by the death of Chalon, the landscape painter, whose personal merits were far greater than his artistic capabilities.

There are some remarkable names, too, in the list of those who have ceased to illustrate the drama. Foremost amongst them is that of Charles Kemble, the last of the great family who, for more than half a century, held, in their several degrees, the most prominent places in the history of the British stage. If the loftiest reaches of Tragedy, attained by his sister, Mrs. Siddons, and his elder brother, John, were not within the compass of Charles Kemble's genius, there was still a class of acting which he made peculiarly his own, and which gained for him a reputation superior in that respect to any of his contemporaries. It was in those parts where the first quality requisite for their adequate representation is the refinement of the perfect gentleman, with wit and gaiety superadded. Such characters, however widely separated the period of their creation, were especially adapted to the powers of Charles Kemble; and whether he identified himself with Cassio or Faulconbridge, Benedick or Mirabel, Charles Surface or Young Marlow, the impersonation was equally successful. That manliness of bearing, that buoyancy of spirit, that cheerfulness of tone, that delicate sense of humour which so peculiarly marked his

acting, never abandoned him, and, to the last hour of his continuance on the stage, the favour in which he was held by the public never abated. Age could not tame, nor custom stale, the brilliant attributes which rendered him worthy of relationship to his illustrious brother and sister. In that which was his especial vocation he stood alone, and—alas! that we should say so for Shakspearian comedy—“*ultimus Romanorum*,” may be his fitting designation. In another part of the present Number of the “Miscellany” we give a brief memoir of this accomplished actor.

A generation of play-goers has nearly gone by since Miss Smithson trod the London boards, but she had a certain celebrity in her day; oddly enough, however, it was in France that she was most appreciated, when, for one or two seasons, an English company performed in Paris. The Parisians could not pronounce her name, but voted her a good actress: that fame she speedily merged as the wife of M. Berlioz. The present race has to lament the sudden death of an actress of very different and far greater powers: a victim to cholera, Mrs. Fitzwilliam will long be missed from the scene which her talents so greatly enlivened. The same fell disease, whose wide arms have this year embraced every quarter of the globe, also carried off poor Henrietta Sontag. Her career was one of singular vicissitude; it began in the hard school of privation, sped upward to the highest point of professional reputation, was distinguished by an unequalled social position, and rendered still more remarkable by the necessity which, unhappily, compelled her to lay aside her rank, and after the lapse of twenty years again seek fame and fortune in the arena where she gathered her earliest laurels. In both these arduous efforts she was successful; a few weeks more, and the self-imposed toil was at an end; but she herself was doomed to forego the enjoyment of her hard-won triumph, and left her ashes on the shores of Mexico.

The swan of Bergamo, Giam-Battista Rubini, whose passage through life, after he became known, was one continued oration, happier than Sontag, died at his native village of Romano, in the midst of wealth and peace. As a singer, he merited the eulogium on Garat pronounced by Sacchini, who, when asked by Marie Antoinette if Garat were a good musician, replied, “No, he is not a musician, *he is music itself*.” But there is a singular episode in his brilliant career, in which the qualities of his voice stood him in little stead. The anecdote may be briefly told. At twenty years of age, after throwing up an engagement as second tenor at the Scala at Milan, for which he received a salary of *forty sous* a night,—he who left behind him a fortune of more than three millions of francs—Rubini joined a company of strolling singers, with whom he went to Venice. But the vocal talents of the young tenor were not appreciated by the Venetians, and the peripatetic troop left the “*Sea-Cybele*.” The *impresario*, however, resolving to turn them to account, conceived the singular idea of converting his singers into dancers. A ballet, called “*I Molinari*,” was, at that time, in great vogue, and the rehearsals

took place in a field on the skirts of a wood near the small town which was first to have the benefit of this strange transformation. It was the most unlucky attempt that ever was made. The poor *ballerini* danced so badly that the spectators rose *en masse* to drive them off the stage, and if they had not shut themselves up in the theatre for the night and departed from the place at the earliest dawn, the chances are, that they would have been stoned to death! Rubini survived this adventure, and three years afterwards became famous.

It must not be supposed that literature has altogether escaped our notice in this imperfect summary of the events of the year. Authorship is much too active an agent in the affairs of this world to suffer itself to be eclipsed. Extremely fertile in works of interest the past twelve months have not been. Books relating to the seat of war and the countries adjacent have naturally excited the greatest general interest. The Crimea, Turkey, Russia, and the Principautés, have furnished materials for several new works, and given occasion for the reproduction of old ones. In a retrospective point of view, Colonel Chesney's "Russo-Turkish Campaigns," General Macintosh's "Military Tour in European Turkey," and Sir George Larpent's "History and Progress of Turkey," will be found the most important; while, to assist us in becoming better acquainted with localities and with the present condition of the countries which have been more or less recently visited, the volumes of Hill, Spencer, Scott, Cole, Shirley Brooks, O'Brien, Jesse, and others, offer various and interesting *renseignements*. One charming production, the "Diary in Turkish Waters," by Lord Carlisle, claims especial notice. For its graceful simplicity and unaffected earnestness, which faithfully reflect the character of the noble author, nothing more attractive has for a long time issued from the press. The second instalment of English History, so long expected from Mr. Macaulay, is still in abeyance: meantime we accept Lord Mahon's seventh and concluding volume, and, that being off his hands, we hope he will be enabled to make some progress with the important "Remains" of "The Duke" and of Sir Robert Peel, whose literary executor he became. In this respect Mr. Leonard Horner has performed his part towards his relative Francis; the life and correspondence of Mr. H. St. George Tucker and of Lord Metcalfe have been edited by Mr. Kaye; General Sir William Nott has received the like illustration from Mr. Stoequeler; and another volume of "Memoirs of the Whig Party" has been published by Lord Holland; an interesting portion of the History of India, during a most eventful period, has also been entered upon by Mr. Erskine; and Mr. Crowe has added "The Reigns of Louis the Eighteenth and Charles the Tenth" to our stock of French annals. Amongst memoirs and lives, some involving personal reminiscences, and others referring to men and things of a past age, we may mention Colonel Landmann's "Recollections of his Military Life," "Some Passages in the War with France, from 1799 to 1814," by Sir Henry Bunbury, the "Family Papers

preserved at Caldwell," which Colonel Mure has edited, and the acceptable "Life of Jerome Cardan," by Mr. Morley. India has contributed her share of travel and adventure in Dr. Hooker's "Himalayan Journals," Major Cunningham's "Ladak," and Colonel Markham's "Shooting in the Himalayas;" to the latter class, though in a different region, belong the "Scandinavian Adventures" of Mr. Lloyd. Of a miscellaneous description, we may point to Mr. Bayle St. John's "Purple Tints of Paris;" to the "Nemesis of Power," by Mr. J. A. St. John; to Mr. T. Wright's "Wanderings of an Antiquary;" to Mr. Chorley's clever account of "Modern German Music;" to Mr. Hannay's "Satire and Satirists;" to the "Reminiscences of a Huntsman," by Mr. Grantley Berkeley, the earnest and humane protector of man's best friend, the dog; and to that excessively amusing production, the "Continental Adventures of Brown, Jones, and Robinson," by Doyle.

The poets have not done much for us; though Alexander Smith has made some progress in one direction, and Mr. Bliss, one of her Majesty's counsel, in another. Our best poetical results have reference to the past, Mr. Robert Bell having devoted himself so unsparingly to the publication of the "Annotated Edition of the English Poets." The manner in which he has executed his arduous task, so far as it is yet accomplished, reflects the highest credit upon his learning, his taste, and the generous spirit in which he has laboured.

With a few works of prose fiction our notice must close. Mr. Harrison Ainsworth still holds his ground in the regions of romantic fiction. Of this "The Star Chamber" affords satisfactory proof. But he has gone further, and given us a tale, in which, though the tragic element has considerable share, genuine comedy occupies the most prominent place. His "Flitch of Bacon" is, without question, one of the most entertaining stories that we have ever read; and we are glad to perceive by the public papers, that the good old "Custom of Dunmow" will owe its revival mainly to the publication of Mr. Ainsworth's novel, aided by a very generous contribution on his part towards the expenses of the festival, which is to be held at Dunmow in the course of the ensuing summer, when "the flitch," presented also by Mr. Ainsworth, will be given to the claimants who prove their right to it in accordance with the terms of the original oath. We have heard that a genuine claim has already been preferred. Besides Mr. Ainsworth's volume, let novel-readers turn for entertainment to "Lady Lee's Widowhood," by Captain Hamley, a gallant artillery officer now in the Crimea. Mr. Lever's "Dodd Family Abroad;" Mrs. Gore's "Progress and Prejudice;" Miss Pardoe's "Reginald Lyle;" Mr. Wilkie Collins's "Hide and Seek;" Mrs. Marsh's "Aubrey;" Mrs. Grey's "Young Husband;" Mrs. Trollope's "Clever Women;" and the author of "Margaret Maitland" and "Magdalen Hepburn," will also pleasantly fill up many a leisure hour.

But while we are on the subject of recommending our readers

what to do with their spare time, we request them by no means to overlook "BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY" for the coming year. We have good reason for knowing, and assuring them in consequence, that its pages will be found more various, more sparkling, more attractive in every possible way, than they have been since the Miscellany was first established.

On looking back at what we have "set down" amongst the things which have prominently occupied public attention during Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-Four, we find that the black stones, unconsciously heaped together, make already a very respectably-sized cairn. Has everything, then, been barren "from Dan to Beersheba?" Far from it. We might, if we had room, sprinkle the aforesaid cairn with many white ones. To have acquired the cordial friendship of a country like France counterbalances by far all the mischances which the year may have brought in its train; and the bond of union, cemented not only by mutual interest, but by the heart's blood of the bravest of both nations, will, we trust, be as enduring as it is wise, just, and holy.

REGRETS.

BY MARY C. F. MONCK.

AH me! the flowers are faded,
 The leaves are dead and brown,
 And at every blast
 Fall thick and fast,
 Rustling and shivering down;
 And when the sun is brightest
 In the heat and glow of noon,
 It seems to say,
 "Enjoy to-day,
 For winter cometh soon."

Where are the balmy mornings
 Of the genial summer time,
 When the wilding bee
 Hummed merrily
 In the dewy and perfumed lime—
 When the lily stood like a silver spear,
 With diamonds crusted o'er,
 And the odours that lay
 In the swathes of hay,
 On its wings the soft wind bore?

The blackbird and thrush are silent,
 The berries are ripe and red,
 On bush and tree,
 Where, flush and free,
 The roses of June were shed.
 Rank weeds of the east wind's sowing,
 In the frost-dews born and nourished,
 Spring thickly up
 Where the delicate cup
 Of some summer darling flourished.

Where are the insect myriads—
 The brilliant and gladsome things,
 Which glittered and gleamed
 When the sunlight streamed
 On their light and filmy wings?
 All gone! and lone and flagging,
 As in wonder and affright,
 One butterfly
 Goes drifting by
 In its solitary flight.

The yellow corn is garnered,
 The meadows are bare once more,
 And safely stored
 Is the juicy hoard
 Which the orchard branches bore :
 And I hear a voice in the moaning
 Of the wind at the close of day,
 A sigh from the woods
 And the chafing floods,
 That speaketh of swift decay.

Ah! many an eye looks sadly
 On the summer's faded track,
 That shall see no more,
 When the storms are o'er,
 And the golden days come back.
 Oh, when shall we reach that country
 Where no blight can touch the flowers,
 But light and bloom,
 Beyond the tomb,
 Shall evermore be ours?

THE ATTITUDE OF AUSTRIA IN THE EAST.

AN ominous cloud has gathered of late over the Black Sea. The plot thickens as bad weather approaches, and the fogs and mists and wintry storms of the Euxine are very fairly represented by the conflict of opinions, turmoil of passion, and gloom of war on all the shores around. The occupation of the Danubian provinces by Austria was one more great step towards the dismemberment of Turkey. The Russians were at least prepared to evacuate the provinces for political or strategical reasons, as it best suited their purpose to acknowledge. It is doubtful if the Austrians will ever evacuate them except by force of arms. Austria has long felt that the possession of the mouths of the Danube—the main artery of the Empire—is with her a vital question. Upon such possession not only her commerce and civilisation are concerned, but her integrity in her Sclavonian and Hungarian dependencies. Unfortunately for Austria, the covetous eyes of her friend and ally, Russia, had from time immemorial been turned in the same direction. The conquest of Turkey and the necessary preliminary subjugation of the Danubian Principalities have become a tradition with the Russian Cæars, and we have lived to see a tradition of conquest brought forward as a serious claim to possession! It required, then, a very peculiar combination of circumstances to enable Austria to dispute the long-coveted prize with her ancient friend and quondam ally—Russia. This combination has at length presented itself in the present war. Austria has advanced into the Principalities covertly and cautiously, but her designs and purposes are not the less transparent and manifest. The mystification of notes and conferences cannot cloak overt acts, however much they serve for a time to disguise intentions. The art of diplomacy was invented for the mutual deception of nations—the march of armies is a fact patent to the whole world. The armed occupation of a country carries the inspirations of the cabinet into the open field and air, and exposes them to the discussion of all.

At the time when the convention between Austria and the Porte was negotiated, Turkey was in great danger. It is true, her armies had been victorious in several engagements, and the enemy had gained no advantage, except the occupation of the Dubruj-cha. But it was known that the Russians were every day increasing their forces, that munitions of war were arriving in enormous quantities, and the armies of the Czar were gathering round Silistria with a certainty of success, even in the opinion of the most experienced generals. The forces of the allies were

advancing as slowly as the movements of Austrian diplomacy were wary and active ; and no small discouragement was given to the Turks by the time lost in raising defences at Gallipoli, and landing troops at Scutari and Constantinople, instead of at once pushing them on to Varna and the Danube, or commencing the siege of Sebastopol six months ago. The allies approached the seat of war as if the Turkish army were already crushed, and the Muscovite legions were scaling the Balkan.

At such a crisis the proposed intervention of Austria was thankfully accepted. In virtue of this convention, she had the right to enter the provinces with all the armies of the empire, and to hold them for an indefinite term, with apparently unbounded powers. "The Principalities," to use a laconic expression, attributed to Omar Pasha, "gained a new master."

As a friend to Turkey, Austria was bound by good faith to hold these provinces as a sacred deposit, to be returned when Turkey should be in a condition to demand it inviolate as she received it. But all accounts agree in stating that Austria has not faithfully discharged this duty. From her first entrance into the Danubian provinces up to this present moment Austria has treated the Turks and the provinces with an overbearing insolence, which seems to announce that she came not as a friend, but as a master—not as an ally, but as a sovereign. After her own fashion, she seeks to establish herself in a province she has not conquered as an enemy, after having obtained entrance into it as a friend ; and she practises on the banks of the Danube the same obtuse and unrelenting despotism that saddens the plains of Lombardy and the marshes of Venice. Thus is Austria fulfilling the duty she has undertaken towards Turkey ; thus is she vindicating the position she has assumed towards Russia.

The course which Austria has taken is clear as regards herself ; very much the contrary as regards her relations to Russia or to the allies. She has had all through, amid the hopes of some, the doubts of others, the trust and confidence of many, and the denunciations of the few, but one end in view—to take advantage of the existing *imbroglio*, to emancipate herself from the pressure of a protection which was almost vassalage, and, what is still more important, to establish her power permanently in regions she has long coveted, and the possession of which are of the highest political and commercial importance to her.

The Moldo-Wallachian provinces contain a people akin to that which inhabits contiguous territory in both the Russian and the Austrian empires. In Bessarabia the Romanic race is numerous, but so it also forms a large part of the population of the south-eastern provinces of Austria. Hence there has long existed a natural rivalry between the two empires as to which should occupy the debateable ground, and influence the semi-independent tribes who have for a long time past only nominally acknowledged the Sultan as their sovereign.

The navigation of the Danube has been another long existing,

well-known, and justifiable cause of jealousy. Austria held the head waters of the river, of which the Czar controlled the mouth. But Austria introduced steam traffic, and commercial and other intercourse on the Danube, whilst Russia did all in its power to keep it a sealed-up river. The traveller, on arriving at Galatz, was struck with the strange anomaly of Austrians carrying on a busy lucrative communication with a civilised Christian people, nominally under Mussulman rule, but really under the sway of Russia. These things were so manifest, so much in the face of everything, as to be perceptible to a child. This lucrative traffic of the Austrian steam-companies was liable, at any time, to be arrested by a movement or even a threat of the Czar, constituting a state of things which had become latterly insufferable, and has entailed great losses to the empire.

To occupy the Danubian Principalities, to provide for upholding his power therein, and to prevent the provinces from becoming again either a protectorate of Russia or an integral part of a new and regenerate Ottoman State, the young Emperor of Austria began by placing himself in the position of a mediator, and he possibly still seriously hopes that he may be able, with the aid of German statecraft and diplomacy, to gain his object without being himself involved in war, or allowing the war to set Europe in a flame; and that he may be able to keep his complex and elaborately organised empire in safety, to stand well with the combatants on both sides, and yet at the same time establish a permanent footing in the Danubian provinces, and obtain a long-desired hold of the mouths of the Danube.

The difficulties of such a position can, however, be foreseen at a glance. The bitterness that existed between the Austrians and the refugee officers of Omar Pasha's army soon led to misunderstandings of a serious character, aggravated by the despotic nature of the occupation of the Turkish territories. Count Coronini published a proclamation which left little doubt as to the real nature of the occupation; it was at once answered by the Ottoman representative, Durwish Pasha—a man of some experience in diplomatic proceedings, but of a fiery fanatical spirit, as his name and origin attest. A sharp interchange of diplomatic courtesies followed, which have not failed to convince the Turks that their provincial adjuncts have merely passed from the hands of the Muscovites into those of the Austrians. If the war with Russia was, therefore, to be settled to-morrow, the same succession of protocols, if not of actual hostilities, would have to be gone through with Austria before the Turks could rid themselves of their inconvenient allies.

These are phases in the Oriental question at which none who had viewed it from the first, in its wide significance, can be at all surprised. But the curious point remains, if the allies drew the sword to preserve the integrity of the Turkish empire, and to expel the Russians from the Danubian Principalities, will they also be expected to abet the Turks in expelling the new occu-

pants? A political distinction will be established by the latter, inasmuch as the movement of Russia was essentially aggressive, and avowedly implicated the conquest of Constantinople. Austria only holds the Principalities as a mediator between Russia and Turkey, is satisfied with the occupation of the left bank of the Danube and of the river itself, and will not act on the aggressive, but will rather preserve peace between the two belligerent powers. Here is plenty of matter for diplomatic consideration, as if the occupation of the Principalities was not in itself a death-blow to the integrity of Turkey!

It is at the present moment an extremely problematic question, how far the Austrians will really interfere in preventing the aggressive movements of the Russians. It is currently reported that the Russians have recrossed the Pruth, and declared their intention of waging a defensive war. It remains to be seen if Austria will, in its character of a strict mediator, resist the advance of the Russians by representations, or, if necessary, by force of arms. It seems much more likely that the whole is a political manoeuvre; and that this manifestation of Russia is merely an excuse for the interference of Austria, in order that she may say, that, having prevented an aggressive movement on the part of Russia, she has the same right to prevent any similar movement on the part of the Turks. Persons are not wanting who see events in a different light; who conceive the movement of Russia to be a real movement; and who anticipate a day of reckoning for the Austrians. But if it were so a collision could not be long postponed, and the conduct of Austria towards the Turks and their allies would be of a far more conciliatory character, and not remain open to suspicions so grave.

For if, on the one hand, there are doubts and mystifications, there are none on the other. The whole world has been surprised, that at a time when the allies were engaged in the siege of a most formidable fortress—the stronghold of Russia in the Black Sea—Omar Pasha should not have advanced into the Principalities to have at least threatened the right flank of the Russians, and, by thus effecting a diversion, have prevented the Czar from pouring continual reinforcements into the Crimea. Omar Pasha is said to have been quite willing to engage in the enterprise, although the lateness of the season would have much limited the extent of his operations; but the Austrians are also affirmed to have urged, in the most positive manner, their wishes that no such movement should take place; and they are even said to have implied that their requests, if unattended to, would be changed into commands.

So far as Austria is concerned, this is all very well. She can urge, with much apparent candour and singleness of purpose, that having procured the evacuation of the provinces, on the condition that she should occupy them, and on the supposition that they would form a neutral ground, as long as she herself thought fit to remain at peace, the advance of the Turks would compromise

the Emperor Francis Joseph with the Russians, and, if she were to consent to such a movement, it would be equivalent to a declaration of war. If Austria allowed the Turks to use Moldavia as a basis of operation for an offensive war, she would justify the Czar in again entering that province for strategical reasons. For if Austria upholds the unconditional forbearance of the Russian armies from setting foot on Moldo-Wallachian ground, and yet were to consent to that ground being used by the Turks for purposes of attack, it would no longer be acting as a mediating power, but would become a direct participator in the war.

But suppose the whole were a diplomatic mystification, to give to the Czar an opportunity of sending the whole of his forces in southern Russia into the Crimea? The very acceptance of such an arrangement on the part of Russia throws a serious doubt upon the uprightness of the whole transaction, and every subsequent event has confirmed the suspicion. The stoppage of the advance of the Russians against Turkey, affects the Czar in no way; nay, after the rough handling his troops got upon the Danube, it might have been a very convenient relief. The pretext that such a movement was effected out of regard for his dear friend and ancient ally, Francis Joseph, only serves to throw greater doubt upon the nature of the transaction. The checking the advance of the Turks in their own territory exercised, however, a positive effect upon the position of the allies in the Crimea. By their results alone can such proceedings be judged.

We are engaged in besieging an enormous fortress, or supposing even that fortress to be reduced, we have an extensive peninsula to subject, to obtain secure winter quarters, and bring the Czar to terms. The defensive army is already much more numerous than that of the allies, and is receiving daily reinforcements. It has also the advantage of fighting on its own ground, and it possesses unbounded supplies of munitions of war. Above all things it was considered desirable that this disparity should not be increased by the presence of further Russian reinforcements. Austria has precisely taken such a step as would best ensure to the Russian army those very additions to its effective force and to its material power. So diplomatically and strategically a friendly manœuvre may well deserve on the part of the Czar forgiveness for Austria having at the onset joined the allies in their negotiations and remonstrances. Such conduct will avail her much with Russia. Her so-called mediation has been equal to the addition of a whole army to the forces which Russia had at her command to resist the invasion of the Crimea. Austria has indeed occupied the Principalities, but she has also neutralised a force almost equal to her own, which might have been employed either in Georgia or in the Crimea. She has also set the Russian divisions in the Principalities at liberty to operate against the allies. Austria joined us in protocols, but has deserted us in action. She has entered the Danube as our friend, and remains there to insult

us and our allies, to counteract our strategical combinations, and in reality to assist to the utmost, while she preserves an assumed peaceful attitude, the resistance of the enemy. It would be difficult, if such a line of conduct were persisted in, to find anything more perfidious in the whole history of international policy. Still we hope better things of Austria. She will not risk an immediate war with Turkey, which, involving a rupture with the allies, will set all Europe in a flame, for the sake of those troublesome Principalities. Besides she has a better chance of arriving at the object she has at heart, by upholding the Turks and their allies, than by siding with the Czar.

It is but fair to remark, that Omar Pasha has been crippled in his movements by circumstances not dependent upon the attitude of Austria. The chief of these are the weakening of the Turkish army by the necessity which has arisen for reinforcements in the Crimea; another is, the possession by Russia of the fortresses on the Lower Danube; and a third has been a real unwillingness to engage Russia in the field. These latter feelings, no doubt, attained greater intensity when it was perceived that the Turkish army would, in advancing into Moldavia, have an open enemy in front, and a doubtful ally in the rear.

Still it is said, amidst all these difficulties, and now an untoward season to struggle against, that the movement of the Ottoman troops towards Moldavia is slowly prosecuted; we doubt much if it will be efficaciously so. Whatever may be the result of the present attitude assumed by Austria, with regard to her relations with Russia on the one hand, and Turkey on the other, one thing is manifest, and that is, that it will never do for the allies to abandon the Crimea so long as either Austria or Russia remains in possession of the Danubian Principalities.

**ASPEN COURT,
AND WHO LOST AND WHO WON IT.**

A Tale of our Own Time.

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS,

AUTHOR OF "MISS VIOLET AND HER OFFERS."

CHAPTER XLIX.

MANLY SPORTS.

It is to be hoped that the reader has not forgotten a humble, and indeed nameless, actor in one of the preceding scenes, who rendered good aid in the hour of need at the toll-bar between Aspen Court and Lord Rookbury's seat in the country. What says Wordsworth?

"Small service is true service while it lasts;
Of friends, however humble, scorn not one;
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun."

Now the big man, who, on hearing little Amy mention the name of their common friend, Bernard Carlyon, suddenly brought what Mrs. Quickly calls "a rescue or two," and extricated the Misses Wilmslow from an especially disagreeable position, did in no respect, save that of rendering service, resemble a daisy. But the work which he did on that occasion, and the circumstance that he has other work to do, makes it both grateful and expedient that the secret of Bernard Carlyon's acquaintance with him should be explained.

Some months before our story began, it chanced that Mr. Carlyon found it necessary, for one of the mysterious "purposes of business," to visit a client who resided at Islington. As this suburb is now as easily reached as Paris or Cairo, it is not necessary, I think, to describe it with any minuteness. The neighbourhood offers but few salient points for the topographer. The wits of the Elizabethan age were as jocose upon the rapid spread of the metropolis, as are the smart men of the present Augustan period, and Islingtonia was in 1600 as clever a name as Tyburnia in 1854. Most antiquaries of ten years old and upwards know the line in which London is spoken of—

"I think she means to go to Islington."

But the sarcasms of one age are the statistics of the next. London has gone to Islington, and dreary is the ground upon which the unwieldy metropolis has met her genteel and evangelical relative.

Bernard Carlyon wandered through dull streets, whose only visible inhabitants were myriads of children—squalid swarms whose numbers seemed utterly out of proportion to the amount of parentage the dwelling-houses could hold, even upon the most liberal theory of over-production. Threading his way through and over these groups of young suburbans—pale, but screeching with animation—now chastising a hapless live kitten, as it wriggled out of the strings which harnessed it to a cart of stones, and now in procession dragging by the tail its happier dead sister—here, playing at school on a hot and dirty door-step, and illustrating the theory of education (as probably elsewhere conveyed to the players) by the readiest and most merciless castigation, the dealing out of which seemed the great business of the scene—there, arranging at once a *cuisine* and a banquet of dirt pies, with orange peel for the *entrées*, and half-sucked Albert Royal Rock, or the Queen's Own Stunning Toffy, for the *entremets*,—Carlyon made his escape into a broad row of houses which spoke of another generation. Tall, prim, but not cheerless red houses, through which, thanks to the large double windows front and back, you could see, but that the quaint little upright blinds held up their green strips, like fans, breast-high, to obstruct your scrutiny, formed one side of the street; the other, at great width, being partly formed by a handsome modern terrace, and, beyond that, by a large garden. In the centre of this garden was a sombre-looking house, which had once been the residence of the most gentle and most whimsical of that school of mild essayists whom the jaded taste of the day holds unspeakably "stagnant." But the feature of the street into which Carlyon had emerged from his dirty Lilliput, was the New River, which, edged by decorous brickwork, and flanked by post and rail, filled the centre of the place. Now water, as the eccentric author of the Whale has well observed, has a wonderful attraction for the contemplative mind, and I am not sure that I have any respect for the intellect of the man who can pass a stream or lake without desiring to stop and gaze upon it. Carlyon felt that desire, and indulged it. He stood, idly regarding the river, and thinking, among other things, that Keats's epitaph would have suited Sir Hugh Myddleton—"his name was writ in water."

There was a narrow footpath between the rail and the edge of the stream, and Bernard, leaning forward, obstructed a passage which it did not occur to him was likely to be a thoroughfare much in demand. As he gazed into the water, and pondered various probabilities, he was recalled to the actual present by a child's voice close to his ear.

"Please, sir, let me go past you, if you please, sir."

The speaker was a boy of seven or eight, very pale and very thin, but dressed, though scantily, with a curious attempt at effect. He wore a child's frock and trousers, but the coarse white material of the latter was Vandyked at the foot, and tarnished silver lace was braided upon the stained crimson cloth of the former. The slender hands of the boy were in gloves, originally too large, but which had been cut and sewn with great pains to fit him.

The little glazed shoe, cracked and worn, was fastened with a tawdry buckle, and a still tawdrier one, in tinsel and glass, secured the gilded leathern band round his waist. The child's hair, long and fair, fell upon his shoulders in waves, and a gay little Turkish cap, with a dangling tassel, was set, with careful jauntiness, upon one side. Great pains had evidently been bestowed upon him by a very poor but very fond mother. The face spoke of hardship, and yet of a nature it had not quite broken down, and there was something of grace in the child's manner. He held a small fishing-rod, the line of which lay in the water.

"Certainly," said Carlyon, "I did not see you, my boy. What sport?" he added, good-naturedly.

"Not any, yet, sir," said the child, colouring at being addressed.

"Well, patience, you know," said Bernard, "is what every good fisherman must have. But what do you expect to find here—gudgeon—minnows?"

"They do *say*, too, that there are dace, sir," said the boy, mysteriously, as if the thought of fishing in a stream in which it could be even said there were such mighty monsters, was not to be lightly treated.

"Ah! indeed," said Carlyon, smiling. "Let me see your hook. My dear boy," he said, drawing up a hook large enough to pull out the finest trout that ever flapped in captivity on the banks of the Dripsy, or the Spourna (vainly cursing its unsatisfactory attempt to find "the pleasant waters of the river Lee"), "you'll never catch a dace, or anything in this water, with such a hook as that. Haven't you another?"

"No, sir," said the boy, looking disconsolate at this news from the more experienced fisherman. "Mamma thought it would do; she found it in an old pocket-book of one of my uncle's, and he used to fish with it."

"Ah; but I think not in the New River," said Bernard. "Is there a fishing-tackle shop about here?"

"Oh! isn't there?" replied the child. Had he not often stood for hours in deep longing before such a shop, in the window of which there was a stuffed pike in a glass case, among a crowded array of rods, lines, landing nets, fish cans, glass globes, bait boxes, and other wonderful machinery; and from which there exuded a constant smell of damp weeds and maggots, sweeter to the young sportsman than perfumes to a Peri?

"It's round there," said the child, "the second street on the left."

"Well, you stay where you are till I come back."

And Carlyon, good-humouredly, walked off to the precious museum. It was at the moment crowded, being of small extent, and tenanted by eighteen or nineteen very neat young gentlemen in clean white collars, a small detachment sent down by a school, then fishing in a not very distant meadow, to buy two-pennyworth of gentles.

"How long will these live?" demanded the treasurer, folding up the nasty white worms in his cambric pocket-handkerchief.

"Till they die," responded the grim and sulky old shopkeeper. Whereupon the deputation, abashed, retired with their maggots.

Carlyon gave his order, and the sulky man pulled out a drawer containing something entirely different, and set it silently before him; for he knew well that most well-dressed anglers will buy anything they are told to buy. Bernard Carlyon was much too impatient when this kind of impertinence was practised upon him; and, instead of expostulating, he said sharply,—

"What the devil are you putting that rubbish before me for? Have you got what I ordered you to show me. If not, say so, and——"

But the sulky man said he had made a mistake; and the right articles were on the counter before the alternative could come out, so it was repressed.

"You like double work, doubtless," said Carlyon, as he paid for his purchase; "but you have no right to give me the trouble of double talk."

Now as Piscator went back to his little Tyro, he saw an operation which caused him to be displeased for the second time in five minutes.

A walking-match in the neighbourhood had attracted the rabble of cads, greenhorns, pickpockets, and idlers, who are the chief patrons of most of our manly sports; and the "pet," upon the present occasion, having been outwalked by an insolvent two-penny postman (notwithstanding the good and regular walking practice the favourite had recently had at the treadmill), his party were returning in no amiable temper from the public-house whose landlord had disinterestedly offered the road fronting it for the match. The ill-humour of the party had been increased by the failure of an attempt, conducted with that energy and enterprise for which the sporting men are celebrated, to "draw" the match by maiming the successful candidate during the last hour. With this object a cab, with three or four half-tipsy sportsmen clinging to it, had been driven recklessly across the course. But the patrons of the winning man, noting the stratagem, had set up so frightful a shout, and with bludgeons had so battered the cab, the horse, and the charioteers, that they were driven back into their own ranks with signal discomfiture.

As Carlyon turned the corner, and came back into the valley of the River Myddleton, intending to make his new little acquaintance happy with some small tackle good for such streams, a gang of some twenty allies of the defeated walker came tramping along, some clattering with their sticks upon the rails, some howling snatches of ribald songs, and some stalking in grim wrath. A more ill-favoured party seldom comes in sight, to make an unpatriotic and unpatriotic observer wish for one hour of a paternally despotic government, which, suddenly seizing upon an assembled body of obvious rascality, could purify the neighbourhood by a rapid act of transportation.

As this respectable detachment passed the spot where the expectant child was waiting for his friend; his appearance attracted

the attention of some of them who were not too savage to be only mischievous.

"A * * * * monkey, by * * *," jeered one.

"Shove it in, Bill," roared another.

"What's this here?" said a third, who was nearest the rails, roughly gripping the child's embroidered cap, and a handful of hair with it. The man was a strong, thick-set fellow, with an old cloth cap, a well-worn grey shooting-coat, and neatly fitting laced boots; his vocation was plain at a glance, even without notice of the keen, quick eye and the lissom hand, so unlike that of the mechanic.

"Oh, sir, don't, if you please," screamed the child, as the rude clutch upon his hair caused him no slight pain. And writhing to disengage himself his foot slipped, and, with a loud cry, he fell into the river. At the self-same moment his tormenter fell back into a companion's arms almost as helplessly, a blow from a stick, wielded by no merciful hand, having fallen straight across his face, from which the blood spouted in an instant. The next, Carlyon sprang over the railing, and extended the stick to the child, who was struggling to find his feet in the shallow but muddy bottomed canal. He was speedily on the footpath, crying bitterly, his finery and his fair hair sadly damaged by the streaming water.

"Come, come," said Bernard, "don't cry: there's no harm done, you know: all good fishermen take the water like otters. Now, run off home; and here," he added, giving him the parcel of tackle, "when you are dry, look at this, and see whether it will not help you to catch a dace to-morrow."

The child brightened up at the sight of the present, and at the sound of a cheering voice; and Carlyon, helping him through the rail, again crossed it, and covered his retreat, which was conducted at a speed which baffled all chase. Bernard smiled as the child disappeared round a distant corner.

"I'll teach you to grin the other side of your mouth in a minute," said the man he had struck, coming up, the lower part of his face stained with red, and a long bruise becoming very defined on each cheek, and across his nose. "What did you hit me for?"

"For ill-treating that child," replied Bernard Carlyon, in a tone of studied softness, and with a provoking smile.

"Vot's the child to you? nothink—" asked and answered, with great rapidity, a young Jew, coming very close to Bernard. But the latter raised his stick so ominously, that the orator made a hasty dart among his friends.

"The child's nothing to do with you," repeated the bleeding man, following in the hint of the keener Hebrew mind.

"You lie, you scoundrel!" said Carlyon; "every child has a right to look for help to every man. If you have any children, I hope somebody will help them when you are sent, or sent back, I suppose I should say, to the hulks. I will, if I have a chance."

The shot was a random one, but it happened to tell with wonderful effect. Fierce murmurs broke out from the men, who

came clustering round, and the damaged party found it was expected he should do something besides bully. He looked at Carlyon, obviously meditating a savage rush, and knowing that his friends would ably second him by closing in. And Bernard saw in a moment that anything like fair play in the affray would be out of the question. There was enough of the ruffianly part of the sporting character about the group to tell him plainly what it was made of, and he knew, perfectly well, that the patrons of such manly sports as entail neither danger nor exertion upon their votaries are remarkable for never showing the least regard to rule or fair play, except when their miserable coin is at stake. So he resolved neither to expect nor give quarter, if he were forced to strike. His weapon was a stick, of no great thickness, but heavy enough to do considerable damage. He drew the silk cord round his wrist, to prevent the stick from being easily forced from his hand, quietly settled his hat, and buttoned his frock-coat to the neck, keeping his eye steadily upon his antagonist, whom a second volley of murmurs from his friends hounded on to a battle his delay seemed to hint he would have preferred to shun. But that group was just then far too ill-humoured and malicious to forego a chance of seeing somebody hurt.

The ruffian suddenly dropped his head for the favourite manœuvre of the street-bully, to rush in at the chest of his antagonist, whose stroke, if the sickening blow did not entirely prevent it, would fall harmless upon the shoulders of the assailant. But some of Bernard's Half-hours had been passed with other than the Best Authors. As his enemy charged, head down, Carlyon's knee flew up like the piston-rod of a steam-engine, and struck his assailant with tremendous force upon his nose and jaw, throwing him well up for the blow of the stick, which, dashed down upon the right temple, brought the luckless champion to the ground.

"Has he had enough?" said Carlyon, as the fallen man's friends raised him with a roar, in which a grim admiration of the skill with which the fall had been given mingled with their astonishment that a clean-looking young gentleman should know how to take care of himself.

"Enough be hanged," was the answer from a very energetic backer, "he'll spoil your simpering yet."

But the party for whom this promise and vow was made seemed of a different opinion.

"The swell's hit me gallus hard," he said in a low voice, and either unable, or affecting to be unable, to come up to further work.

"The next child you see, mind you ill-treat him," said Carlyon, with a benevolent wish to impress a moral lesson upon his staggering pupil. But this advice sounded so like a conqueror's dictation that it exasperated the hearers. They uttered a furious howl, and rushed at Carlyon in a mass, as the hounds run in upon the stag at bay. They are upon him, close, and howling.

Howling, but not close, for the tide of fight is turned, as the

apparition of the blessed St. Iago turned it at Valencia. Who is that huge and brawny champion who has just rushed into the fray, blaspheming terribly, but battering no less terribly? A trained pugilist, by that blessed Saint, for never amateur struck so straight, so hard, and so easily. Down they go, cad upon thief, thief upon cad, and their cry goes up wild and fierce. Blaky Foss, gardener of cabbages, thou must water those nascent cigars with thy left hand, for that right arm hangs useless. Charley Vink, when thou next stealest teeth from family vaults for sale to the dentists, steal a few for thyself, for those thou hast are sadly shattered. And thou, billiard-marking Benjamin, whose surname for the present is Solomons (last year it was Soame, saith the police, and next year it may be Slum), from thy promenade in Jullien's pit thou shalt wink impudently no more, for a while, at indignant maidens in his boxes, for the light that was in thine eye is darkness.

But policemen are seen in the distance, and by their side, still damp, but exulting, runs the child whom Carlyon had championed. Sulkily, the twice-defeated party gather themselves together, and retreat, for against most of such patrons of manly sports are matters on record which might point a moral, but which would not much adorn a tale told where the officers of law played the chorus.

"You hit right well, sir," said the burly St. Iago, a big man with short black hair, and a countenance not forbidding, but simply coarse, and full of endurance. "But a couple of dozen to one is odds as won't easily find takers. This is your letter, sir."

Carlyon took, in some surprise, a note, which he had supposed, at the moment, to be in his pocket.

"You chanced to give it to my little lad with the fishing things, sir, whereby I know'd who you was, and as such took the liberty of coming to lend you a hand."

"A liberty," said Carlyon, laughing, "for which I have to thank you most cordially. After you were dried, I told you, sir," he said, smiling at the child who ran up to his father's side and placed his little thin hand in the giant's fist.

"He told me you was getting into a row, sir, and so I suppose nothing ud save him but seeing how you got out. But this'll be a lesson to his mother to make him look less like a monkey, for the rascal the gentleman hit was right enough about that, Master Dolf."

"But send him home to change his dress, my good friend," said Bernard, "for he doesn't look quite so able as you do to stand a wetting."

"You're right, sir, he ain't very full of stammyners, but we hope they'll come as he gets older. Off with you, Master Dolf, and mind I find you in bed in two jiffeys, or you and I ull have a stand-up fight. The gentleman's all right." And the huge man shook his tremendous fist, with a good-natured grin, at the fragile child, who, making Bernard a very polite and elaborate bow, scampered away.

"One thing, sir, begging your pardon; your name's Carlyon, as I take it from that letter? no offence, sir."

"My name is Bernard Carlyon, and there is not the slightest offence."

"Well, sir, that's all right, and if ever you should happen to want to hear of me, I'm to be heard of at the 'Pig and Tinder-box.'"

"Ah! the postman knows it better as the 'Elephant and Castle,' I think," said Bernard.

"May-be so, may-be so," said the big man, almost in compassion for their ignorance. "By Rutherford Market, you know, sir."

"By Rutherford Market, very good; and your name? you have not told me that."

"Well, you might ask," said the other musingly, as if this were a problem not to be hastily solved, "you might ask for Dick Shotton, or say Richard Shotton, but I don't know as it ud be any good."

"No! then suppose we put it in some other way."

"They might think something was up. I suppose you wouldn't like to say the Smiling Stunner, now?" added the big man dubiously.

"Yes, I should," said Bernard, laughing; "why shouldn't I? If I want to hear of you, I'm to go to the 'Pig and Tinder-box,' Rutherford Market, and ask for the Smiling Stunner. With all my heart. And I am very much obliged to you for your help to-day."

The big man pushed that idea aside with an impatient movement of his broad hand, a sort of kick-out performed with the fore-leg.

"And," added Bernard, "I meant to have bought your boy a better rod, but I could not see what I wanted. Just give him this from me, and let him treat himself. I fancy his top joint's in the river, but he clutched the butt tightly enough, poor fellow! Good day to you, Smiling Stunner."

Bernard never saw the boy again; but two months later a man and a woman stood together in the bed-room of a small house, not far from the place where the above scene had taken place.

"Cruel! In course it's cruel, Alice, but what's to be done? I must be off in five-and-twenty minutes, and then I'll hardly catch the nine o'clock train."

"And he will be dying," sobbed the faded, care-worn, despondent-looking woman, who still retained the remains of a more graceful beauty than is often seen in her condition of life. "Dying, as you are going out at the door, perhaps."

"But whatever can I do, girl?" answered her gigantic husband, by whose coarse, but not bad features, and colossal figure, will be recognised the champion who saved Bernard Carlyon from the onslaught of the ruffians. "I have told you a score of times that I've stole away from my trainer, all against rule, and that if I ain't ninety mile off, at the station next the village where I

train, by midnight, there'll be row and ruin, and that's all about it."

The woman made no reply, but went to the little pallet-bed upon which lay the child whom Bernard had pulled from the river. Thin, white, and fragile, as poor little Dolf had looked, when Carlyon had seen him, he was now reduced to the condition in which existence itself seems to say that Nature has forgotten to release her offspring. He had wasted as nearly to the state of a skeleton as it was possible for a human form to do, and the transparent skin actually lay in folds over some portions of his body, where the substance had melted away from beneath too rapidly for the outward covering to follow. Yet there was nothing repulsive in the appearance of the withering child. His aspect was strange, indeed, but the spectator would scarcely have turned away his gaze. The boy's magnificent eyes shone out in all their original lustre, and looked even enormous from above the sunk and shrivelled cheeks, and doubly brilliant from the sallow tone of the skin. His long hair, luxuriant as ever, seemed scarcely to have suffered by his illness, owing to the sedulous care with which it had been tended, and it lay in glossy waves over the pillow. And the face, worn and diminished as it was, presented an expression of hopeless patience, now fixed in comparative insensibility, but which might still have read a quiet reproach to those whom the slightest touch of sickness stings into impatient anger.

The room, small and poor, presented a strange contrast. The thin carpet was old and shabby, the window-curtains were of the meanest material, and the scanty furniture corresponded with those appearances, and with the condition of the inhabitants. All around spoke of poverty and squalor. But the bed upon which the child lay was the exception, and it looked, amid the surrounding penury, as though it had been transferred, stealthily, from the sick chamber of some young noble to that poor apartment. Flutes and folds of delicate pink drapery hung round it, and the heir to a dukedom never rested on softer down, or beneath finer or whiter linen. The large and yielding pillows had clearly been the costly furniture of some rich lady's bed, and the counterpane had been worked for one of those who merely think of price as the welcome guard between their taste and vulgar imitation. The mother had lavished all her means in arraying the couch of her dying child, as she had employed her talent, such as it was, in bedizening him for the world's eye while he had yet strength to walk in it. His gay clothes hung around the room, but in his long, lean hands, which, owing to the wasting of the arm, looked broader and larger than they were, he had clutched one of the reels of lines given him by Carlyon—a contrivance with a box and sliding lid in the centre, the child's last attachment.

The boy's eyes followed the motions of his father and mother, but speech had long left him, and his movements were confined to occasional twitchings of the hands. His mother touched his

forehead with some delicate perfume, which mingled with the death-damps already gathering there. And she looked up pleadingly at the giant boxer as he gazed down upon the waning shadow before her.

She was not young, and looked even older than she was, but eight or nine and thirty years had passed over her. The face, we have said, had been handsome, but neglect, which destroys faster than time, appeared to have done its wasteful will with her. Her dress was plain, almost to poverty, yet a beautifully fine handkerchief, and other indications of luxury, seemed to show that she might have dressed more expensively had she chosen. Her hair, of the same colour as her child's, was closely fastened up around her head, as if to be out of the way. Her appearance was that of one who had known many of the elegancies of life, but had forgotten, or chosen to reject them as unsuitable to her present lot.

"He don't know you now," said the huge gladiator, in a tone that was meant for comfort, "and that's something." But as he said this, the boy's superb eyes rolled towards the mother as if to contradict it.

"He does—he does!" sobbed the woman; "but it won't be for long. Oh, Richard, don't leave me!"

"Not yet," said the boxer, kindly, "not yet, girl, though the time's short. Come, come, don't tear yourself to pieces with crying. That'll do no good, you know, girl. He'll die—well—so ull you and I, only, mayhap, he's in luck to die first, as there's no saying what's in store for us. So cheer up a bit."

And this speech, in which others might have seen but little consolation, had more than many a subtler phrase of comfort. The strong man meant that bad times might come when they pleased to one who was iron and brass to bear them, but what could he do for the sick child? And the woman put her hand into the vast grasp of her husband, and wept on.

"If it were but over, Richard! If you would but stay with me until then."

"We'd be ruined. Look here, Alice, girl. You must see it as plain as I do. We've done all we can do for that poor brat, and more than we ought to have done perhaps. At least I'd have thought so if any one had done it but you. But that's gone by, and what pleasure it gave you I'm thankful for, and the money be d—d. But we're cleaned out now, and every shiner gone as I could raise one way or t'other. Now this here battle-money is the only thing to look to. My money was made up for me very kind and handsome by them as I won't name and I won't wrong, and bad as the business is of leaving you just now, it would be a cursed sight badder if I stopped."

"I am a sad clog to you, Richard, and so has the child been," said the mother, "and, I dare say, you often wish you had never married a woman older than yourself, who brought you a sickly boy like that."

The terrible execration which the boxer uttered at this idea (putting his tremendous arm round his wife) was neither to be praised in itself, nor in regard to its fitness for the chamber of death, and yet it may have been forgiven, for the sake of the honest truth the man knew no other way to impress upon his wife.

"If ever I grumbled, in word or in deed," said the boxer, "at anything you or him ever made me do, I hope when I come to be where he is, may I——," and another monster commination completed the sentence. "I can't say more than *that*," he added, and indeed a deeper anathema it were difficult even for a cardinal to frame. "No, Alice, girl, I know I'm a thundering blackguard, but I don't believe I'm a thundering scoundrel."

Blackguard, or whatever he was, the poor Alice clung to him at that moment as woman clings in her extremity to her last friend. He was hers, that rugged gladiator. She had been left alone in the world after a life which it needs not that we dwell on, and the muscular arm of the great bruiser had, by accident, been stretched out to help her. She had married the savage whom men fed and trained to batter other savages and win bets, and brute as he might be, Richard Shotton had been as true and kind to her, as such a being could prove himself. His antecedents were of the roughest. When they married he was a harmless muscular animal, whom a London fighting-man, skulking from a warrant, had first seen among the mines, and had remitted to town to be manufactured into a ruffian. From a portion of this fate Alice had, in great measure, protected her protector. As he improved in his art he also improved in his nature. His terrific strength, tutored by science, soon became a terror, and although it was long before his patrons adventured him in a great fight (with the chartered steamboat and the veteran commissary), scores of half-murdered pet pupils, promising pot-boys, and the smaller fry of notables of the ring, including the Bullneck of Brompton, the Wedgebury Walloper, and the Simmeryaxe Slasher, beaten to mummies, and with faces like that of the Sphinx, had testified to the awful weight of Richard Shotton's blow. Matched at last against an American champion, even bigger than himself, Richard Shotton, thus elected to a mission worthy of his genius, had (contrary to the orders of his patrons) literally beaten the Yankee to death, and had, in consequence, been compelled to secrete himself until such a trifle could be forgotten. During this time of constrained quiet, Alice had taken him earnestly in hand, and the result was marvellous. She gained an ascendancy over his nature, and thenceforth she led him with a thread. The brawny bruiser became the awkward but gentle nurse of his white-faced child, his slave and his plaything, and when some other manslaughter had effaced the recollection of the demolished Yankee, and Shotton came down again among the public-houses of his friends, his manners had acquired a softness so remarkable in that region, that the reformed bruiser, who neither battered his patrons' heads with pewter-pots, knocked cab-horses to pieces, nor

stamped upon cats, was at once dubbed the Smiling Stunner, out of compliment to such unusual polish. He was now to be matched against a more terrible enemy than he had ever met, and had been in careful training for many months, a process from which he had three or four times unwarrantably broken, to the dismay of his tutors, for no better cause than to see his wife. We have met him already upon one of his visits to London, when he luckily presented himself at the critical moment. He was now away by stealth, for the last time, for the great fight, upon which the eyes of all England were turned in feverish anxiety (according to the best-informed sporting authorities), was coming off the next day but one. And as the last half-dozen fights of notoriety had been all "sold," and all the gentlemen who attended them had been mercilessly robbed and beaten, the leaders of the Fancy deemed it desirable that, to restore the tone of the ring, and again attain for it that confidence which is necessary in friends of ministers and milling, this contest should be "on the square." In other words the combatants were to batter one another in right earnest, neither was to fall without receiving a blow, and neither was to aim at striking a foul blow in order to lose the fight thereby, for the benefit of his private bets.

So—and with such work before him, and the clock fast stealing away the minutes—stood the Christian father by the death-bed of his child. The tick of the clock, and the sobbing of the mother, alone broke the silence.

"Come, Alice, girl," said the boxer, "time flies. You'll write us a bit of a letter to say how—when—he—" and he nodded his head towards the bed.

"Where am I to write to?" said the woman, looking tearfully up.

"Now you puzzle me," said the giant. "At present I hear the place is to be near Hereford, which is parts I'm strange to. But, may be, that's to keep it dark. The beaks and the saints is awake, may be, and must be kept off the lay; and though it's knowed well enough to-night where I could go in ten minits, it ud be all blazes and Tommy if it was heard I'd showed my nose in town. But I'll tell you. I'll make some cove write to you from the crib I'm took to after the mill, and then you can write to me; and you needn't be ashamed to say what you think, as I can read your hand, though I can't write none. Though that ain't much odds, girl; for if I could write like thunder, I don't suppose I'll have much eye-sight left me to see my letters with by the time I gits to the crib. Don't look so down in your luck, my girl; I was never in primer order in all my life; and if it wasn't the thoughts of that chap, or, I should say, the thoughts of you, for you're more cut up than's any way agreeable, I'd be in tip-top spurrits. Two or three on 'em as come down from London was saying I looked like a star, which I didn't see the likeness; but, may be, they meant some of them figures in the round globes in the windows which you said was meant for stars—rum uns—ha! ha!" And the boxer, upon whose habitually insensible nature

external circumstances made as little impression as a blow dashed upon his trained and hardened flesh, broke out into a laugh; but catching the shocked and startled expression in Alice's face, he slowly regained his sense of the place and the sorrow, and even upon that coarse face came a sign of shame.

"I said I was an awful blackguard, Alice, and I am, girl," he said; "but I didn't go to pain you; I spoke to cheer you up like. But I'd better go; he'll die all the smoother for a brute like me being out of his way. But I say, Alice, have you got any money?"

"Yes, Richard, yes," said the woman, still clinging to him.

"Don't lie, now, girl, don't deceive me," said the boxer, as kindly and earnestly as he could speak. "You know that before this——"

"See, see," she said, holding up a scantily supplied purse, "I have money."

"Not much, I see. Here," he said, fumbling in a huge pocket, "here's two pound more," and he threw the gold upon the bed.

"But, Richard, how can you travel without that?"

"Oh, I've more," said the boxer, "I borrowed it of Bill Duff when I came away, only as he was asleep I wouldn't make so bold as to disturb him to ask leave. I've got enough left, girl. I must travel first class, though, or may-be I'll catch cold among them bagmen and that. Second class is good enough for them, but I'm a tender flower, I am," he added with a grin. "And now good-by, girl," he said, straining her in his enormous embrace, "and you'll hear good news from me, though I doubt I'll hear none from you." He looked almost timidly at the bed. "I suppose," he said in a whisper, as if afraid of offending her, "I'd only hurt him if I was to—to kiss him, and yet I'd like, if you saw no harm in it."

With her hand in his, Alice led the giant boxer to the bedside, and with a mother's instinct, leaned down upon the moveless form that her own lips might first press the child's pale forehead. As she touched it, she started with a wild cry,

"Kiss him, Richard, kiss him, kiss him! he will never feel you hurt him. He's gone! Mercy, it's God's own mercy! little as I deserve it."

And she fell upon her knees clasping the wasted hand of poor little Dolf.

"Go now, Richard," she said in a low voice, "go. Perhaps, with the dead in the room, it would not be wicked, even in me, to pray. I humbly hope not; but go."

CHAPTER L.

THE WELSH WELLS.

A new whim struck the Right Honourable the Earl of Rookbury, and, without signifying to Mr. Heywood, or to any other person who might be supposed to be just then interested in his

movements, what he designed to do, he suddenly hurried to Rookton, and commanded his valet to prepare for a journey the very next morning to the Welsh Wells.

And, accordingly, at an unusually early hour next day a travelling carriage with four horses was hurrying the Earl into the Principality.

The Welsh Wells, to which a journey of complicated cross-roads finally brought his lordship, presented as strong a contrast as possible to the rich and picturesque scenery around his home. Long before he approached the desolate region in which they were situated, even the English villages began to lose their English character. Each seemed more and more dreary and sordid than the last. The neat old cottages, with their scrap of garden, enriched by the steady evening labour of three generations; the cheerful ale-house, its side inserted into the gigantic oak; the feature of the village, the tidy white parsonage, with its bright green lawn; the statelier park-girded mansion, guarding the environs of its humble neighbours—all pleasant evidences of long-settled prosperity—vanished as the Rookton carriage drove westward. The villages themselves grew rarer, and their character changed. The houses, fewer in number than in the Saxon clusters, and at greater distance, were larger than the peasant cottage, but tall, ungainly, and chilly. Their thin-looking walls and ugly square windows, gave them an air of loneliness and squalor. The inclosures, which in England would have been gardens well tended and grateful, were neglected, arid, and sad; a few miserable vegetables shivering out a stunted existence among the hard clods and the stones which it was here no merry child's pleasant toil to clear away. The inn, no longer an establishment, and part of the village faith, was a crouching, whitened shed, where sulky, unsocial clowns obtained the muddiest and most nauseous draught to which the mighty name of ale was ever profaned. The Welsh parsonage was occupied by a tenant far too poor to think of grass-turf and gravel, while he could hardly pay for trowsers for his rampant, thick-set, red-eared boys; and it was only to be distinguished from the mean-looking farm-houses around, by the absence of their foully-kept homesteads and their lean kine. Gentlemen's seats there were none—what wretch would be exiled to such a scene while Whitechapel or Botany Bay were still open to him?—and there was no vestige of antiquity around. The hideous little church had been there for many years, but years that covered it with no honour but an occasional coat of whitewash, the bestowal of which was marked in the parish records by furious squabbling among the Welshmen (with whom squabbling is the national *specialité*) touching the wretched shillings expended in the operation. You might look in vain for the ruin of fortress or castle there; for there could never have been anything there worth pillaging or defending, and no baron or warrior would have selected those long cold wastes or bleak hills, which made the flat seem flatter, for the construction of any edifice of more capacious power than a gibbet.

But Lord Rookbury pushed forward, the difficulty and delay in obtaining post-horses increasing at every stage. When they stopped, it was quite an amusement for the Earl, reposing in the corner of his luxurious carriage, to mark the disconsolate face which his servant brought round to the window, to ask whether his master had any orders. In the rare days of fine weather that part of the country looks additionally desolate, as a sickly smile on a needy man's face is almost irritating to one whom he addresses. But the sun pays very formal visits among the Welsh hills; and as the afternoon comes, they usually attract far more congruous visitants in the form of stagnant mists, which speedily resolve themselves into million-lines of the smallest and most merciless rain. And although the thoughtfully appointed carriage abounded in provisions against every press of weather, the Welsh rain, with its tiny and unremitting threads, wriggled through everything Mr. Thoby could oppose to it; and grim, indeed, was the glance with which, touching his streaming hat, he echoed his master's smilingly-given order—"Horses on!"

Still on, miles upon miles (the miles of Wales, too, long as its pedigrees, barren as its literature), through more sordid villages, and over other sad moors, until the travellers seemed to pass the bounds of civilised life. The postboys now understood nothing but Welsh, except cheating, and Thoby, beaten by their stolid obstinacy, was obliged to invoke the terrible scowl and oath of his master to adjust the disputed reckoning, and even Lord Rookbury wished he were among the more tractable Arabs, where one checks one's travelling bills with a hippopotamus whip. But at last, towards the evening of the second day, they reached Llandrindod Wells, and the sun, to Lord Rookbury's astonishment, suddenly broke out as they arrived.

The place, though it has been thought to resemble one of the bad suburbs of the London river-side districts, was a Garden of Eden to what the traveller had been gazing on during the day. A tolerably comfortable hotel (none of the doors of which would shut, the terrible gusts of the hills setting all carpentry at defiance) had been erected near the Wells, which lent their name to the district. The hotel was full, but the arms upon the carriage cleared a space for their lord. The hotel-keeper marked them, and the handsome equipage they ornamented, and straightway turned out a billiard-playing, irregularly paying, unlucky Irish Major, and the large wife of a neighbouring farmer (who had sent her to Llandrindod for a little quiet to himself), out of the apartments they occupied, and the Earl took calm possession. He ordered Thoby not to mention his name, but this was an idle precaution, for when that valet descended into the hall to superintend the removal of the luggage, he scattered, in great confusion, two Welsh attorneys, an old maid with flaxen hair and a red gown, a plump, pretty girl, and her hoarse invalid mother, whose size and scarlet face sufficiently indicated the source of her affliction, together with the very dirty waiter, who were all busily turning over the trunks and imperial in order to discover the

title of the new arrival. The Major, who was wroth at his eviction, was scowling down upon the group, and occasionally throwing in a word of support to the large wife of the farmer, who was vituperating the meek landlady. Everything betokened shift, scandal, and spite, which, indeed, are usually the leading characteristics of retreats of this class, where country shopkeepers, very small landed proprietors, and the vulgar lions of provincial capitals, try to get up Cheltenham and Leamingtons for themselves.

But Lord Rookbury cared for none of these things, and he wanted dinner. This he fixed for an hour when the society at Llandrindod was sitting down to coarse tea, thick bread and butter, and opaque coffee. Already unpopular, having made two enemies with voluble tongues, this last offence completed the Earl's measure of iniquities. The company assembled in the large room below him, where big men in rough coats were swallowing cup after cup of hot water, in the face of the indignant sun, and economical old maids were sweetening their tea with moist brown sugar, which they produced in little whitey-brown paper parcels from their pockets.

But they were not utterly forsaken of the Muses, these Llandrindod exiles, for they had one joke among them. It had lasted several seasons, and may be current among them still. Perhaps it is beneath the dignity of history, and yet history records the story of the ass who ate grapes and made the philosopher laugh—why should she be ashamed in future of mentioning asses or laughter?

"I will thank you for some more tea, Mrs. Bagby," said the flaxen-haired maiden who had aided in the research among the luggage, handing her cup to a stout, jolly looking farmer, who was hypochondriacal, and thought the waters would do him good.

"Tea-tea, or coffee-tea, m'm?" responded the jolly hypochondriac, passing the cup, and happy to be the first, that afternoon, to fire off the Llandrindod joke. A shout of laughter rang through the room, and Lord Rookbury angrily rang the bell, and sent an insulting message to the landlord.

"The new gent seems in a tantrum," remarked the pretty, plump girl, spreading some treacle over her bread-and-butter, wiping the knife very elaborately on a piece of bread, and eating the latter.

"Who cares for him?" demanded the large woman, who had been turned out.

"If he don't like it," giggled another large woman, "you know what he can do, m'm."

"Lump it, of course," said the jolly hypochondriac, who had no great idea of wit by implication.

"Rookton Woods is his name, I read it on a box," said the Major. "I shall have something to say to him, presently."

A pleasant prospect was in store for Charles, Earl of Rookbury.

LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

AN antiquated but esteemed nuisance is Lord Mayor's Show. Each year we are told we shall see it for the last time ; but we will venture to say that its death is yet a very long way off. Almost every City-man grumbles at it, and yet but few, we believe, would really wish its abolition. It causes inconvenience, there is no doubt ; and there are some features in it which slightly shock plain business notions : but it is no serious evil, it does no important injury ; and this being the case, its age pleads for it, and it is allowed to continue, and, we think, will continue so long as London City remaineth.

For that would be a dreary day, that 9th of November, when for the first time there was no show. A gloom would hang over the whole City. Those high and mighty merchant princes who now sneer at the "tomfoolery," as they call it, would scarcely feel at ease when, through their active hatred, the poor old pageant had been placed in its grave. They would regard with something like remorse the uncrowded, quiet streets ; and would call to mind the days of their boyhood when with such glee they viewed the procession which would never be seen again. They would think they had been too hard upon it ; that the mischief it did was really very small ; that the amusement it created for those who prefer sights to be seen for nothing was considerable, and its loss would be keenly felt. And they would give a sigh—we say they would give a sigh—as at half-past eleven o'clock on that cheerless 9th of November, they walked along the Poultry and Cornhill with a most saddening ease and freedom from obstruction.

But while we would certainly not do away with it, we are inclined to think that some particulars of the Show are open to improvement. There is no great amount of sense that we can see in the exhibition of the men in armour ; they are now scarcely objects of curiosity, while they may be of ridicule. This year we had an extra number of them, and a mightily absurd appearance they presented. If the Show were confined to the carriages, the banners, and the troops (we would increase the number of the latter), it would be an equally pleasing and a far more creditable display.

Who does not pity the poor Lord Mayor on that day. How few new Lord Mayors have had a wink of sleep on the night of the 8th of November. The labours of the great day must be sufficient to shock even an iron constitution. The unfortunate man rises from his bed pale and exhausted. A very short time is allowed prior to the commencement of his toil. First, there is the breakfast ; then there is the wearisome procession by land, and the still more wearisome and chilling affair by water ; then there is the return to Guildhall ; and, finally, there is the climax of the

dinner, at which, surrounded by the first personages in the land next to Royalty, we have no doubt many a Lord Mayor has had a hard matter to retain the slightest glimmering of sense; and has felt that if he could but go back again at once, straight away, from the grandeur and the glitter, into the little dark hole of a counting-house where he has been accustomed to smile over satisfactory balance-sheets, he never would come out till somebody else had taken the Mayoralty in his stead.

But do not suppose we cast ridicule on the dinner. We defend it even more warmly than we do the Show. It is a great thing, and a very pleasing sight to see assembled at the same board the merchant princes and the intellectual princes of the land. We are no longer split into hostile clans and sections. Lord Clarendon will, with perfect good humour, take wine with Mr. Alderman Higgins, although he is as much above Mr. Higgins in every point of view as the "Flying Dutchman" is superior to my greengrocer's donkey. But Lord Clarendon, and Lord Palmerston, and Lord John Russell feel this—that as representing, not perhaps a very refined but yet a very useful and respectable class, a class which England could not lose without losing a most important prop, Mr. Alderman Higgins deserves and should receive kind notice and attention. Such, therefore, they render him, and Higgins, on his part, being pleased and flattered, feels grateful, and would no more think of injuring the aristocracy, than he would burn his ledger. At that table then, there is a strange medley, but there is a good, wholesome purpose in the gathering, the purpose of drawing together in friendly companionship, though only for a few hours, the great city men, the men of business, with the men who could scarcely cast a column in a cash book, but who, as far-sighted, clear-headed legislators, are, in a higher sense, great men too, and a blessing to the nation which has the benefit of their labours.

Speaking of Dinners—as the Lord Mayor is expected to exhibit splendid hospitality, and is furnished with the means to this end, we think that if the guests at his table were commonly men more distinguished for intellectual wealth, than those who now mostly partake of his turtle and venison, he might turn his dinners to an account which has never been thought of yet. We never remember a Lord Mayor's dinner to literary men, to artists, to musicians, to theatrical performers. And yet, why not? Why not a dinner to literary men when dinners are common to a class of which Mr. Jennings the cheesemonger (but also a Common Councilman), is the leader. We should scarcely continue to laugh at Mansion House extravagance, if some clear tangible good resulted from it. It might not, certainly, be any great advantage to the successful novelist, or admired artist, or esteemed musician, or applauded actor, to eat a luxurious dinner in company with the Lord Mayor, but, assuredly, each would feel that there was a sympathy on the part of the men of cash books and ledgers, expressed through the medium of this hospitality of their representative, the chief magistrate, with men of genius, which

could not be otherwise than grateful and acceptable. At present the money-making men and men of genius are too apt, we fear, to sneer at one another. The former jingle their coin or wave their bankers' books, and protest that they would not exchange them for all the lofty attainments or noble intellectual capabilities. There is a reality in the huge mansion, the many servants and the gorgeous plate, which *does* seem very striking, truly, beside the struggle with poverty, the empty purse and threadbare coat of the man whose only wealth is in the recesses of his mind. But then the latter is but little depressed by these exterior deficiencies. It is not a mere fancy, but a fact, that in his heart he feels himself superior to the man of wealth, that he bows not down before him, but rather scorns him as an inferior being.

But we cannot say that we side with either party. If we do, from the very bottom of our soul, despise and loathe the wretched, grovelling, purse-proud trafficker, who treats every man who has not so many guineas in his pocket as himself with disdain and contumely, so, on the other hand, we think it absurd to underrate the advantages of wealth, and must listen with something like a smile to the somewhat melancholy effort of the, perhaps, imprudent man of genius, to prove that the possession of intellectual capability in matters appertaining to the luxuries rather than the necessities of life, is a perfect set-off and consolation for arrears of rent and a dunning tailor.

The question is, is it impossible to imbue the man of genius with a little of the saving, money-making spirit of the man of business, and the man of business with something of the larger views and more refined tastes of the man of genius? We think if they were brought more frequently together, they would imbibe one another's feelings, and instead of jeering at or despising one another, would soon become sensible of mutual respect and regard, and would each seek to please and benefit the other. And, returning to the subject of the Mansion House dinners, we think that they might be made the means of bringing together these widely-different characters, and inducing between them a very friendly feeling, a very pleasant harmony.

To pass into a different train of thought—we never take our seat at any of these brilliant public dinners without the thought occurring at some moment, that if we had the power to survey other scenes enacting at this very moment, both near and at a distance, what strange, what thrilling contrasts would be presented. It is all light, and mirth, and revelry here; we have the gorgeous banquet and the splendid company, everything speaks of high enjoyment and gratification. Now let my eye journey but a very little way, but a few doors off mayhap, and penetrate into a small room in a mean house and gaze upon a form worn down by long sickness, and just letting loose its wearied and stricken spirit. Or, again, at this time let my eye wander far away and rest upon the scene where death is busy with his thousands, where he is gloating over a meal which may well provoke his smile; and, as with one ear, I may listen to the cheers with

which an eloquent eulogium upon our brave soldiers in the Crimea is greeted, with the other I may, in thought, gather the dying groans of hundreds who, in agony of mind and body, are entering into their last sleep. But so it must be; there cannot be brightness everywhere at the same moment: let me be selfish and eat my dinner; these sorrowful reflections, it must be owned, are out of place over the turtle, and must be reserved for to-morrow, when I shall have a headache and be confined to nut-ton-broth and toast and water.

THE FATE OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

WE cannot allow the remarkable intelligence which has recently arrived from the Arctic regions to pass by without notice. It will be remembered that the "Investigator," Captain M'Clure, after discovering the Prince of Wales' Straits, had become frozen in on the north-western shores of Banks' Land in Baring Island, not far from Melville Straits, and as the "Investigator" had been communicated with by Sir E. Belcher's expedition, over the ice, the North West passage had been determined, but not navigated. Captain M'Clure has been obliged subsequently to abandon his trustworthy ship, which had taken him so far that its extrication seemed hopeless for an uncertain number of years, and he and his crew were received on board of Sir E. Belcher's expedition in 1853. The "Investigator" had been three years in the ice when Captain M'Clure abandoned it, under orders from Captain Kellett, and the health of his crew had fairly given way under scurvy and dysentery. All honour and glory to these gallant men!

Strange to relate—whether officers and men were wanted for more active service in other regions, or the necessities of the case rendered such a step wise, if not imperious—towards the expiration of the next season—that of 1854—all the ships of the last great expedition of succour, with the exception of the "Phoenix," were also abandoned in the ice. Sir E. Belcher left his ship, the "Assistance," in Wellington Channel, about forty miles from Beechey Island, and Captain Kellett left the "Resolute" in lat. 74° 42', long. 101° 22' west, 28 miles south-west of Cape Cockburn.

Captain Kellett and the other commanders abandoned their ships under orders, therefore the only responsible person was Sir E. Belcher. It would appear that this distinguished officer even

acted in some measure in opposition to the opinion of others, in coming to so extreme a resolution. Captain Kellett, in the month of April of the present year, acquainted Sir E. Belcher that he had sufficient provisions until the end of 1855, and that only under express orders from him would he quit his ship. Captain Kellett was of opinion that, even if the ships could not have been got through the ice this autumn, still, from the state of the ships, the quantity of provisions, and the health of the crews, they might fairly have abided the brunt of another Arctic winter. But the greater possibilities were, that, as in other circumstances, they would all, with the exception of Captain M'Clure's ship, have got through the ice this autumn. Sir Edmund Belcher urged in exculpation of the resolution taken by him, that, as far as the search for Franklin and his party was concerned, he had done all in his power; that, in regard to succour to the "Enterprise," Captain Collinson, he had established depôts at Melville and Beechey Islands, and that if nothing was heard of the missing ship or its crew this autumn, the voyage to Beechey Island in the spring and back again, was merely one of a few months, which can be performed with comparative ease and security. In as far as relates to the fate of Sir John Franklin and the happier lot of the crew of the "Enterprise," we may now congratulate ourselves upon the resolution taken by Sir Edmund, and at the safety of the officers and crews of the whole expedition; but the motives given for the abandonment of the ships will appear to all who have carefully followed the proceedings in the Arctic regions to be perfectly inconclusive and unsatisfactory. The true and only explanation of the causes of such a proceeding must be sought for in the latest instructions given to Sir E. Belcher by the Lords of the Admiralty in April of this year, and in which their lordships direct the abandonment of the "Investigator," as also of the "Enterprise," if engaged in the ice of Banks' Land, as also of the "Resolute" and "Intrepid" if frozen in in Melville Strait—the object now in view, they especially state, being at once to withdraw, if possible, the whole of the force employed in the search for Sir J. Franklin, and to recall with the least possible delay the whole of the ships, and, failing them, their crews.

Thus it was that the end of Arctic exploration has been the abandonment of a whole squadron of ships! There is truly something strange in the thought, that the British flag is at this moment waving over five deserted ships locked up among the floes and icebergs under the sullen breezes of the Pole. Now that we are assured of the safety of the "Enterprise," and all doubt may be said to be removed as to the melancholy fate of Sir John Franklin and his companions, our five ice-bound ships of succour, and our supplies of stores distributed all over the Arctic Archipelago, will remain a legacy to Polar bears and foxes, or to some adventurous Esquimaux. How long may it be before civilised man once more visit the graves of those happily among the early dead of Sir John Franklin's expedition at Beechey Island!

The intelligence with regard to Sir John Franklin and his companions is conclusive, in as far as regards the fate of that unfortunate expedition; but not so with regard to the manner in which the relics of the expedition—the last survivors of the yet unknown catastrophe which must apparently have overwhelmed both “*Erebus*” and “*Terror*”—came by their deaths.

Dr. Rae, whose previous exploits as an Arctic traveller have earned him the greatest distinction, proceeding in the spring of the year to the western shores of Boothia, met with Esquimaux in Pelly Bay, who had in their possession a variety of articles which had manifestly belonged to the missing expedition: and among them were a small round silver plate, engraved “Sir John Franklin, K.C.B.,” a silver table-spoon, with the crest and initials of Captain Crozier; a silver table-fork, with the initials of Harry D. S. Goodsir, Assistant-Surgeon of the “*Erebus*,” a silver table-fork, with the initials of Alexander M'Donald, Assistant-Surgeon of the “*Terror*,” and a silver table-fork, with the initials of John S. Peddie, Surgeon of the “*Erebus*.”

The account given by the Esquimaux as to how they came in possession of these painfully interesting relics was, that they had them from a second party, who had first come in contact with white men in the spring of 1850, amounting to about forty, travelling southward along the shore of King William's land, and dragging a boat with them over the ice. These “white men” made the Esquimaux understand by signs that their ship or ships had been crushed in the ice. All the men except one officer were said to have looked thin, and were then supposed to be getting short of provisions. They purchased a small seal from the natives.

At a later date in the same season, but previously to the breaking up of the ice, the bodies of some thirty persons were discovered on the continent, and five on an island near it, about a long day's journey to the north-west of Back's Great Fish River. Some of the bodies were reported as having been buried; some were in a tent or tents; others under the boat, which had been turned over to form a shelter; and several lay scattered about in various directions. Of those found on the island one was supposed to have been an officer, as he had a telescope strapped over his shoulders, and his double-barrelled fowling-piece lay underneath him.

It was added to this, that from the mutilated state of many of the corpses, and the contents of the kettles, it was evident that our wretched countrymen had been driven to the last resource—cannibalism—as a means of prolonged existence.

The amount of credit to be given to this story depends a great deal upon such an acquaintance with the Esquimaux reporters as we cannot boast of possessing. Dr. Rae, who is best qualified to give an opinion, manifestly placed the greatest reliance upon their veracity. With all due deference, however, we should be very loth to attach any more importance to the statement than what it

bears upon the face of it. We are inclined to believe that the Esquimaux of Pelly Bay had more to do with the "white men" than they were willing to admit; their intimacy with details would tend to show this, which is further corroborated by their possessing the particular relics in question. It is absurd to suppose that these relics were obtained from the ships; they are just such things as men abandoning their ships would cling to to the last. A boat to carry supplies, a tent or tents for shelter, guns and ammunition to provide food, telescopes and compasses to guide them on their weary path; nay, a few silver spoons and forks, with other trifling pieces of plate partly for use, to barter for food or help in case of necessity and of reaching the continent, and as memorials of the bearers if, as unfortunately happened, they should perish by the way. Too well, alas! have they told their miserable tale!

All the circumstances of the case point to the sad conviction that these gallant fellows died by a violent death. The very fact of the Esquimaux attributing to another party the discovery of the "whites," and the obtaining possession of the memorials, suggests a falsehood, and that they had something to hide. Had they come honourably by the relics their narrative would have been one of much greater simplicity. The horrible addition of mutilated bodies and cannibalism appears as if suggested by the fate experienced by the unfortunate travellers at the hands of the savage natives. It was the story which first suggested itself to shield the crimes they had committed, and which, with the superstition of barbarians, they thought might still be detected by examination of the remains. We do not mean to state that all met with a violent death, as some were found wrapped in two or three suits of clothes; these were no doubt obtained from companions who perished from cold and want. But that the greater part did so is borne out by the fact of the whole of the remaining band (forty in number) perishing at the same place, some cut off, apparently, when out shooting upon an adjacent island, the rest at one and the same bivouac. Did it never strike the reader of these details how very extraordinary it was that, supposing the "Erebus" and "Terror" to have been lost in the ice-bound sea between Boothia in North Somerset and the land explored by Lieut. Browne, or the eastern shores of Prince of Wales Island, that the survivors came to so little harm while in the Arctic Archipelago, and only perished on reaching the shores of the inhabited continent? Is it not equally strange that they should have survived the winter and spring of 1850 only to perish just when the ice was about to break up, and after the wild fowl had made their appearance, for the Esquimaux acknowledge to their having survived until the arrival of the wild fowl, about the end of May, 1850, as shots were heard and feathers of geese were noticed near the scene of the sad event.

What lends still greater countenance to this unpleasant surmise of a violent death is, that Captain M'Clure, before proceeding northwards to Prince of Wales Strait, received information, near the very same place that this tragedy was probably enacted,

from the Esquimaux themselves, to the effect that they had met with a party of "Whites," had attacked them, killed some and dispersed others. They even pointed out the place where some of them were buried, and offered to conduct him to the spot. We, at the time, expressed our great regret that the hint had not been acted upon, and that Captain M'Clure left the coast where he had received such important information without taking every possible pains to verify it. It seems now to have turned out but too true.

If we read the account of the boating expeditions carried on during the last few years along the northern coast of America, from Point Barrow eastwards, we shall find a constant succession of details, whenever our countrymen came in contact with the Esquimaux, of their treacherous conduct and of attacks with arrows often only successfully resisted by the erection of stockades or a hasty retreat from the shore. The late lamented Lieut. W. H. Hooper, in his account of a boat expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, relates many occurrences of this description, and describes the Esquimaux on Mackenzie River as Dean and Simpson found them before, in a blood feud with the Indians, and carrying their hostility to the "Whites," whom they accused with supplying their hereditary foes with guns for their destruction.

Much mystery still hangs upon the exact spot where the "Erebus" and "Terror" were lost or abandoned in the ice. It does not necessarily follow that this catastrophe took place in more southerly latitudes than where traces were first found of the missing expedition in Barrow's Strait or the entrance of Wellington Sound. It is supposed by some that had they been able they would have kept to Beechy Island, Cape Walker, North Somerset, or Leopold Island, where were *caches* and where assistance might come; but Sir John Franklin was intimate with the resources of the continent, and possibly, rather than run the chance of wintering in the Arctic Ocean, he led the way to the scene of his older exploits, and where he and his followers met with an untimely end. The remainder of the party may have tried a more easterly track and have perished, if possible, a still more miserable death.

It is a curious fact that in 1849 Sir J. G. Ross was on the very track they probably traversed. At a later period Captain Kennedy and the gallant Frenchman, Bellot, doubled backwards and forwards, looking upon the same untoward regions. Lieutenant Browne explored the eastern shores of Prince of Wales Island in a sledge in 1851; and the same year Dr. Rae surveyed the southern coast of Victoria Land, all without finding any trace of the missing expedition. Still the greater chances are that that expedition was lost not far from the "Magnetic Pole."

It is gratifying to know that a land expedition will be sent at the earliest possible opportunity to investigate further into the circumstances attendant upon the death of the last survivors of Franklin's expedition, and one duty still remains, which is to

erect a suitable monument to commemorate the gallantry, the endurance, and the melancholy fate of our beloved countrymen.

The happy intelligence of the safety of Captain Collinson and of the officers and crew of the "Enterprise," which followed closely upon the melancholy clue obtained to the fate of Franklin's expedition, came at a fortunate moment to relieve attention from two simultaneous expeditions, proposed to be carried out, one down the Mackenzie, the other down the Great Fish River. Only one expedition is now wanted to a day's journey or a little more N.W. of the mouth of the latter river. It is curious that Captain Collinson, in the course of his arduous Arctic expedition, entered Prince of Wales Strait a little later than Captain McClure, and, like him, was stopped by an impenetrable barrier of ice. This would appear to reduce to three, the passages of Barrow's Strait from the southward. The one in which the "Investigator" lies safely locked in thick-ribbed ice, west of Banks Land or Baring Island, Prince of Wales Strait, and the wider channel between Prince of Wales Island and Boothia and North Somerset, and where, possibly, the "Erebus" and "Terror" were lost.

Happily now every human being (save the members of the United States Grinnell expedition, which, by the last advices, was doing well at or about the entrance of Smith's Sound, and who, it is to be hoped, will be duly informed of all that has occurred) has been withdrawn from the Arctic solitudes. We have always upheld these explorations as in time of peace well calculated to sustain the national spirit of enterprise and discovery, as a noble nursery for the first maritime nation in the world, latterly also as a point of national duty and honour. But now we have other duties of a not more formidable but of a more active character to perform, and we shall no doubt bid a long farewell to these most adventurous and perilous Arctic expeditions.

PARIS VIVEUR BOHEMIAN, AND INDUSTRIAL.

WHY is Paris proverbially gay and London as proverbially dull? Let us hear a Frenchman's opinion upon the subject.

"London is greater than Paris, and what is wanting in London is certainly not a crowd: the incessant movement of the British metropolis has even been increased within these few years by the introduction of omnibuses and by the use of railways. And yet London, which is the central point of England, Scotland, and Ireland—London, which sees every day hundreds of vessels enter the Thames, which possesses superb monuments, the finest parks in the world, the wealthiest merchants, and the most powerful aristocracy in the globe—London is the capital of *ennui* and gloom.

"When we walk in the streets of London, in the midst of a crowd of omnibuses and carriages, among a population which encumbers the squares, the bridges, the walks, one does not at first consider why it is that everything that strikes the eye, splendid equipages, sparkling shops, edifices, and public alike, has a gloomy aspect; it is only when we set resolutely to work to resolve the problem, that we discover that what makes London so mournful is the absence of that essential element of animation, *le populaire*!

"In Paris, on the contrary, the popular is everywhere—it enlivens the streets and the squares, the public gardens and the boulevards—it exists in the Chaussée d'Antin as well as in the Faubourg Saint Antoine—it mixes itself up with all our ceremonies, and dominates over all our festivities."

Such being the state of things, it is natural that the *Viveur*, our fast man, with an exception, one purely Parisian, of a greater enthusiasm in favour of the culinary art than is usually possessed by the English fast man, takes the lead in the popular movement. If, indeed, we are to believe the authors of "Paris Viveur," publicity is essential to such a character. He possesses pre-eminently the consciousness of being one of those excessively extraordinary men in whom every one takes an interest, and upon whom the eyes of the whole world are turned. His bets, his excursions, his suppers, his games, his mistresses must be more or less known to the public. The *viveur* must not be confounded with the *jouisseur*. The latter does not want the help of the public in order to amuse himself or enjoy the gifts of life here below. The *viveur*, on the contrary, absolutely requires that he should be looked at to enjoy himself or to pretend that he is doing so. Take an illustration:

"Last night we left la Place Favart at midnight, six in the same carriage—an actress of the Palais Royal, one from the

Variétés, two opera *rats*, who do not deserve the honour of being named, a *viveur* of our acquaintance, and your humble servant.

"We made the driver go at a gallop to the Porte Maillot.

"The barrier was closed. We gave three louis to the porter to open it for us, and went in at the same gallop to the Lake of Auteuil.

"We had all resolved upon supping in the open air, although the night was as cool as in the midst of autumn.

"We were obliged to take the lamplights from the carriage to enable us to consume the provisions which we had laid in at Potel's as we went by on the boulevard.

"Unluckily, we forgot the wine, and were obliged to drink of the pond water of Auteuil.

"The two actresses only uttered a few insignificant words, which I do not even remember. The other two ladies preserved an absolute silence. Thank heaven!

"The repast was sepulchral.

"The four ladies did not the less declare the next evening in the green-room of their respective theatres, that they passed a delicious evening. Everything was novel and entertaining.

"Ladies have a ready imagination when enlivened by their interest.

"They do not like it to be said that they took a part in an abortive picnic, or a party of pleasure which flashed in the pan.

"It would let them down among their contemporaries, depreciate their position.

"The most tedious suppers in the world become, under such circumstances, volcanoes of gaiety, absolute Vesuviuses of delight."

The *viveur* must, above all things, possess a physiognomy which does not resemble that of the world at large. Nothing more vulgar than a face like any one's else. His countenance must have in it something crisp and convulsive. In the absence of this let him wink one eye or wear a glass with an agonised contortion of the whole of one side of the face. The effect is Satanic and ultra-fashionable.

If a *viveur* goes to a party his costume *de rigueur* are pantaloons with large plaits, so that several Cossacks could dance their national dance therein, a coat which separates abruptly the legs from the haunch, cuffs of white pasteboard reaching up to the elbows, and a hat cocked on one side in the most ferocious manner. If he goes to a masqued ball he should be disguised as a coalheaver, a lamplighter, or a nightman, but for fear of being mistaken for what he only pretends to be, he should tie diamonds and precious stones in his hair.

The *viveur* gambles incessantly, and that for fabulous sums of money. To represent these he uses a *fétiche*, which may be a ring or a seal, but which is more frequently a tooth-pick, a lucifer, or the end of a cigar. This tip of a cigar is supposed to stand for twenty thousand francs. No matter, indeed, what sum, for if he has the good luck to win there is always some primitive

candid person who is green enough to pay. His money is pocketed, it is clear gain. If he loses, he has only to say with the greatest coolness,

"It is a thousand louis I owe you, *mon cher*, you shall have them to-morrow morning."

A debt of honour is a superstition of bygone times. If a *viveur* permits himself to win more than a certain sum, he must be prepared to have it generally understood that he did not play legally. When both parties are alike *viveurs*, the results are not always so pacific.

"Two friends, both *viveurs* by profession, both alike endowed with much energy of character and great physical force, met in the *cabinet particulier* of a restaurant.

"'You will not pay me the six thousand francs which you owe me,' said one to the other. 'I warn you that I am tired of being shut up at Clichy. Pay me or—'

"He drew a pistol from his pocket and placed it on his friend's breast.

"'Stop a moment,' exclaimed the other, 'how deuced quick you are! There are perhaps means of coming to an understanding. Here is, at all events, something on account.'

"And so saying, he likewise drew out a pistol and placed it against his creditor's bosom.

"Both the pistols went off at the same time, and both flashed in the pan.

"The two friends burst thereupon into a loud roar of laughter, and exclaimed,

"'It must be acknowledged that we are a couple of brave fellows. Waiter, oysters and a bottle of Hermitage.'

"Your health, old fellow,' said one.

"'Yours,' replied the other."

The incidental mention of Clichy reminds us that, as an historian of the *viveurs* of Paris, we are compelled to acknowledge that their visits to that lugubrious spot—the debtor's prison of the civilised capital—are frequent during the brilliant epochs of their career, as it is also the general goal to which that career ultimately and inevitably leads them.

Clichy has, according to all accounts, much degenerated in modern times. The boudoirs lined with picturesque tapestry, fresh from the Gobelins—the pianos upon which fair damsels used to play, the elegy of a bill, and the lyric of a writ, are gone; the champagne of Clichy is now the champagne of despair.

"That poor little viscount has just been incarcerated at Clichy, what a pity!

"And his father pretends he must remain in prison for at least a year, in order to assuage his passions and acquire a taste for domestic life.

"Excellent father! How little does he know of the human heart and of the interior of Clichy! If he only knew all the scepticism that is picked up there, and all the grogs that are consumed!

"Bignon, the *restaurateur*, alone remained kind to the little viscount.

"Every day he sent him game, poultry, fish, *pâtés de foie gras*, and other articles of consumption and consolation.

"The poor prisoner dined there absolutely as he would have done on the boulevards; he owes Bignon four or five years of consecutive dinners and breakfasts. A year more or less is not worth speaking about.

"Bignon watches over his client, even when Clichy disputes his possession with him. He is decidedly a *restaurateur* with a heart capable of understanding modern life."

Bouffé ranked high as a *viveur*. He was remarkable for his dignity at table. He never committed himself in those noisy explosions and violent gestures which characterise the inexperienced drinker. Once seated at table, he preserved a monumental steadiness, his napkin was to him as a flag, which he displayed with native pride. It is difficult to conceive the quantity of fluid which found its way into that capacious chest.

One day a well-known writer of vaudevilles said to Bouffé, who was thrown into private life by one of those closings of the vaudeville which were unfortunately frequent, notwithstanding the able direction,—

"You see, my dear friend, that if you had only chosen to be a little more careful, with the magnificent receipts at the theatre for the last three years, you might have at present three hundred thousand francs in your pocket."

"It is possible," replied Bouffé, "but you do not know that I have spent six hundred thousand—that is a profit of three hundred thousand, clear as daylight."

Fields of truffles and oceans of *clos Vougeot* are the dreams of the *viveur*. One day, one of this class, inhabiting, for the time being, a single apartment at Clichy, received twelve bottles of Burgundy from a friend, who announced at the same time that he would breakfast with him the next morning.

According to promise the friend made his appearance at the time indicated in the prisoner's cell. The table was laid for breakfast, but there was no wine.

"Where are the twelve bottles I sent you?"

"All drunk up, my dear friend," replied the prisoner, "absorbed by myself last night to the last drop. Can you imagine me passing the night by the side of a basket of excellent wine and insensible to the advantages of such proximity. I am sure you could have no longer held me in esteem!"

Dr. Véron is considered to be the most intelligent *viveur* of Paris in the present day. He has raised the art of living to a science, and embalmed it in logic and poetry. Dr. Veron enjoys one of those happy temperaments and impervious digestions, which enable him to speak openly of his prowess at table. There is no hypocrisy in his enjoyments. He does not hide himself to drink, nor does he get drunk with a false show of decorum. He speaks as openly of his good dinners as he does of his *bonnes*

fortunes. He is equally communicative as to the wines that have imparted the most ruddy tint to his physiognomy, and as to the celebrated actress who called him *Canaille*!

"Dr. Véron represents the enthusiastic and splendid *viveur*.

"He presents us with a physiognomy which will remain without contradiction the most profound expression of a certain aspect in our manners.

"He is *le bien-être*, which has attained the state of plenitude which must necessarily explode at all price and scatter its froth upon the heads of the public.

"It positively required a time like that we live in to produce so curious a type of noisy sensuality, of gastronomy with a cockade.

"The renowned doctor, seen through the medium of his 'Memoirs,' is a compound of nectar and puff. We follow in the footsteps of a great man who only dines well when the universe contemplates him and admires him at table.

"Doctor Koreff, of facetious and eccentric memory, said to Armand Bertin, affected with a gastritis which gave him the greatest anxiety,

"They have put you on diet, a bad plan, an infallible means of weakening you, ruining your temperament; I wish you to feed seriously and well. That is why I authorise you to go every day and see Véron dine at the Café de Paris. It is astonishing what an amount of nutritive juices you will absorb by the eyes alone! But enjoy such a contemplation for an hour only—if you remain till the end of his repast, you will suffer from indigestion!"

The *viveur* dines sometimes in a stable. The spot is still shown at Chantilly where the Duke of Bourbon used to feast Madame de Prie and her numerous admirers. The height of his ambition is, however, to dine in the cellars of the Café Anglais.

The real *viveur* never has a mistress, properly so speaking. He has *liaisons*, but they are with ladies who cultivate similar tastes and habits with himself, who go from party to party, from supper to supper. In evil days the *viveuse* fraternises with the *viveur*, they get up a sentimental *pot-au-feu*, or dine together, till something better turns up.

The *viveuse* plays into the hands of the *viveur*, she calls attention to his witticisms, and applauds them when they fall flat. She is his infallible partner at whist. She lends him money at play, when it is worth her while to do so. They have their signals in a crowd, at supper, at the whist-table. They seem never together, yet they never lose sight of one another. They sometimes finish by collaborating and opening together a melancholy *table-d'hôte* at Montmartre, in the Batignoles, or in California.

Most frequently, however, the *viveur* is carried off, before he is fifty, by a tremendous attack of gout and indigestion, or *une apoplexie foudroyante*! The *viveur* never makes away with himself. He is too selfish to do anything of the sort.

Here, then, we may leave him, to introduce to the reader that charming yet repulsive, that gay yet frightful world, called Bohemia. It is a country which is bordered to the north and to the south, to the east and to the west, by necessity, and is situated under all the latitudes of hope. A man may be born a poet, a painter, a sculptor, a journalist, or a philosopher, but he becomes a Bohemian. It is the transition-land which leads to the Institut or to a Hospital, according to circumstances.

The dweller in this delightful region never breakfasts, and very seldom dines. He lives a little everywhere, with such-and-such a-one, but very rarely at home. The *bourgeois* is held by him in horror; as to the proprietor, he is utterly ignored. Indefatigable and innumerable creditors are ever in pursuit of the Bohemian, but none knows so well as he how to dazzle their ferret eyes with oceans of inheritances, avalanches of bank-notes, and cataracts of Californian gold.

A Bohemian is always member of a club—but his club is composed of some five or six of his own class, and they meet at a remote and unknown *café*. Yet, when young ladies hear these ingenuous youths say, ‘are you coming to the club?’ they look with admiration at gallants going to risk fifty louis at least at their club.

A Bohemian always numbers among his intimate friends the Countess of Manfrigneuse, the Marchioness de Listomère, and other imaginary titled personages. In summer he is always starting for Vichy-la-Garenne, Bougival-sur-Mer, Asnières de Bigorre, or Montmartre de Luchon; just as some cockneys go to the seaside at Putney, the Highlands of Highgate, and the Alps of Primrose.

One Bohemian will tell you he has wounded Rastignac in a duel with swords; another that he has won a hundred louis from Lapalefrine: names taken from the last novel by de Balzac. The only coin the Bohemian deals in is that of his brain, and with that he is liberal enough. Vaudevilles collect his witticisms, which the public will persist in attributing to Prince Talleyrand.

“One evening a notary’s clerk presented himself suddenly in the midst of a club of seven Bohemians, and announced that one of them had inherited the sum of 40,000 francs.

“The news was received with an hurrah, which still vibrates in the ancient domicile. The clerk has been deaf ever since.

“A council was immediately called to discuss how this mythological sum should be expended.

“One proposed to give a feast to the French people after the fashion of the great patricians of Rome. This proposal fell to the ground, however, from the insufficiency of plate belonging to the club.

“Another suggested the purchase of a principality in Arcadia, and the suggestion was just about to be seriously discussed, when a voice exclaimed, ‘A trip to Italy!’

" 'Italia!' shouted out the whole seven, like the companions of *Æneas*.

" Eight days afterwards, the seven saluted with their songs and their sonnets the country of Petrarch and the sun of the lazzaroni.

" For three months such a fast life was led that, one fine day, not a sou remained of the 40,000 francs which were deemed at first to be inexhaustible.

" The Bohemians were obliged to separate; seven hungry rascals could not travel together without danger of bringing a famine upon the populations.

" A common rendezvous was appointed for that day six weeks at the club, where each was to relate his adventures.

" Of these seven *Odysseys* of youth and thoughtlessness, the story of one only is told, because he is no longer in existence.

" This hero had remained in a hotel in Naples, living one day on a great coat, the next on a pair of pantaloons, sold to a Jew.

" One morning, the landlord, who saw that the whole wardrobe must, at this rate, very soon vanish, appeared before his guest, and said to him,

" ' Here are a hundred francs, go back to France; you can remit me the money when you get to Paris.'

" The young Bohemian, who was a painter, would not accept the money so liberally offered to him, till he had legitimately earned it.

" The landlord had a wife and two daughters; the Bohemian immortalised the whole family on canvas, and included a sculion into the bargain.

" This accomplished, he took his way to the steamboat accompanied by his landlord, now loth to lose him. Happy youth! the charm that it spreads around is so great, that it melts the heart even of Neapolitan landlords!

" On the packet, our Bohemian met a handsome young woman, to whom he did not dare to speak, she appeared so much of a lady, such a noble creature!

" Nevertheless he picked up courage gradually, and introduced himself to the proud beauty, as a young gentleman travelling for instruction, but who had unfortunately left his tutor in the crater of Vesuvius.

" The bait took, and the passage to Marseilles was delightful. But bad luck would have it, the horrible custom-house officers began to examine the luggage.

" Our Bohemian tried to steal off, but he was kept back, his keys were forced from him, and his box opened.

" It contained three paving stones!

" General petrification of the passengers!

" The trunk of the beautiful traveller was next opened.

" Oh, happiness! it contained nothing but oranges.

"The great lady is herself nothing but a Bohemian! delicious mistake! exquisite discovery!"

"They started together for Paris and lived there happily, for an eternity of fifteen days."

The Bohemian is not always a being deprived of all means or resources; there are individuals who continue to be Bohemians when they have an income and even a social position.

Balzac for example was Bohemian by nature. No one paid his debts better than he, when he was in funds, but at the same time few persons incurred such strange debts.

A friend met him at Ville d'Avray, and invited him to breakfast at the Restaurant de la Grille.

"I am at loggerheads with the establishment," answered Balzac.

"Why so?"

"Because I am in debt to it for eight hundred francs of *côtelettes*."

"At the time when Balzac lived in the Rue de Chaillot, some twenty years ago, two young men called upon him in the evening. The author of '*La Comédie Humaine*,' had sometimes the caprices of a woman of thirty. He had had his furniture lined with white satin, and drapery to match an immense lustre in the Pompadour style suspended from the ceiling. The great man called the attention of his visitors to the tasteful but extravagant display, requesting them at the same time not to sit too roughly on the chairs and sofas!"

"'Who the deuce will pay for this white satin?' muttered De Balzac half aloud.

"'A superb satin truly,' observed the visitors.

"'Who will pay for it? who will pay for it?' persisted the romancer.

"'But,' interrupted one of the friends, 'it is difficult for us to judge of the splendour of your saloon, if you show it up by the light of a single candle. Let us light the lustre, and see the effect which your satin has under a brilliant light.'

"'Adopted,' said Balzac.

"And the forty candles were lighted, Balzac still muttering between his teeth:

"'Who the deuce will pay for my satin?'

"At this moment some one knocked at the door.

"'Monsieur X—the publisher,' said the servant, 'wishes to speak to Monsieur.'

"'A publisher!' exclaimed Balzac, 'and forty candles flaming away! my satin is paid for. Let the paymaster come in. As to you,' he said, turning towards the young men, 'you may loll upon the sofas, and don't even consider where you put your boots.'

"The publisher was introduced, almost blinded by the lights. Balzac was walking up and down with a careless air, like a man accustomed to live in the midst of a Babylonian luxury.

"He asked the publisher what he wanted.

"'A romance from your pen,' replied the other hesitatingly.

"‘A romance?’ exclaimed Balzac, ‘I am very busy, very weary, but——’ and he finished by recommending the publisher to call again in the morning and settle the matter.

"‘I owe at least a pound of candles to my patron saint,’ said Balzac, the moment the publisher had turned his back. ‘That fellow must think I burn forty candles every evening. Now you know one cannot in decency think of paying a person who burns forty candles in an evening, as one would pay a writer who works by lamp-light. Put out the lustre, my satin is paid for.’”

In certain moments of deep despondency, Balzac would talk about turning grocer. “This miserable age,” he would say, “has a turn for grocery, why should not I be a grocer? Mirabeau was once a clothier. A handsome shop in the boulevard, an inscription in gold letters, *Balzac et C^{ie}, Epicerie en gros et en détail*. At the bottom of the shop disguised, as lady of the counter, Madame Sand, with a white rose in her hair. Near the door, Theophile Gauthier, in the costume of a neophyte grinding coffee in a patent mill. Gerard de Nerval weighing out brown sugar; and I, myself, Balzac, in a *bourgeron* and felt cap, overlooking the establishment with the eye of a master. Surely here are a thousand guarantees of success, or I know nothing about it.”

This grand idea fell to the ground, however, like a castle of cards. Balzac could not get his friends to join him.

To be a grocer’s boy, he would growl, a man must have his hair dressed *à la Titus*, and that toad of a Theophile Gauthier has the weakness to stick to his hair!

“One fine morning, a young literary man was passing along the Rue Richelieu, when he met Balzac walking arm in arm with another person. After saluting him, he stopped to speak a moment with the great man.

“‘Prince,’ said the author of ‘La Comédie Humaine,’ turning towards the person who was with him, ‘allow me to introduce you to M. ——, Secretary of Embassy.’

“The person most astonished at this title was our young man; but he went away without saying a word.

“Some days afterwards, meeting Balzac, he inquired:

“‘Why did you make me a Secretary of Embassy the other day?’

“‘I had already met three literary men, and as I was with a foreign prince, I did not wish him to think I was only acquainted with Bohemians.’

“‘Bah!’ interrupted the young man, ‘your prince of the other day is perfectly well known to me, he is a notary of Versailles.’

“‘And he knew you?’

“‘*Parbleu!* perfectly.’

“‘Well,’ said the romancer, ‘I was unlucky that day; but I will be more careful with my acquaintances another time.’”

Alexandre Dumas is one of the most illustrious members of the literary Bohemia. Every one knows with what facility the great romancer earns his money, and with what rapidity he spends it. All he has belongs to his friends, and he has fifty thousand friends.

At Monte Christo he kept open table; whoever arrived at breakfast or at dinner time found a place ready for him. One day Alphonse Karr, seeing an unknown face, inquired of the Amphytrion his name.

"I don't know him; he must be a friend of my son."

Karr shortly afterwards asked the same question of M. Dumas' son.

"I do not know who he is," replied the latter; "he must be one of my father's friends."

One fine morning a bootmaker arrived at Monte Christo to ask payment of a bill which had been run up to three hundred francs.

"I have no money to-day," said M. Dumas.

"No money!" replied the *bourgeois*, "that is soon said; but I lose my time running to and fro."

"True," said M. Dumas, "here are ten francs to indemnify you for your expenses; and let it be understood that these ten francs do not count in the hundred crowns that I owe you."

The creditor withdrew, satisfied for the time being; but made his appearance again in three days. M. Dumas gave him ten francs more to quiet him.

By the time three months had elapsed, M. Alexandre Dumas had paid in sums of ten francs his three hundred francs to the bootmaker, but he still owed him the hundred crowns.

Collinet, *maître d'hôtel* to the pavilion of Henry IV., relates the following anecdote to whoever will listen to it:—

"You must know, sir, that, last summer, no one could obtain ice at Saint Germain; every one was obliged to drink warm water. I alone had a good stock of ice; but I kept it for the use of my establishment. I only parted with it to one person, my neighbour of Monte Christo, M. Alexandre Dumas.

"One day a servant I had never seen before, came and asked for twenty pounds of ice.

"'Whom do you come from?' said I.

"'From M. Alexandre Dumas.'

"I was going to give him the ice, when the stupid fellow presented me with ten francs.

"'What!' I said, 'do you bring me money, and say you come from M. Alexandre Dumas?'

"The servant, astounded by the suddenness of the question, hesitated, and ended by acknowledging that he came from a thirsty citizen, who was determined to get some ice, no matter at what price, even at the expense of an imposture.

"I sent him away, bidding him tell his master, that when a person was so audacious as to assume the name of a great man, he ought also to be better acquainted with his habits."

A certain editor, well known for his *bonnes fortunes*, threw his smiles upon a *rat* of the Imperial Academy of Music. The *rat* experienced a natural anxiety to gnaw the purse-strings of her admirer; but could not exactly see her way. Whilst thinking this matter over, a Bohemian of her acquaintance came in.

"Do you think," said the young *artiste*, "that V—— will be willing to lend me three thousand francs?"

"More than doubtful. But he might be induced to do it. Write as I shall dictate.

"Beloved,—I expected some money this morning, and have been disappointed."

"That is a very old story," interrupted the *rat*.

"Go on. 'Bring me then, I beseech you, three thousand francs, and come and dine with me at the same time. I have a splendid pheasant.'

"And do you think," said Mademoiselle Alphonsine, when the letter was gone, "that I shall get my money, or rather V——'s money, with that?"

"With such a letter, my dear friend, you will not get a sou, or I know nothing of the human heart."

"Then why did you make me write it?"

"Because it was essential that a first note should precede the one I was about to dictate to you."

"What! write another?"

"Only two words.

"Dear Friend,—Consider my letter as not written. At the very moment I had dispatched it, the expected remittance made its appearance; I am now *richissime*. But don't forget that I expect you to dinner; the pheasant is magnificent."

The second letter was sent after the first.

"Now," said the Bohemian, "this is what will happen. V—— will pretend not to have received your second note, and will show himself the more generous, in that he will believe you are not in want of money."

It happened as the Bohemian had anticipated. V—— offered the three thousand francs, with the idea they would not be accepted; but, to his infinite horror, they were pocketed at once. To complete his misfortunes there was not even a pheasant to console him. The Bohemian ate it the same evening, with the assistance of Mademoiselle Alphonsine, in a cabinet of the *Maison Dorée*.

One of the most distinguished Bohemians was C——, who fell in the battle-field of misery. Living in a garret of the Rue de Provence, he still appeared on the bitumen of the boulevards in a reproachless costume. The lustre of his boots was so perfect, that one could see one's-self reflected in them as in M. de Lamartine's lake.

C—— had at his residence a complete costume of a groom. When offering an attention to one of the fair sex, he used to say, "Permit me to send you a bouquet by my black servant."

He then repaired to his garret, took out his blacking-bottle, polished his face and hands, put on his livery, and knocked at the lady's door, "Here," he said, "are some flowers sent by my master to Madame."

He had spent his last five francs in the purchase. Madame

was so delighted with the present, that she presented a louis to the bearer.

C—— was thus reduced to the necessity of earning fifteen francs by his civility.

Within the last few years there have been established near the *barrières*, upon the heights of the Rue de Martyrs and the Rue Rochecouart, great *estaminets*, compared with which the *cafés* of olden times are as the diligence is to the railroad carriage. In these establishments, where the northern Bacchus pours out floods of hop champagne, twelve to fifteen hundred consumers may be seen together at a certain hour of the day. Every one smokes, men and women. The young Bohemians of painting and sculpture frequent these noisy tabernacles with their *épouses*. They are known by their long, uncombed hair, and their pallid, *roué* looks. The ladies have the jargon of the study at their tongues' ends, and indulge in artistic puns and repartees. This race of *filles-modèles* is generally of Jewish origin. They are importunate and greedy; and when there is no *rosbif*, they put up with *charcuterie*.

There are also political Bohemians. Like their allies, painters and artists, they never dine; they dance attendance at a great man's supper, and fill themselves with sandwiches. Ask such a man what he thinks of Odilon Barrot:

"He wants *pâtés de foie gras*," will be the answer.

Ask the political Bohemian to settle an account:

"In six months M. Thiers will be minister, and then I will pay you," is his ready reply.

A young painter without the capital necessary to pay for his canvas, is a Bohemian.

The poet obliged to barter an epitaph for an apothecary for ten francs, is a Bohemian.

An author who pesters successively ten different editors to get an article inserted which no one will read, is decidedly a Bohemian.

A doctor without patients—a barrister without briefs—a solicitor without practice—an actor without a *role*—are all Bohemians.

It has been supposed that all poets, all artists, all literary men, must inevitably begin the world by a more or less prolonged residence in the hotels of Bohemia, renowned for empty fire-places, unfurnished beds, and fabulous dinners. Beranger has done much to induce the public to believe that a cold, damp garret, with Lisette's best dress hung up at the window as a curtain, is essential to poetic inspiration. But Beranger himself never tried it. So it is, also, with most of the great men of the day. Lamartine had, and still has, a patrimonial fortune. Victor Hugo only left his mother's house to be married. Alfred de Vigny was a captain of infantry before he became a literary man. Alfred de Musset has an independence. Eugène Delacroix inherited a goodly property. Jules Janin gave lessons in Latin and Greek before he made a fortune by his pen. Scribe, the man of all

others who least wanted extraneous aid, began writing vaudevilles with an income of six thousand francs. As to Chateaubriand, who delights in dwelling upon the poverty of his young days, he could always command a hundred louis when he wanted a hundred francs.

It is not that independence is essential to the cultivation of literature, but he is much to be pitied who ventures upon so thorny a path with no other stick to guide him than his courage. He will almost inevitably halt exhausted half-way. Hence the Bohemian is always young. A Bohemian with grey hair would run the chance of being mistaken for one of the swell mob. How many fashionable young men who have not a farthing of income, but whose waistcoats are tip-top, who frequent the best restaurants, patronise the most expensive tailors, and even cast the best fortunes in the shade by the luxury of their equipages and their appointments, disappear like falling stars!

Any individual who walks by himself, who dines at the most expensive restaurants, who has always a dozen louis in his waistcoat pocket, yet who has no fortune and no profession, is now-a-days inevitably set down by the public as a Bohemian.

Any one frequenting society, having dogs' heads in his waistcoat, ballet girls on his chemise, boars on his buttons, or bottle-stoppers on his neckcloth, and calling himself Major Shilling or Colonel Palmer, is set down as a Bohemian.

Any one decorated with the fabulous orders of the Elephant, the Falcon, the Fox, or the Golden Spur, is set down as a Bohemian.

All the *Arthurs* of Paris, or those known to the fair sex as such, are Bohemians.

Bohemia is, finally, the first step to immortality, or the ante-chamber to a hospital.

Industrial Paris presents many aspects, not only characteristic of most great cities, but peculiar to itself. To believe the authors of "*Les Petits Paris*," the streets of Paris present not only an amusing and instructive spectacle, but one that is unique, and that cannot be met with either in the provinces or abroad—either at Vienna, Berlin, or St. Petersburg. Paris is essentially the city of contrasts, great fortunes by the side of the most precarious resources. To believe the Parisian, if there exists in Europe any one endowed more than others with riches, he comes and spends in Paris what he has gathered together elsewhere. Hence it is that, notwithstanding the frequency of political disturbances, the best hotels of the most aristocratic suburbs are held by foreigners. A more simple explanation of this fact might be sought for in the diminished means of the French aristocracy, in their distrust of Paris, causing them to leave their hotels to be tenanted by strangers. We are assured, however, by a French writer, that he heard the inheritor of a German principality declare that he and his father were the most unfortunate people in their country, as they were the only ones who could not, when they liked, enjoy a small apartment in the Boulevards and a stall at the Opera.

But if Paris is *le centre des sommités aristocratiques, financières et intellectuelles*, it is equally the centre of a vast population of nondescript personages, and of a whole host of extemporised employments and dubious professions. The *gamin* who puts forward a bit of cloth to prevent the wheel soiling your clothes when you get into your carriage, and who calls you *Monsieur le Duc* or *Mon Général*, or, if an Englishman, Milord, to excite your generosity by flattering your vanity, is only to be met with in Paris. It is only in Paris that you can meet the *chiffonier* immortalised by Charlet, who in his spare moments can converse on literary and philosophical topics. It is only in Paris that you can see a man walking about transformed into a pyramid of baskets of all forms and dimensions. The only Frenchman who is now permitted to sound a bugle in the streets, is the dealer in taps for barrels!

Here we also meet the Père Tripoli, an *enfant de la gloire* and polisher up of old copper. The Père Tripoli carries his workshop about with him. He is mostly to be seen near the Corps de Garde. Honoured with the confidence of the gentlemen of the National Guard, he polishes their buttons, pipeclays their belts, and rubs up anything. He himself has preserved the military costume, only he has covered it with buttons, eagles, grenades, and the insignia of fifty different regiments. Père Tripoli's breast is a firmament glittering with brass decorations brought to the highest point of polish. He is an old soldier of the Empire, but *F-r-r-rançais*, as he pronounces it, over and above all things. Those who know him well aver that the whole extent of his military services consisted in a successful plunder at the field of Montmartre, when the allies entered Paris.

Success in industrial pursuits shines like the sun, alike for all, but some, alas! can only get a beam, or indeed a mere reflection, of the charming constellation. So it is with Bisson and his wife, who have so long frequented the Pont Neuf as clippers of dogs; their business is daily diminishing. They have added to it cleaning boots and running errands. Madame Bissen *vat-en-ville* as she expresses it. M. Bisson is now only enabled to hold up his head by selling the crop of his poodles to dealers in mattress and sofa stuffings, and the skins of cats which fall into his hands to dealers in rabbit-skins, who sell them again to traders in furs of martin and Russian fox. Many a sentimental *lorette*, who sighs for her Angora, carries its relics at the very moment in her cuffs or round her neck, in the guise of a boa.

The dealer in watchguards takes up his station in the boulevards. He is accompanied by two associates; one plays the part of an amateur, and keeps a sharp look out for members of the detective force, the third is a provincial listening with an air of mistrust to the praises of the merchandise. If a crowd collects, he approaches with a smile of incredulity, takes one of the chains, appears astonished at its cheapness, and makes a purchase in order to tempt others. If the example is followed, the plot succeeds; but if the watcher gives the alarm, the merchandise is packed up under the dealer's arm like an opera hat, and the

associated tradesmen hasten away to open shop in some other quarter.

The *Commissionaire* dwells at the corner of the street, and plays a number of parts in the social comedy. This Mercury with iron-shod shoes carries good or bad news with equal indifference. He will saw your wood for you, reserving the biggest log for the *conciérge* who got him the job; he will bottle your wine for you, deliberating all the while practically upon its merits, and the difficulty which he will experience in arriving at a definite conclusion, will be sufficiently attested by the quantity he will imbibe; he has even been known to transform himself into a nurse and take the children out to walk.

The dealer in dates disguises himself as a Turk, to attest the Oriental origin of his merchandise. He is a Turk of the old school, with a turban and a sun on his back—the last of the Turks. When he has no dates, he sells rhubarb or Mussulman paste—the last is made up of the refuse of both of his merchandises. The dealer in walking-sticks slips one into your hands, whispering, "Only seventeen sous." Tempted by the cheapness, you take it and try to bend it; but canes at seventeen sous do not bend, they break. That is a walking-stick sold. In bad weather the dealer in walking-sticks becomes a trader in umbrellas. It is he who invented umbrellas at forty-nine sous, manufactured from the genuine spider's web. The itinerant painter carries upon his person the emblems of his profession. His blouse and trousers are marked all over with red, yellow, and blue patches. He carries a colour-pot on his head. Nothing goes down in Paris without a name. He calls himself the inventor and proprietor of the *Chromo-duro-plane*.

The bawler of *Canards* is the noisiest of all street industrials. For five centimes, he will give you the victory of yesterday, the programme of the festival of to-morrow, the last trial at the Court of Assizes. The *Canard* is almost always illustrated. Upon a late occasion, five inveterate thieves had been tried and condemned. The account of the trial was duly adorned with their portraits. At a first glance one felt astonished to see such honest expressions of countenance, but, looking a little closer, no less personages than Chateaubriand, Béranger, Lamartine, Berryer, and La Fayette, were discovered to represent the convict band.

The proprietor of a wax-work show, in the Champs Elysées, a short time back added to his collection a figure of the notary Peytel, who had murdered his wife. But as this figure met with but an indifferent success, the enterprising showman added the figure of Balzac, who, believing Peytel to be innocent, had volunteered to be his counsel. Only the showman, not understanding precisely how Balzac had got to be mixed up with the trial, decided, in his own wisdom, that he must have helped the murderer a little in the commission of the crime, and he used to point to the crowd the infamous Peytel and his accomplice, M. de Balzac. An old Marco-Botzaris has been made within

two years to serve at one of these establishments for Ibrahim Pasha, General Lamoricière, and the well-digger Giraud.

The dealer in rat-poison—*mort au rats*—makes less noise, but he is seen further off, for he carries a flag, ingeniously made up of rat-skins, sewed together, and fastened to the extremity of a long stick. The population of the faubourgs hold the rat-killer in horror; they look upon him as the last representative of witchcraft. The man who sells little windmills of pasteboard to children, is generally *un ancien brave*, degenerated by the leisure of garrison duty.

The organ-player is, of all other itinerant nuisances, the greatest. No one enjoys the privilege of annoying you to the same degree. If you have a matutinal indigestion, he is there; if you have some work before you requiring especial concentration of mind, there is the same perpetual air; if some sudden family loss or misfortune overwhelms you, he will treat you to the *Postillon de Longjumeau*. If you have just read in the paper of a brother's death at Sebastopol, he will derisively turn away at *Partant pour la Syrie*. Petitions upon petitions have been addressed to the authorities to expel these nomadic musicians from the capital, but always without success. Every one must live, even if it be at the expense of a slow death to others.

Perhaps the most remarkable street character in Paris, certainly the most mysterious, is the *chiffonier*. When the rest of the world are in their beds, the rich on their down, the poor on their cold rags, these industrials of the night pour down the Rue Mouffetard and take possession of the town. A basket on their backs, a hook in their hands, they dispute with hungry dogs the nameless things which they have gone forth to collect. These horrible beings are supposed to assist in the supply of some of the eating-houses to be met with in the purlieus of the Hôtel Dieu and La Halle. Sometimes they convey the corpses of unknown infants to the *Morgue*; they have been found themselves dying on their favourite dust-heaps.

To the bookseller on the quays and the boulevards, a book is a thing worth from twenty-five centimes to a franc, according to its binding or its general appearance. He does not trouble himself with its contents. He walks to and fro to keep his feet warm, and blows upon his hands with the same object in view. He seems to be perfectly indifferent to the numerous amateurs who stop before his stall, examine his books, open them, even read a portion, and then walk away without buying anything or even thanking the shivering tradesman. He has a consolation, however—he deems himself a much better man than the authors of the works which he sells.

"All the brain-work and the toil expended upon these books," he says to any one compassionate enough to listen to him, "has only led the majority to the hospital, yet these books will now, I hope, pave my way to a little country house." Strange that the same feeling towards authors should extend from the highest down to

the very lowest of those who profit by their labours! The butcher does not despise the grazier, the baker respects the farmer, the grocer venerates the merchant; in no other relations of society do the same feelings exist as are sometimes known to prevail between bookseller and author.

The public vintner—remains of an ancient and noble corporation—is still to be met with in the neighbourhood of the Halle. In the same neighbourhood are to be found *restaurants* at sixty-five centimes. The dinner consists of bread, potage, and a plate of *mêlé*, with which our friends, the *chiffonniers*, have had something to do. The *gourmet* may, if he likes, dine *à la carte*, the prices being as follows:—one sou *potage au légumes*, one sou for bread, one sou of *montagnards* (large red haricots), one sou of coffee. The plates are hollows hewn out of the solid wooden table, the spoons and forks are chained. When one set of diners have done, the whole is washed off with a bucket of water for the next.

The newspaper vendor is one of the few to profit mentally by his merchandise. He is lively and communicative. In 1848 he used to go from chair to chair on the boulevards, *la Patrie du matin*, grief; *la Patrie du soir*, hope. A stranger, thinking he might be witty at the expense of these evening purveyors of news, asked for the paper of the morrow. "I have not a copy remaining," was the answer, "I sold the last last night." Never stop in Paris to gaze at a rabbit performing on a drum, or a dog playing at dominos. An industrial will step behind and grease your coat, in order to show off the properties of his detergent soap.

The ambulatory purveyors of Paris are innumerable. They keep to their own neighbourhoods. Oysters in a hand-barrow, for example, are carefully eschewed on the boulevards; but in the *Quartier Latin* they are declared to be fresh and delicious. So, also, with the *pâtés à six sous*, only sold around the Place Maubert, and on the quays of Notre Dame. Pears and apples are baked for the especial delectation of school-boys. They have lately added to this branch of commerce the English dumpling, and have euphonised the name into *douillon*. Grapes can only be sold by a person in the garb of a rustic. Etienne Arnauld has written a romance upon one of the Parisian street cries, *Voici le plaisir, mesdames, achetez du plaisir!* One of the prettiest and most harmonious cries of the streets opens the day, *Du mouron pour les petits oiseaux!* *Qui veut du mouron pour les petits oiseaux?* *Voilà le plaisir!* closes it. The *pastisiers-oblayers* were a corporation in the time of Saint Louis. Their confectionary was afterwards called *oublie*, and then *plaisirs*. Both are now going by. The young Arthurs or Felixes of the day eat oyster-paties at the pastry-cooks of the Rue de la Paix.

While the *chiffonnier* is selling his gentles to the Parisian Walton in the Faubourg Saint Jacques, in the very same neighbourhood the *bouquetière* is vending her violets and lilies of the valley. There used to be once a *jolie bouquetière* on the boulevards, as there

was once also a *belle écaillère* and a *belle limonadière*—all have alike disappeared in the common grave of oblivion. The *bouquetière* of to-day varies in age from fifteen to seventy. There is the *bouquetière coquette*; there is also the *bouquetière* in rags. Selling bouquets is now only one among other forms of mendicity. We pity the flowers, and regret the fresh, smiling, pretty *bouquetière*. Tin! tin! tin! let us finish with the *marchand de coco*. How pleasant is the sound of his tinkle to the thirsty soldier who has been parading for hours on a hot summer's day amid the clouds of dust of the Champ de Mars! The *coco*, we are told, *est une boisson essentiellement Française*. We tried it in despair on the Champ de Mars itself, on the day of *la fête aux aigles*, when almost perishing with thirst—let that be our excuse—and can affirm that the *coco* was a very thin and very disagreeable decoction of liquorice-root. We leave it with the *plat mêlé* to the industrials of Paris; and may they thrive thereon, with, on feast days, a thimble-full of *parfait amour, coupé de fil en quatre*!

ROBERT SOUTHEY AND CHARLES LAMB.

SOUTHEY.

To pen me up in this great city, would be to crush the life out of me. I should feel a canopy of iron over my head, and never breathe freely again. Even a flying visit is not without its distressing sensations; but to settle me down as a resident, would be death by slow torture.

LAMB.

That comes of living among barbarians and pagans. You have learned their naughty ways. They have taught you to blaspheme the divine metropolis, and to say that the gods of the country are better than ours. My heart bleeds for the hardness of yours. I wish I could convert you.

SOUTHEY.

London has its attractions—more of them, in fact, than any other city in the world. I find in it warm-hearted friends, literary society, public libraries, and book-stalls.

LAMB.

The last not least. Bless the man who broached the idea of a
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book stall, and the man who realised it; and all the men, women, and chicks who have ever stood at the hospitable board, reading, marking, learning, and inwardly digesting. I'm afraid Father Adam is not involved in any of these beatitudes. Probably his experience never transcended the limits of the apple-stall. Apples got a long start of books. A garden came whole ages before an epic.

SOUTHEY.

The book-stall is certainly a nucleus of charms for me—one of the redeeming features in the face of London.

LAMB.

What a capital intellectual dinner the poor man about town can get at one! There he stands, breaking the edge of his appetite with a heavy fragment of "Locke on the Mind" (say, for a hungry dog, the chapter on Essences, real and nominal); then discussing an unctuous slice from the prime part of Sir Thomas Browne; then smacking his lips over tit-bits from the side-dishes of poesy and old romance; and possibly, by way of dessert, cracking a few of *my* nuts, and inwardly drinking the health of Elia, as a broth of a boy. He's a black-hearted heathen if he finishes such a repast without a "—— make us truly thankful!"

SOUTHEY.

I am glad you provide variety for this diner-out of your vagrant fancy. Devoted to books as I am—

" My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse night and day"—

still I require diversity. Driving one horse till he is winded and you are knocked up, is bad. I like to finger the ribbons of a four-in-hand better.

LAMB.

I fancy your ambition travels beyond the stage-coach proprieties of four; you undertake twice that number with alacrity, and keep the whip-hand of them down hill all the time. Southey, your greed of books is insatiable. The daughters of the horse-leech are nothing to you. Tell me, now; when you left Keswick, how many volumes shared your affections?

SOUTHEY.

I was paying attentions to Mosheim's "Ecclesiastical History"—

LAMB.

A *penchant* not very likely to end in a holy alliance. Go on.

SOUTHEY.

Also, to Shakspeare's "Othello."

LAMB.

What a lapse in your flirtations—from the divinity-doctor to

the naughty black man ! "The nearer the kirk the further from God."

SOUTHEY.

If you comment thus on my frailties, I shall never get through the list of them. I have to confess a *liaison* with Isaac Barrow ; also a few tender passages with Bishop Parker *de Rebus sui Temporis* ; frequent assignations with Whitaker's "Pierce Plowman ;" stolen glances by the score at the "Mirror for Magistrates ;" intimate correspondence with Tiraboschi ; an unequivocal attachment to the "Niebelungen Lied ;" and undisguised familiarity with Rabelais, and several others.

LAMB.

Most horrible ! Turkish licence of this wholesale order in a Christian land !

SOUTHEY.

Follow me to Keswick, and secure, by ocular demonstration, proofs of my enormities.

LAMB.

"Evil communications corrupt good manners." No, thank you. I can quite take your word, when you assure me of your own wickedness. As for Keswick—strip *me* naked, if ever you catch me spying out the nakedness of the land again ! The man who longs for the country deserves to be sent there ; that is all I have to say. The ancients placed skulls on their banquet-tables—grim memorials of discomfort. The moderns place gardens at the back of their houses, for (I suppose) a like purpose. What else was the first garden than a prison—out of which Adam was shrewd enough to sin himself ?

SOUTHEY.

You know how a flower fades away when condemned to the doom of your parlour-window existence ; so should I fade away if London were my home—which God forbid !

LAMB.

I never say "amen" to a curse. As for anything out of London—as for green fields and poplar-trees, and those blockheads the mountains, and those cold-and-catarth-mongers the rivers, they are hideous in mine eyes. I had small love for them at the beginning, and it pleased Heaven to decrease it on further acquaintance.

SOUTHEY.

You are one of the sincerest of men, and yet utter more insincerities than any man alive. But we know how to interpret them. They must be very freely translated—not literally ; and if read backwards or upside down, the sense will often be more readily attained. I will not believe in your professions of hatred to rural scenery. I will not believe that all those "beauteous forms" are but to you

"As is a landscape to a blind man's eye."

You are not so irreligious as to despise and dislike what God has made, and beheld, and pronounced very good. The everlasting hills that stand about my home, how necessary a part of existence they now seem to *me* ! Gazing on them, I have felt what Wordsworth so grandly describes,

"A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts."

The clouds resting on their summits speak to me of heavenly things, "and in their silent faces I can read unutterable love." Come, let us fraternise; join me at the Lakes, and we will walk and worship together. Nay, I am serious. Throw aside for once the cap and bells.

LAMB.

For you to put on. And really the cap fits you to a nicety, and the bells discourse most eloquent music—equal to that of the Banbury-cross lady. I must answer Mr. Southey's *Sapphics à la Canning* (*in re* "The Needy Knife-grinder"),

"Visit Greta-bridge? I will see thee hang'd first!"

No, no! London in her shabbiest clothes and seediest moments—suffering with the great plague, for example, or frizzling away in 1666—can at least stare the country out of countenance any day of the week. London is to me, as I once told Manning of Cambridge, a more than Mahometan Paradise, which I would not exchange for Skiddaw, Helvellyn, Windermere, and the parson thrown in for a make-weight. Think of the delicious melody of Bow-bells! Talk about that old humbug, Helvellyn—why, haven't we Primrose Hill? Derwentwater, indeed! as if we had not the New River. Have the kindness to contrast a walk in town with a walk in the country—the latter a dull, purposeless, meaningless thing, wherein you meet one clodhopper per mile, and regard a "solitary ass" as a celestial visitation, "beautiful exceedingly"—the former a glorious intercourse with men and manners, with shops and street-criers, with taverns and theatres. What finer spectacle than the Strand in full bustle, or the sweet shady side of Pall Mall, in the height of the season? Now you brush against a cabinet minister; now you overhear the small-talk of two dukes; anon you meet Coleridge and Davy, Mackintosh and Sydney Smith; at the corner of the street you shake hands with Kean, or make an appointment with Young. Are you tired of looking in at that goldsmith's shop-window, and examining the brooches and plate, plentiful enough to buy up a baker's dozen of your midland counties? Turn to next door—a pastry cook's, I declare!—you may as well step inside *there*—and having complimented Miss behind the counter, on the perfection of her cates, after devouring half-a-score of delicacies, the very names of which never startled the stupidity of your northern boors, you scrutinise the next shop, which is a print-seller's, and feast your eyes on the beauties of Stothard and Barry, Opie and West; and then you peer into a toy-shop, and buy a wax doll and a Noah's ark for your beloved "dream-children," or a pack of

cards at the adjoining stationer's for your excellent friend, "Mrs. Battle," or some choice bandanas at the mercer's for your "poor relations."

SOUTHEY.

Vide the "Essays of Elia," *passim*.

LAMB.

The prisoners and captives prayed for in the Litany must surely mean the dwellers in the country; and, poor fellows, they sadly need our supplications.

SOUTHEY.

Do you believe in the existence of vice within five miles of St. Paul's?

LAMB.

Well, they do tell me there are naughty things said and done; but I try not to believe them. Like Pilgrim Christian, I stuff my fingers (as many of the ten as can find admission) in my ears, that I may not hear their mischievous persuasions.

SOUTHEY.

I do not mix in the giddy pleasures of the place, and yet see enough, at every visit, to make my heart bleed with sorrow as well as burn with shame.

LAMB.

Ah, Southey! no man can live a day in the streets of London, gazing on its passing crowds, and noting its common incidents, without saying at eventide, "I have seen strange things to-day—strange things and sad!" Many a time the thoroughfares which I sought for purposes of cheerfulness, present scenes that depress me beyond measure. But, on the other hand, I often shed tears of joy at the mere sight of so much life; and I take long walks at night, when the lamps are lit, and the streets are crowded with men and women whose work is over, that I may indulge in such pleasurable weeping. The fact is, I have formed intense local attachments (as I told Wordsworth, *lang syne*) in the home of my childhood, youth, and middle-age—attachments as many and intense as you hill-folk can have formed with dead nature; and I must cease to be the Charles Lamb of Christ Hospital, and Queen Street, and the South Sea House, before I cease to remember this my Jerusalem. Had I been born and bred

"By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountains,"

my predilections might have been all the other way, and a noisy city might have been to me a *monstrum horrendum*. But I cannot bear to think of *that*.

SOUTHEY.

You are a man of letters, and not ignorant of that nervous sensibility which is often unduly developed in the student race. Are you not, then, vexed and harassed now and then by the interruptions incident to life in a great metropolis?

LAMB.

When I lived in Russell-street, I was worried out of life almost by interruptions. It was such a convenient distance for callers—such a central situation. How I pined after the comparative seclusion of the Temple! A set of fellows who affected interest in literature were eternally dropping in at breakfast-time, at pudding-time, at tea-time, at bed-time. They would honour me with a call at the India House, lean on my desk, and play with my quills, and more than glance at the secrets of my ledgers; they would insist on accompanying me home after business-hours, lest I should have one moment's solitude; and if I got rid of this batch at the door, and scrambled up-stairs to be blessed by the phiz of Mary and the perfumes of roast mutton, alas! alas! the knocker soon dealt forth its knell-like strokes, and my digestion, my peace of mind, my evening sympathies with Mary and an old folio, were sacrificed to the ruthless invaders announced to my horror.

SOUTHEY.

Then envy me. Confess the advantages of

“Robert the Rhymer, who lives at the Lakes.”

Behold me sitting in delicious *déshabille*, in a large room warmed by a roaring fire, and lighted by one dull candle; working away with all my heart, and all my mind, and all my soul, and all my strength; one, as I have often described myself, daily progressing in learning; not so learned as poor, not so poor as proud, not so proud as happy. While the citizen author groans under a recurring series of loquacious intruders, my quiet is only broken by the advent of a sociable cat—and very welcome he is. While you have pains and penalties, thick and threefold, attached to the eating of your mutton, I can swallow, *ad libitum*, that best of all dishes, gooseberry-pie, without fearing the criticism or the company of any anti-gooseberry fool.

LAMB.

So you are not yet weaned from that infantine love of the pie you once glorified in a Pindaric ode?

SOUTHEY.

Not I. Still can I sing with as much epicure inspiration as ever,—

“What though the sunbeams of the west
Mature within the turtle's breast
Blood glutinous, and fat, of verdant hue?
What though the deer bound sportively along
O'er springy turf, the park's elastic vest?
Give them the honours due—
But gooseberry pie is best.”

LAMB.

Ah, well; may we never, at the oldest, cease to be old boys! I'm sure I've no wish to grow more venerable and sage and hoary-headed than I am at this moment. I should like to continue at

the present point of time—since I cannot date backwards in a bill of this kind (what a delightful *à priori* argument if I *could*!)—I should like to make a bargain with old Chronos, the grasping thief! that in consideration of the many depredations he hath committed on my person and property, he should for the future let me go scot-free—leaving me my present complement of faculties, friends, funds, teeth, and appetites. I have already lost plenty of all these good things, thanks to that old curmudgeon with his scythe.

SOUTHEY.

We cannot make a covenant with Death, nor a composition with such a creditor as Time. Dear Lamb! what a balance-sheet he has against you and me since we were young fellows at Bristol, and had our juvenile phizzes “taken” for good Joseph Cottle. I often think the final supremacy of time, as proved by the infirmities and sorrows of old age, more to be dreaded than that of death itself, which, if an enemy to the virtuous and wise, is at any rate the last. Of all things I am chiefly affected by change in objects dear to my heart of hearts: the changes wrought by old age are fearful to contemplate; and when I think of them, and feel their premonitory symptoms, and taste their bitter first-fruits, I long for the wings of a dove that I might flee away and be at rest.

LAMB.

Whereas I cling to this present state of being, with a tenacity that becomes deeper and firmer with every furrow in the soil of my heart. I shrink from the thought of new and untried existence. I would never leave familiar faces and familiar scenes. Thoughts of an expanded and elevated sphere, instead of consoling, depress me more than I can tell. This is a sorry confession to make; but I will not ape a spiritual sublimity which I do not feel.

SOUTHEY.

You set too great and exclusive a value on things seen and temporal; but I'm not going to be dogmatical with *you*. For my part, my very happiest moments are those when I am anticipating that future life where change shall be ever for the better, and progress shall be without decay, and happiness without evanescence.

AN ADVENTURE IN SWITZERLAND.

AMONG the company whose habit it was to congregate daily at the *table d'hôte* of that excellent inn, the Hirsch, at Baden Baden, it was my good fortune to meet with two Englishmen, with whom I speedily acquired a very considerable degree of intimacy. Such would have, of course, been impossible in frigid England, where a proper introduction is absolutely necessary; but abroad I have generally found that the great difficulty is, not how to make friends, but how to select them. It certainly cost me several pounds before I arrived at this salutary conclusion, but it was money by no means ill-spent, and, as we all know, experience is worth nothing unless it is bought. But with my newly-acquired friends I soon found that I ran no manner of risk: I had known them nearly four months, and during the whole of that period they had made no tentatives to borrow money of me. Indeed, it would have been of very slight use, had they done so. They paid their bills regularly, and though addicted to beer and tobacco in unlimited quantity, a fellow-feeling made me regard that as a very venial fault. From all I could discover, each possessed a small income sufficient to support him, and they moved about to various parts of the Continent as inclination led them.

Brown, the elder of the two, was, by profession, an artist; he had studied both at Rome and in Paris, and had been, I learned, on the high road to eminence, when a visit to England made him acquainted with the pre-Raphaelites, and he had ever since been striving to undo the good he had learned. He was an old hand on the Continent, moreover, and had travelled over the whole of Europe, principally on foot, in search of the picturesque. Wilson, our other ally, was of very different calibre. He had but recently quitted Cambridge, and was travelling to complete his education. In addition to his other amiable qualities, he fancied himself a poet, and of the "spasmodic" school, and was now going through a course of German poetry, for the double purpose of improving his knowledge of the language and obtaining ideas to invest in his own mellifluous numbers. I must not forget to mention that he had spent several weeks in Paris, and was very much in the habit of conversing about that delectable city, whenever poetising began to pall. Having thus described my friends, I purpose to give a slight sketch of a tour I took with them in Switzerland, and of a pleasant adventure that befel us *en route*.

We were sitting one afternoon in the front of the Cursaal sipping our coffee. It was late in October, and the trees which covered the surrounding hills had assumed those lovely tints of brown which, in my mind, render the autumnal prospect from this spot one of the most exquisite I ever beheld. I was express-

ing my sentiments on this head, when the painter interrupted me:—

“Yes, it’s all very pretty, but I could show you a really fine view, if you would be willing to come with me.”

“Where to?” we exclaimed.

“Oh! only to the Grimsel Hospice in the Bernese Oberland; it would be a pleasant walk for you lazy fellows, and we have nothing to do here.”

The proposition pleased us, and what was said, probably in jest, soon became a reality. Our knapsacks were speedily prepared, and away we started by railway for Basel. I will spare my readers any of my notes about Switzerland at present, and they will have the goodness to suppose that the three travellers are safely arrived in the good city of Berne, and snugly ensconced in the Gasthaus zum Distelzwang, where we found excellent attendance, good dinners and wine, and, better still, a very reasonable bill.

Our intention was to set out from here through the Bernese Oberland over the Handeck, the Grimsel, and the Maien-wand as far as the St. Gotthard road, but the worthy head waiter strongly dissuaded us. He said that such an excursion would be as dangerous as a voyage to the North Pole; but we were resolute, and laughed at his fears. The weather, although November had already set in, was as mild as many a September, besides, as I remarked, the poet had a famous opportunity to save a voyage to Nova Zembla or Spitzbergen, in order to freeze the blood of his readers in their veins, while the painter would be enabled to fill his sketch-book with magnificent winter-pieces, unless chilblains checked his efforts; and my remarks were so well timed that I overcame the hesitation which the poet had begun to feel, and he became the most eager to set out. However, before carrying this into effect, a day was spent in examining the curiosities which Berne offered. These were principally confined to bears, which were everywhere visible: in the town moat alive, carved in stone on the gate, iron ones on the Domplatz, and in the shops effigies of the same interesting animal in china, earthenware, sugar, and gingerbread. Among other places we also visited was the new House of Confederation, then building; but here our poet could see nothing more remarkable than a huge treadmill, on which the descendants of William Tell (alas! no longer free) were compelled to raise the materials for building. In the evening, by the advice of our waiter, we also paid a visit to a very curious wine-cellar situated under the great corn-market, which is a favourite place of concourse for the townspeople, and where the walls are hidden by gigantic wine-casks, each bearing an inscription in tall white letters, stating how many bottles they respectively contain.

On walking up the room, Brown suddenly exclaimed, “By Jove, isn’t that Peter Zymbach of the Grimsel Hospice?” and he tapped on the shoulder a man of about sixty years of age, who was seated at the table with an uncommonly pretty girl, and drinking his chopplin of sour Waadtländer wine.

"That's certainly my name," the old man replied, offering his hand heartily to the painter. "I suppose you stopped at my house once? Pray take a seat at our table."

"Well, we intend to spend a night soon within your four walls, old fellow," I said.

"You must be joking, sir," Zybach hurriedly remarked. "You will be obliged to give up that idea: November is not the season for our Grimsel. Visit it in July or August, and then it will offer you a hearty welcome. In September we only see the last Alpine stragglers, and in October we may have a chance visit from some commercial traveller on his road to Italy. But November, with its piles of snow, forms an impenetrable wall round my hospice, and little more than the roof is visible. I and my family quitted it a fortnight ago, and have entered our winter quarters in the valley. At present there are only my men up there, who are doing all they can to protect the hospice against snow and storms, and at the first rough weather they have orders to come down. Do you think it would be any joke to be overtaken by an avalanche and hurled down into the Aar? or suppose a thick snow-storm was to prevent your seeing an inch before you, and hide every trace of the road, so that even we, who know our way blindfold, would not venture it."

"You forget, old fellow," Brown replied with a smile, "that the present autumn is extraordinarily mild, and so your picture is drawn in far too gloomy colours."

"A painter," the host continued, "who visited the hospice, told me that a great artist once changed a laughing face into a weeping one with three strokes of his pencil. Thus our Lord might in a quarter of an hour change the mildest autumn into the severest winter. Were this to happen on the night when you visit the hospice, you would be compelled to stop there till spring, unless cold and hunger had put an end to your sufferings before. It's not child's play living in the hospice, even in summer. It is situated in a fearful ravine, no green tree or bush, no flowers, not even a tuft of grass, refresh our eyes. On the other hand, the storm often howls around us, and causes us to tremble for our lives."

"Oh! as for storms," Wilson here interrupted him, "I was witness of a terrible one in Paris. The quantity of chimney pots and tiles that covered the Boulevards was terrible."

Brown and myself exchanged a grin, while Zybach continued:

"For all that, I have passed a great number of years on the Grimsel, and intend to spend more, if God and the magistrates leave me there. Before I became landlord, the hospice only contained twelve beds, but I have increased them at present to fifty. Through the year many travellers seek and find shelter with me, who are unable to pay for their accommodation. Still I always receive them as readily as the richest Mylords, hoping that I shall receive my reward elsewhere. Even during the winter I bear these poor fellows in mind, and go about the country making a collection for them. Suppose, gentlemen," and Zybach's voice became momen-

tarily more sanctified, "you were to sacrifice a few of the francs you intend to spend on this journey, in behalf of these poor travellers. Surely, Heaven would repay you a thousandfold."

"In order that they might slip down your hypocritical throat here or elsewhere," I said to my companions in English. Brown, however, made no reply, but looked with a smile at the landlord of the hospice, who sat with downcast eyes and hands folded on his breast.

"Well, we'll be off," I continued, disgusted with the old scoundrel; "good by, Herr Zybach."

"I have warned the gentlemen honestly," he cried to us as we quitted him, "and so I wash my hands of the affair."

Wilson, however, was rather alarmed, and wanted to draw back, and, to tell the truth, I was inclined to agree with him, as I naturally thought that mine host of the hospice must be a better judge of the weather than a stranger could be. Brown, however, was obstinate, and added that we could turn back at any moment, if the weather threatened a change. The mild pleasant morning, on which we set out on our expedition, dispelled every apprehension with respect to the weather. We were even more inclined to praise Brown's firmness, as we now termed it, on crossing the lovely Lake of Thun in the steamer. As the boats had ceased running on the Lake of Brienz, we set out on foot from Interlachen, and reached Meyringen, where we spent the night, on the evening of the same day.

The morning of the 5th November was as fair as its predecessor, and in the most cheerful humour we commenced our ascent into the mountains. The fresh, pure mountain air, the exquisite Upper Hasli Valley, with its heaven-defying peaks on either side, with the Aar wildly bounding over masses of rock, the avalanches, crevasses, waterfalls, pine-trees, scattered villages, *châlets*, and meadows, caused our upward progress to appear to us much less fatiguing than it really was. Thus we proceeded without a halt till we reached the village of Guttannen at about ten in the morning, where we had a jolly breakfast, and provided ourselves with provender for the remainder of the journey. From this point the scenery grew wilder, and traces of humanity were gradually left behind. At the same time we began to discover that we had been climbing, by peculiar and increasing pains in our legs.

Wilson was the first to break out in Jeremiads: "In Paris," he said, "I used to walk about all day long, and yet I never felt so fatigued as I do on this path, which is really hardly fitted for animals, much less for human beings."

"But, on the other hand," I remarked, "you must remember that the Grimsel is not a Montmartre, and, in your own words, 'Who seeks to rise, must pay a mighty price.'"

"The fall of the Aar on the Handeck, which we shall soon reach," Brown consoled him, "will amply repay you for your slight exertions, and when you return to the bosom of your family, you will speak with pride of your courage and your perseverance; fancy yourself an Albert Smith, and step out."

Soon after we stood upon the slight wooden bridge which

crosses the boiling river, just in front of the fall. The prospect hence was magnificent—even Wilson forgot the waterworks at Versailles, and found no comparison between Paris and this miracle of nature. At last, Brown, to torment him, put his mouth close to the poet's ear, and shouted into it—"I say, did you ever see anything like that in your Paris or your Versailles?"

Wilson shook his head, and then went into the inn of the Handeck, to have that name carved on his Alpen stock. But when the hostess demanded, in addition to payment for this, a toll for crossing the bridge, he began railing at the selfishness of man, and the misery that not even the most sacred spots are free from it. Brown, however, consoled him once again.

"That bridge," he said, "was worth the money; for it is an excellent way to try whether you and our friend Smith here should continue your mountain tour with me or not. Had either of you turned giddy on the bridge, you could have started on your homeward route; for our road henceforward winds along close by deep ravines through which the Aar foams and leaps, and would irrecoverably carry off any one to destruction that made a false step. It is a curious fact, by the way, that although so many thousand travellers visit Switzerland annually, the Government has done nothing at all to render the mountain paths more accessible or safer. Through this, travellers are compelled to employ guides and mules at a heavy expense. But even if it were done, I really believe these selfish beggars would soon destroy every finger-post and balustrade. What a change has been effected in the good, old, honest Swiss by English money!"

"That's a poor prospect, Brown," I remarked, "for my legs and my purse. I am growing giddy; the effects of the waterfall are just beginning to become perceptible. I think I had better turn back."

"No—no—that won't do," said Brown, with a grin. "Forwards, my brave boys, if you want to reach the Grimsel before dark."

Our climbing began again, and was worse than ever. The sun sank deeper and deeper in the horizon, and at last disappeared entirely. Its surrounding scenery grew more monotonous and fearful; the Aar became noisier in its rugged bed of stone; the narrow mountain path grew more and more dangerous as we climbed over masses of granite, and beneath over-arching cliffs, which threatened at every moment to crush us.

"Won't this confounded road soon come to an end?" Wilson growled. "We have been climbing for at least three hours since we left the Handeck. This horrible murmuring of the river, too, is beginning to confuse me."

"Be patient a little while longer," Brown advised him: "we shall soon be at our journey's end. I see down below the stone-bridge, which will bring us to the opposite bank, and on the road to the hospice."

"And then we shall find the house deserted and closely shut—"
"Wilson said. "There would be nothing left for us to do in

that case than to leap into the Aar, and let it bear us back to Meyringen, for I'm hanged if I can walk it."

I shuddered at the idea; and even Brown did not appear to feel any inclination to sketch such a scene.

The path now ran down the ravine, and we could see it winding up on the opposite bank.

"A famous bridge," said Wilson: "not too broad for a man, and without any parapet. It wouldn't do for a fellow to drink a bottle of strong beer before crossing it, unless he didn't care about a bath."

"Hurrah!" Brown now shouted: "land! land! there are the hospitable, secure walls of the hospice!"

"Hm!" I said, with a shake of my head, "they do not strike me as particularly hospitable. I can't see a single window in the whole building, only the naked openings through which the wind finds unimpeded admission into the house. If the door were not open, I should really believe that the hospice was deserted, and Wilson's apprehensions were not entirely unfounded."

Brown himself began to grow rather desponding. The hospice more resembled an uninhabited ruin than an inn. With its dark grey stone walls, its shingled roof, and the empty windows, it made a very unfavourable impression upon us, which was considerably augmented by the melancholy scenery around. The building was two-storied: one side towards the Grimsel, the southern front towards the lake, and the northern towards the glacier, from beneath which the river bursts forth. A low-roofed outhouse, which served at the same time for hayloft and stable, was at a little distance from the main building. Our poet declared, that "the hospice in its rocky crater, and surrounded by no signs of vegetation, put him in mind of Noah's ark in the watery waste of the deluge!"

With hurried steps we proceeded towards the house, whose interior faithfully corresponded with its exterior. All the rooms were empty and desolate, stripped of stoves, doors, windows, beds, and furniture; even the wainscot-work had been torn off. The wind blew cheerlessly and coldly through the deserted room, and gave us a melancholy reception.

"Ho—ho—holloa!" Wilson shouted, "no one here?"

The echo sorrowfully returned the cry, and we began to despair. At this moment clumsy footsteps were heard above our heads, and soon after stamped down the stairs.

"The Lord be praised!" Wilson fervently ejaculated, "we are not the only unfortunates here."

"But suppose," Brown remarked, whose love of jesting had returned with his good spirits, "they were robbers who have come to plunder the hospice?"

Well, at any rate, the three men were not robbers who now hurried up, but only the landlord's brawny lads. We could easily see, though, from their black, angry looks and harsh language, that they were far from being pleased at our unexpected visit.

"What do you want here?" the first growled.

"To eat, drink, and sleep," said Brown, coolly.

"That can't be done," said the man, doggedly: "the season's over, the landlord gone; there's not a scrap of food, and no bed."

"Do you live on the air, then," I asked, "and sleep on the hard ground? Give us a share of your provisions, and we shall be satisfied."

"We've eaten up everything," said the second ostler, "and every room is cleared out. We shall leave the hospice the first thing to-morrow morning, as we have finished all we had to do here."

"It's impossible for you to stop here," remarked the third.

"Where else, then, you dogs?" Brown exclaimed in great fury. "Do you want us to tramp back to Handeck after nine hours' march, and in the darkness, too?"

"We shall be delighted to pay you for any extra trouble," Wilson said, in a gentle voice, as he pulled out his purse. "Only give us a windowed room, with a stove in it, some wood, and blankets, and mattresses. We have provisions enough with us; and if you *could* let us have some boiling water to make some tea, we should be all the more thankful to you."

"It's quite impossible," replied the first speaker. "We must insist on your returning to the Handeck. You can get down there in three hours."

"I'll be hanged if I budge a step further," I shouted, clenching my Alpen stock, and preparing for an encounter; "and I'd like to see the fellow that tries to drive me out by force! Is that the way Swiss men treat strangers?"

"We spoke with your master in Berne the day before yesterday," Brown went on; "and he sends you orders to treat us, who are old acquaintances of his, in the best way you can. Short and good, we shall not move an inch; and if you do not provide us with a warm room and proper beds, we'll look after them ourselves in spite of you."

"And here's a five-franc piece in advance," said Wilson, as he put the money in the broad palm of the first speaker.

I fancy, however, that our decided language had more effect than the bribe, for they conducted us into a little room hitherto occupied by themselves, in which we found a window, a door, and a small iron-heated stove. Soon after they brought us boiling water and half-a-dozen blankets and mattresses. They became, indeed, so liberal eventually, that they gave us a portion of their own scanty store of provisions, consisting of bread, raw ham, and rum. They then left us to the enjoyment of our warm snugger, which was all the more pleasant from the apprehension we had previously entertained of being compelled to spend the cold November night without a roof to shelter us.

"Do you mean to go further up the mountain to-morrow, or back again to the Upper Hasli Valley?" one of the men inquired, when he came to wish us good night.

"We intend to cross the Maienwand and Furka, and get on the St. Gothard road," Brown replied.

"Without guides," said the fellow in surprise, "at such a dangerous season of the year?"

"I know the road," Brown said, "and the weather could not be finer."

"That can alter in a night, aye, in an hour," the ostler remarked; "let a mist come on, and you will not be able to see three paces before you, or discover the right path. It happened so two years ago to three travellers, who spent the night here, and started the next morning for Italy over the Pass of the Gries. They laughed at our warnings, and set out. They were joined on the road by an Italian image lad, who knew the country well, but they were speedily surrounded by such a dense mist, that even the Italian did not know where he was. They wandered about for hours, until the Italian at length entreated them to turn back with him and seek the nearest village. They refused, so the Italian turned back alone. He reached the first inn quite worn out, but not a trace was ever found of the three travellers: at any rate, they must be buried in some glacier."

"Oh, Lord!" said Wilson, "one unlucky beggar prophesied we should be snowed up here, and now another threatens us with mists and glaciers. Oh! if I was only back again once more in a safe valley! The snowy peaks look best from there, and they are fools who mount them at the risk of their health or their life."

"Wilson, you're an infernal coward!" Brown said, with feigned seriousness; "and I shall expect satisfaction for your insulting remarks as soon as we reach your happy valley."

"I only wish I was there now," sighed Wilson.

"Mind and be careful with your candle," the ostler warned us before he went; "the draught might easily blow a fallen spark into a flame."

"That would be the consummation of our troubles," sighed Wilson once again.

But, in spite of the chaffing which Wilson had to endure before we lay down, I must confess I did not myself feel at all comfortable. The consequence was, that when I fell asleep, I was tormented with the most unpleasant dreams. I saw the hospice buried in snow up to the roof, all the doors and windows blocked up, and the unhappy inmates left to take refuge on the gable end. Metamorphosed into living skeletons by hunger and cold, I fancied our party contending with the three men for the last mouthful of food, and then coming to an agreement with them that we should decide by drawing lots which of the party should be first killed and devoured. All happened as I feared. I drew the unhappy lot, and, like famished tigers, the fellows rushed upon me to carry out their horrible design. While resisting to the utmost I woke up. Darkness and deep silence surrounded me, alone interrupted by the breathing of my companions. At times I heard the wind howling through the windowless gaps in

the adjoining room. I struck my repeater, and found it was half-past twelve. On listening more attentively, I fancied I heard flakes of snow pattering against the window panes of our room. Oh! the horrors of that moment! Tortured by the idea, I rose from my bed, passed my way to the window, and looked out into the chaos, without being able to convince myself. I then opened the sash, and the icy breeze that met me did not prevent me putting my head out and looking around. Beneath me lay the deep Grimsel lake, and facing me rose a long wall of rock, resembling a breaker threatening to engulf us.

"I really cannot be certain," I said, and thrust out my arm. A sleepy voice was audible behind me, angrily inquiring,

"Holloa! what's up? There's a window open."

I shut it again like a shot.

"Who's that? what's the matter?" Brown asked, suspiciously.

"It's I; I only wanted to convince myself whether it was really snowing."

"Don't be a fool," he growled; "you'll give us our death of cold. Lie down and go to sleep again."

The first order I obeyed, but the second I found it impossible to fulfil. In my dreams I fancied myself on a snow clad height, and veiled in an impenetrable mist. All I could hear was the hollow, distant sound of my companion's shouts, who had missed me. Their cries became more pressing, when suddenly I saw their heads projecting from a yawning *crevasse*, and myself on an illimitable field of ice, whose surface resembled a sea suddenly frozen in the midst of a storm; and, wherever my eye turned, I saw *crevasses*, and from them slowly rose all the lost Alpine travellers, with hollow eyes and ashen countenances. The sight was so fearful that I gave vent to a yell, which woke me once again.

"What a fearful night!" I groaned; "how long it is in passing! What madness to be travelling at such a season! But what's that? Is my watch wrong? It's growing light without. Is that the moon or daybreak? Good God! what's the meaning of that smoke? Fire! fire! fire!"

My last, loud cry soon brought my companions on to their feet and into their clothes. Brown remarked, with a smile of ineffable contentment, as he pulled on his boots,

"What a capital dodge it is to put on loose, well-worn boots, before starting on a pedestrian tour, and to have your knapsack packed before going to sleep. The fire shan't even have a hair-brush of mine to feed it."

Cool hand that Brown, I rather think.

The danger had stirred up Wilson in an extraordinary manner, and rendered him remarkably active. He was the first prepared to fly and to pull back the bolt, in order to quit the room. But the door would not stir, though he pushed with all his strength; nor would it do so when we rushed at it in a body.

"Why, they intend to murder us!" shouted Wilson, who

turned pale as a ghost. He then rushed frantically to the stove, calling out to us, "Catch hold! let's break down the door with this!"

"No, no!" said Brown, coolly; "don't let us waste the precious moments. The carpenter has left us a hole to escape by over there." He pointed to the window, whose sashes were speedily removed, and we then cautiously examined the *terrain*. Our room looked out on the lake, the window being about nine feet from the ground, and between it and the house there was a narrow strip of land, which would save us from a cold bath. To render the leap less dangerous, we threw out our mattresses and blankets, and tumbled out upon them, Wilson being, as usual, the victim, by being undermost, and, Brown coming down upon me with a squelch, I amply repaid it on Wilson's unfortunate carcase.

We had thus fortunately escaped a fiery death, but the danger was far from being at an end. Should we not have to wage a desperate contest with the three men, as soon as they discovered we had escaped from their fell design. We could not, however, in any way account for their treachery, as neither revenge nor robbery could have been the motive. If they had a design on our purses, they defeated their own object, for they would perish with us.

Had our position close to the burning house been less critical, we should have most assuredly enjoyed the fearfully beautiful spectacle which the fire offered to us. The precipitous rocks surrounding the hospice were tinged with the ruddy flames; the foaming river was converted into a glowing, hissing stream of lava; the hospice had become a crater vomiting forth flames and smoke, which were faithfully reflected in the lake beneath us. Even the more distant Alpine pinnacles, the Siedl-horn, the Silber-hörner, the Finster Aar-horn, and numerous others, assumed a roseate tinge. With the exception of the monotonous rustling river, the groaning of the wind, and the crackling of the devouring flames, deep silence surrounded us, for usually at fires human voices drown all other sounds.

But what were we to do now? It was impossible to keep our ground, when falling beams, stones, and flames menaced us. It was not possible to continue our tour or go back again in the darkness: still less advisable to seek a shelter in the nearest niche among the rocks, and run a risk of being frozen to death before daybreak. To look for assistance from the treacherous ostlers would be uselessly exposing ourselves to our fate. We were certainly three against three; but these sturdy Swiss would be more than our match in personal strength, and might possess weapons, against which our Alpine sticks would furnish only a feeble defence.

But we must inevitably come to some determination.

"There's only one step from the sublime to the ridiculous," said the first Napoleon once. So Brown turned to Wilson, and patting him on the shoulder, said, "Come, what's your advice?"

"Well!" he replied sententiously, "I was in a town and gown row last 5th of November, and found it was much easier to be an active combatant than a passive observer."

"That's just my idea," said Brown, "so forwards. Let's trust to Providence! perhaps we may surprise the murderers and cut them down in detail."

I began whistling "*Hearts of Oak*" most defiantly as we went round the rear of the hospice, and made our way to the outhouses, which were still unassailed by the flames. Neither *en route* nor in the buildings did we see any of our foes, who were either engaged in the burning hospice or had already bolted. We walked along and soon discovered by the light a large barn, in which a quantity of hay was piled, which not only offered us a hiding-place, but a very welcome defence against the cold. We soon chose our places, and made ourselves as much at home as is possible when all the *ameublement* consists of trusses of hay.

"But suppose," Wilson's voice was heard sounding hollow from beneath the hay, "the fire catches this place."

"Better be burned than frozen to death," said Brown laconically, making himself as comfortable as he could.

"There's no danger of that," I consoled poor Wilson, "the wind's driving the flames toward the lake, and we are safe."

"Hush!" said Brown.

The reason for this was the sudden appearance of two of the fellows, who came into the barn carrying some heavy object, and walked up to the hay. One of them all but caught hold of my leg while concealing this under the hay. I held my breath and did not stir, while poor Wilson's teeth chattered audibly, though he was the furthest removed from danger.

"But it's high time, Wilhelm," the one said to his comrade, "for us to take away the beam from our traveller's door and wake them up, else they'll burn in their sins, and I shouldn't like to have a share in it."

"Let the fire get nearer to their hides first," growled Wilhelm, "so that, in their fear, they may more easily believe that they set fire to the place. That is quite necessary for our safety."

"I only hope it won't be too late," the other replied, and away they went.

"Holloa!" said Wilson, with a lightened heart, "then the fellows didn't set fire to the place on our account: that alters the case. We had better go out and ease their minds by showing ourselves."

"You forget, Wilson," Brown growled, "that then they would have a good reason for getting rid of us, as we are now aware of their villainy, and can expose them."

"Oh, Lord! I didn't think of that," said Wilson, "then we must remain here a while longer. But suppose they complete their job, and finish by setting fire to the hay before they go."

"That can't be done without our knowledge," I consoled him; "and then we'll rush out and take them unawares."

A noise without stopped our conversation. After a while the ostlers entered the barn, quarrelling violently.

"I told you so, and warned you, Wilhelm," said one of them. "Their blood is not on my head."

"How could I help it," he replied; "why did they bolt themselves in, and sleep so soundly, that the roof fell in while I was trying to break the door open? Who bid them spend the night with us against our will? Didn't I tell them to be off repeatedly? If they had got off too soon, it would have been all up with us."

"Hur-r-r!" the third shook himself with a shudder. "I fancy I heard their cries among the flames. I won't stop here a moment longer. If you like to stop, I'll go down with the lantern."

"I'll go with you," cried the first speaker.

"And I won't stay here alone," growled the second; "although that's all nonsense about their calling out; they're suffocated long ago. What would they have done if they had fallen into a crevasse, and were dying there by inches."

By repeated examination we at last convinced ourselves that our place of shelter ran no risk of catching fire; and if we did not sleep, we rested at any rate in our warm covering of hay. When the long wished-for day at length arrived, after careful consideration we continued our journey to the St. Gothard road. We knew that, if accused by the ostlers as being the cause of the fire, we should be exposed to a wearisome examination, or even imprisonment; we therefore determined on making our way to Baden, and there informing the authorities, who would write to the Swiss Government on the subject. Without accident or hindrance we completed the remainder of our tour; but before we had any opportunity of applying to the police, we found that all the particulars of the fire had been discovered.

Upon Zybach's servants giving information of the event, the *Genossenschaft*, to whom the hospice belonged, went up to the spot, accompanied by the authorities and by Zybach, to examine into the circumstances of the case, and search for the remains of the three unfortunate travellers. On examining the rooms and the surrounding locality, the police found something very different from human skeletons. Under the hay in the barn, underground, in crevices and other secure hiding-places, they discovered the beds, mattresses, windows, doors, stoves, and woodwork of the hospice—in short, everything valuable, which Zybach had insured for a large amount.

This unexpected discovery caused one of the Commissioners to exclaim, "Zybach, you are a ruined man!" The words had hardly been uttered ere Zybach plunged head foremost into the lake, but was pulled out again alive. The old sinner then doffed the hypocritical mask he had so long and successfully worn, and made an open and thorough confession.

He had hired his men to set fire to the place, and made these credulous lads believe that he did it with the best possible intention. Zybach's lease would expire in 1853, and the *Genossenschaft* of the Upper Hasli had decided on letting the hospice by

public tender to the highest bidder. To prevent this, and bind the owners by a tie of gratitude to let him the inn again, Zybach determined to burn the hospice, and rebuild it at his own expense both larger and handsomer. To render the damage as trifling as possible, he had hidden all his valuables, gone down into the valley with his family, and ordered his men to lay the fire they were to cause to the charge of some accidental traveller. He had calculated that the snow which usually fell at this time of the year would prevent any immediate inquiry, and the rebuilding would commence in the spring. The extraordinary mildness of the weather had spoiled his calculations. He had, however, not carried out his design without a bitter contest with himself and his conscience. His wife confessed on the trial, that her husband had come one night to her bedside crying, trembling, and bathed in perspiration, begging her to guard him against the assaults of the tempter, though he had not given her any further explanation.

The severe laws of Switzerland condemned Peter Zybach to death; the punishment was, however, commuted to twenty years imprisonment in chains. His men were also imprisoned for various periods, though our depositions saved them from the heavier charge of murder.

Travellers in Switzerland, in the summer of 1853, met on their road to or from the Grimsel heavily laden men and women, toiling up the mountain with beams, spars, and other building materials on their backs for the rebuilding of the hospice. A portion has been already restored and prepared for the reception of travellers, although I am told by a friend who was there last year, that he was obliged to get in by a window. Still he gladly overlooked this in consideration of the kind reception he met with from the new host and hostess, who are excellent people from the Canton of Berne.

As for Brown, Wilson, and myself, we are at present safely located in the Great Metropolis, and are fast friends. Brown is hard at work, ditto Wilson, though neither have as yet profited much by their pictorial and poetical efforts. However, at our last *symposium*, which took place on the 6th November, the anniversary of our adventures, when talking over the perils we endured, we agreed we would pay another visit next year to the Grimsel Hospice, but—not in winter time. Any of my readers who may like to follow our example, I strongly recommend to get ready stout boots and stout limbs, for the roads are just as they were, and that is, uncommonly bad!

CHARLES KEMBLE.

FROM "wars, and rumours of wars," we turn, in affectionate remembrance of this old and popular favourite, to note his final exit. Charles Kemble is dead—the once gay, chivalrous actor has quitted the scene for ever. The last half year has been particularly fatal to the children of the drama, from whose ranks have been removed, in that brief period, Mrs. Edwin, Mrs. Liston, the gifted Sontag, Mrs. Warner, and Mrs. Fitzwilliam: to this list we have now to add the honoured name of Charles Kemble—the last of the Romans.

The father of this distinguished actor was Roger Kemble, who was for many years the manager of a theatrical company. In the days of this dramatic chieftain, there appears to have been no free trade in the histrionic market. This we may discern through the medium of a playbill issued by the veteran, a copy of which we append:—

Worcester, 12th February, 1767.

Mr. Kemble's Company of Comedians.

At the Theatre, at the King's Head, this evening will be performed,
A CONCERT OF MUSIC.

(To begin exactly at Six o'clock.)—Tickets to be had at the usual places.
Between the parts of the Concert will be presented, *gratis*, a celebrated historical play (never acted here), called

CHARLES THE FIRST.

The characters to be dressed in ancient habits, according to the fashion of those times.

The part of King Charles, Mr. Jones.

Duke of Richmond, Mr. Siddons. Marquis of Lindsay, Mr. Salisbury.
Bishop Juxon, Mr. Fowler.

General Fairfax, Mr. Kemble. Colonel Ireton, Mr. Crump.

Colonel Tomlinson, Mr. Hughes.

The part of Oliver Cromwell, Mr. Vaughan.

Servant, Mr. Butler.

James Duke of York (afterwards King of England), Master J. Kemble.

Duke of Gloucester (King Charles's younger son), Miss Fanny Kemble.

Sergeant Bradshaw, Mr. Burton.

The young Princess Elizabeth, Miss Kemble.

Lady Fairfax, Mrs. Kemble.

The part of the Queen, Mrs. Vaughan.

To which will be added a Comedy, called
THE MINOR.

It will be seen that in this performance were engaged, in addition to the great head of the family, John Kemble (then a boy of ten years), his subsequently celebrated sister, and her future husband, Mr. Siddons. Roger Kemble died on the 6th

of December, 1802, at the age of eighty two; but before the dark curtain descended upon him, he had the gratification of seeing two of his children—John Kemble and his stately sister—occupying the highest point of the dramatic ladder.

Charles Kemble was born at Brecknock, in Wales, on the 25th of November, 1775, and consequently, at the time of his demise (November 12, 1854), had completed, within a few days, his seventy-ninth year. The period of his birth was marked by an event which exercised a no mean influence upon the fortunes of his family; and we may, consequently, leave him for a time in the nursery and the playground, whilst we recur to circumstances which were doubtless the prelude to his own advancement in life. The year 1775, then, first saw the Siddons in London. The earliest indication of her appearance is to be found in the following letter, written by Garrick to Sir Henry Bate Dudley—familiarily known as "Parson Bate," and who was instrumental in the establishment of the *Morning Herald* and the *Morning Post* :—

"DEAR BATE—If you pass by Cheltenham on your way to Worcester, I wish you would see an actress there, a Mrs. Siddons. She has a desire, I hear, to try her fortune with us: if she seems in your eyes worthy of being transplanted, pray desire to know upon what condition she would make the trial, and I will write to her the post after I receive your letter. Pay our compliments to your lady, and accept of our warmest wishes for an agreeable journey and safe return.

"Yours, my dear Sir, most sincerely,

"July 31, 1775."

"D. GARRICK.

Mrs. Siddons appeared at Drury Lane on the 29th of November, 1775—four days, be it remembered, after the birth of her brother Charles, at her own native Brecon. Her introductory character was *Portia*, but from some cause or other she failed to attract, and at the end of the season returned again to the provinces. It was long a popular tradition, that this failure was attributable to Garrick's envy of a rival in tragic talent; but the writer, some years since, learned from an octogenarian that no opinion ever was more erroneous, it being the indifference of the public, not the caprice of a manager, which consigned Mrs. Siddons again to the country. This old playgoer, although in his eighty-first year, remembered well her appearance in *Portia*, and observed that the impression made upon the audience by her first effort was of the most negative character. He observed—"She was at that time very lovely, very lady-like, and very sensible in everything she did; but there was a coldness—an inanimation—a want of flesh and blood about her acting, such as peremptorily forbade in the spectator even the most distant hope of that resplendent genius that seven years afterwards blazed upon us with such overpowering splendour." Despite this failure, Mrs. Siddons was prompted to a second trial, which was made on the 10th of October, 1782, in the part of *Isabella*, and from that night may be dated the commencement of her splendid career.

The renown of this matchless woman soon made it known that she had two brothers in the provinces—one of whom, it was said, had acquired much repute, and was styled "the great Mr. Kemble." Managers were now upon the alert, and on the 24th of September, 1783, Stephen Kemble (the second son of Roger, and whose weight at one time exceeded two hundred and a half!) appeared in London in the character of *Othello*. He was not qualified, however, to shine where the lustre of his sister was so resplendent, and the wits of the day exercised their pleasantry by observing that he might justly be called the "big," but could lay no claim to the title of the "great," Mr. Kemble. Stephen Kemble was a pleasant companion and a worthy man. He played *Hamlet* occasionally, but it was remarked of this performance, that

"O that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew,"

was a wish that, if granted, would verily have drowned the pit! A few nights after Stephen Kemble's introduction at Drury Lane, his brother John appeared at the same theatre (September 30, 1783), in the character of *Hamlet*, and eventually secured the distinction which was denied his more corpulent relative.

There is no path so steep as that which leads to fame, and John Philip Kemble—though destined and qualified to adorn the dramatic world—found many difficulties in the way on his introduction to the metropolis. The matchless Siddons possessed at the same house an amazing attraction; and the regulation of the theatre did not allow the new actor to dispossess any performer of his accustomed part. Though thwarted and opposed, his *Hamlet* kept its ground, whilst the graces of his person and the power of his elocution were even then the subject of very general praise. He brought forward Shirley's "Edward the Black Prince," which had failed under Garrick—the critics terming the revival a miracle, the resurrection of the dead! On the 6th of November following his London inauguration, he tried *Richard*, and on the 14th the part of *Sir Giles Overreach*; he then played *King John*, at the request of their Majesties, who desired to see the brother and sister in the same play, and this performance was followed by that of *Othello* (the Siddons being the *Desdemona*). Fortune now really began to smile, and John Kemble, on the death of Henderson in 1785, was declared the first tragedian of the day, whilst, three years later, he was appointed acting-manager of Drury Lane.

During this digression—in which we have lingered over the elder members of a family, to the name of which are attached so many honours—we left Charles Kemble in the quiet enjoyment of his boyhood. He has now (1788) reached his thirteenth year, at which point we resume his history. The improved condition of John Kemble at Drury Lane enabled him to send his younger brother to the college at Douay, in Flanders, which was quitted by him at the expiration of three years, and soon after he received an appointment in the General Post Office. The thoughts of

Charles Kemble, however, inclined more to the stage than to letters; and this will excite no surprise when it is considered that five of his brothers and sisters had been favoured with the plaudits of the metropolitan public—John and Stephen, Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Twiss (mother of the late Mr. Horace Twiss), and Mrs. Whitelock. He soon, therefore, resigned his clerkship, started to the provinces, and after a little practice in some small schemes, made his first recorded appearance at Sheffield, as *Orlando*, in “As You Like It.” Newcastle and two or three other country theatres assisted him in gaining the rudiments of his new profession. We have before us a document in which we first encounter Charles Kemble as an actor. About 1790 the manager of the Edinburgh Theatre, John Jackson, had fallen into difficulties—no novel occurrence in theatrical speculations—and associated himself in his management with Stephen Kemble, then known as the successful conductor of some provincial establishments. At the expiration of the agreement between these dramatic potentates, King Stephen resolved upon having a small territory himself in modern Athens, and with this view fitted up an existing circus as a theatre, which he opened on the 21st of January, 1793. In the playbill announcing that event we first alight upon the name of Charles Kemble. We might here observe that manager Jackson appealed to the law in defence of his patent—the Lord Ordinary interdicted Kemble—and the “Theatre Royal” was established in its ancient privilege.

Charles Kemble at length returned to the metropolis, and on the first opening of the new Drury Lane Theatre he appeared at that house in the character of *Malcolm* (“*Macbeth*”). This was on the 21st of April, 1794—more than sixty years since—when the principal characters in the play were thus disposed of:—

Macbeth	.	.	.	Mr. John Kemble
Macduff	.	.	.	Mr. John Palmer.
Banquo	.	.	.	Mr. Wroughton.
Duncan	.	.	.	Mr. Bensley.
Malcolm	.	.	.	Mr. Charles Kemble.
Hecate	.	.	.	Mr. Charles Bannister.
Lady Macbeth	.	.	.	Mrs. Siddons.

Charles Kemble at this time possessed but few of the requisites of an actor, and the commencement of his career was most unpromising. But “lowliness is young ambition’s ladder,” and he was content to climb the ascent by slow and steady progress. During his first season he was awarded *Cromwell*, in “Henry the Eighth” (in which character he is represented in Harlowe’s picture); *Seyward*, in “The Hypocrite;” and *Belville*, in the “Country Girl.” Next year he obtained two original parts, *Count Appianno*, in “Emilia Galloti,” and *Henry Woodville*, in the “Wheel of Fortune.” In 1796 he was advanced to *Carlos*, in “Isabella,” and *Lewson*, in “The Gamester;” but on the “School for Scandal” being played, the part of *Careless* only was given him, *Charles Surface* being in the possession of Wroughton. At the Haymarket, during the summer season, he played *Wilford*, to

Elliston's *Sir Edward Mortimer*; and, in 1797, the *Prince of Wales* to the *Hotspur* of his brother John. During the summer months he was again at the Haymarket, where, in August, 1798, when "Much Ado about Nothing" was played, he was assigned the part of *Claudio*, Barrymore being then favoured with *Benedick*.

The year 1799 saw Mr. Kemble in an original character, that of *Alonzo*, in "Pizarro." This play was adapted by Sheridan from the German of Kotzebue, and its production riveted the attention of the town and replenished a failing treasury. The period was favourable to this piece. France—our present noble ally—had fulminated her threats against England, and a glowing spirit of loyalty pervaded all classes. Sheridan, thereupon, aroused his "mighty though torpid genius," and in the character of the Peruvian leader exhibited acts of bravery, accompanied by the noblest sentiments. John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons evinced unrivalled perfection in *Rolla* and *Elvira*, whilst their brother was advantageously distinguished in the part of *Alonzo*, being exquisitely supported by Mrs. Jordan in the character of *Cora*. Thirty thousand copies of the play were printed, and the piece was soon produced in almost every provincial theatre. In connection with this production, Pitt was accustomed to relate, very pleasantly, an amusing anecdote of a total breach of memory in a lady, one Mrs. Lloyd, the nominal housekeeper of Kensington Palace. Being in company with Sheridan, while "Pizarro" was the topic of discussion, the lady said to him, "And so this fine 'Pizarro' is printed?" "Yes, so I hear," replied Sherry. "And did you ever in your life read such stuff?" cried she. "Why, I believe it's bad enough," quoth Sheridan; "but at least, Madam, you must allow it is very loyal." "Ah!" cried the old lady, shaking her head, "loyal! you don't know its author as well as I do."

On the 2nd of July, 1800, Mr. Kemble, being then at the Haymarket, exhibited considerable talent as a pantomimist, upon the first production of "Obi, or Three-fingered Jack," the hero of which he assumed. About this period of his career he tried his hand at authorship, and on the 16th of July, 1800, produced at the Haymarket the "Point of Honour," translated from "Le Deserteur" of Mercier, and which is still occasionally performed. He subsequently brought forward "The Wanderer" (Covent Garden, January 12, 1808), "Plot and Counterplot" (Haymarket, June 30, 1808), "Kamschatka" (Covent Garden, October 16, 1841), "The Child of Chance" (1812), and the "The Brazen Bust" (1813).

In 1803 the Kemble family crossed over from Drury Lane to Bow Street. Twenty years had elapsed since John Kemble's introduction to the metropolis, and his success had enabled him to become the part proprietor of Covent Garden Theatre, to which establishment his own services, with those of other members of his family, were subsequently principally devoted. Charles Kemble's first appearance in his new quarters was in September, 1803, as *Henry*, in "Speed the Plough."

Three years subsequently (July 2, 1806), Mr. Kemble entered

into a life engagement with Miss Decamp, the then popular actress. This lady was a native of Vienna, and had been upon the stage from infancy. In 1819 she quitted the profession; and it was upon her latest benefit that Mrs. Siddons bade her final adieu to the stage. On this occasion (June 9, 1819), the play of "Douglas" was thus enacted:—

Lord Randolph . . .	Mr. Egerton.
Glenalvon . . .	Mr. Macready.
Norval . . .	Mr. C. Kemble.
Old Norval . . .	Mr. Young.
Lady Randolph . . .	Mrs. Siddons.
Anna . . .	Miss Foote.

Mrs. Charles Kemble returned to the boards for one night (October 5, 1829), playing *Lady Capulet*, upon the introduction to the stage of her daughter Fanny, in the character of *Juliet*. She was a perfect mistress of the business of the scene, and died at Chertsey on the 10th of September, 1838, in the sixty-fourth year of her age.

Charles Kemble, located at Covent Garden, fought hard for the laurel of approval. He was still met, however, by many opposing circumstances, not the least of which was the great excellence of his elder brother and sister, before whose brilliance many a lesser light had totally disappeared. In the press, too, from some unknown cause, he found an opponent. But these "untoward" circumstances eventually disappeared before unremitting and patient labour, with self-examination the most unwearied. The young actor who would arrive at eminence would do well to look to the model here presented. In the words of a lately-retired tragedian, he should keep the lofty look, and hold the most elevated views of the duties of his calling. He should bring resolute energy and unfaltering labour to his work; he should be content to "spurn delights and live laborious days;" for whatever is excellent in art must spring from labour and endurance.

" Deep the oak
Must sink in stubborn earth its roots obscure,
That hopes to lift its branches to the sky."

The retirement of the dashing Lewis in 1809, and the departure of George Frederick Cooke for America in 1810, placed several important characters in the hands of Mr. Charles Kemble. Still, however, there was a distance between him and the supremacy for which he laboured. In 1814, the star of Edmund Kean arose, whilst that of John Kemble's was grandly setting. Miss O'Neill, too, shortly after came from Erin, and proved a magnet of attraction. Young had become firm in his position; whilst Macready, in 1816, stepped into the arena. The great *Coriolanus* at length retired (June 23, 1817), and Charles Kemble began to reach the path which he had sought for with long and toilsome steps. He occasionally divided the honours with Charles Young and the then new candidate for favour. For instance, upon the production of "Damon and Pythias" (May 28, 1821),

Damon was played by Macready, and *Pythias* by Charles Kemble. On the 21st of May, 1822, the latter played *Faulconbridge* to the *King John* of Young and the *Hubert* of Macready; whilst in 1827, during the engagement of Edmund Kean at Covent Garden, Charles Kemble played *Cassio* to the *Othello* of Kean and the *Iago* of Young, *Wellborn* to Kean's *Sir Giles Overreach*, *Richmond* to his *Richard*, &c.

In 1829, the "Palace of the Kembles" had to encounter difficulties which appeared almost insurmountable. Funds, however, were found, loans were advanced, and Fanny Kemble stepped upon the boards to aid the fortunes of her parent, who, it should be remarked, had become, by the death of his illustrious brother, a part proprietor of the theatre. It was upon the occasion of his daughter's appearance, that Charles Kemble resigned his long-sustained character of *Romeo*, and assumed, in the same play, the part of *Mercutio*. In August, 1832, America was visited by father and daughter, the latter finding in the new world a husband in the person of Mr. Pierce Butler.

Soon after his return to England, Mr. Charles Kemble announced his intention of closing his professional career, and the 23rd of December, 1836, witnessed his retirement. The greatest interest was excited to offer a parting tribute to one who had supported the dignity of his art for a lengthened period, and Covent Garden presented on the occasion one of the most crowded assemblies ever collected within its walls. *Benedick*, in "Much Ado about Nothing," was selected for the closing performance; and as the play proceeded, the entire pit rose several times in one dense mass, greeting with prolonged plaudits the departing favourite, who frequently evinced an emotion, which, in the lively portions of the play, he appeared struggling to repress. At the conclusion of the comedy the curtain was again raised, and discovered Mr. Kemble supported by the entire company, with the veteran Braham and other professional friends. Mr. Kemble, in a feeling address, took leave of his patrons, and, literally overcome with emotion, fell into the arms of those by whom he was surrounded. A private box on this occasion was occupied by the Princess Victoria and her august mother. From that night the old familiar name was missed from the playbill, and one source of elevated delight was lost to the public.

On the 24th of March, 1840, Mr. Kemble reappeared at Covent Garden, by command of Her Majesty, as *Don Felix* in "The Wonder," and was received with enthusiasm. Her Majesty was present on this occasion, and likewise witnessed the subsequent impersonation of *Mercutio*, as well as that of *Hamlet* on the 10th of April, when these performances terminated. Mr. Kemble subsequently gave a series of Shaksperian readings, and then passed into retirement.

The public testified its approval of Mr. Charles Kemble's talents, and his honourable conduct during his extended professional career, by the presentation of a superb vase, designed by Chantrey, of great classic beauty, as "a testimony of their

opinion that, by the high quality of his talents, he supported the reputation inseparable from his name in the annals of the British Drama." The weight of the cup and pedestal was upwards of seven hundred ounces, and its execution was characterised by high artistic delicacy and finish.

At the time of his retirement, Charles Kemble was the only remaining link of his distinguished family. His sisters, Mrs. Twiss, Mrs. Mason, and Mrs. Whitelock, were dead; Stephen Kemble departed in 1822, and was followed in the succeeding year by the "noblest Roman of them all;" whilst the Siddons—who had taken the first possession of popularity, and had charmed all London by her reading after her celebrated brother had found a grave in Switzerland—died in 1831. Around his own hearth, too, there were many vacancies. His companion in life was dead, his children were scattered in different lands. These circumstances may account for the shade of melancholy which marked his later years. In private society, however, he gladdened the circle in which he moved, being frequently animated, cheerful, and entertaining. The "sere and yellow leaf" had fallen around him, but a few memorials of the early spring were left.

"Buoyant he was in spirit, quick
Of fancy, blythe of heart;
For care, and time, and change had left
Untouched his better part."

Charles Kemble was an ornament to his profession, and his name will hereafter be found amongst the most brilliant of those which adorn the portico of the dramatic temple. He possessed the elegance and finished accuracy of the school with which his name is so intimately allied, and in his histrionic portraiture exhibited a lofty conception and an exquisite refinement, with a taste at once pure and classic. Some of his tragic assumptions were unequal performances; but in certain parts he exhibited such surpassing excellence as to leave rivalry far behind. That excellence is chiefly associated with comedy of the higher class; and, in his hands, the gay and polished gentleman of lofty bearing found a perfect embodiment—perfect, because you saw the man, and not the actor. His *Marc Antony* was a finished portraiture, whilst in *Faulconbridge*, *Edgar*, *Cassio*, &c., he achieved other triumphs. He was a fitting hero of the old comedies—the *Doricourts*, *Millamours*, *Benedicks*, and *Mirabels*—characters which seem to have quitted the stage with their favoured representative. As a man, he was marked by courteous manners and a high deportment. He possessed the virtues which adorn a home, and in his connection with the world, exhibited the greatest integrity. Honour to his memory!

The year eighteen hundred and fifty-four will for ever occupy a notable place in the history of the world. It will likewise have its prominence in dramatic annals, as having witnessed the departure—full of years and honour—of the last of the Kembles!

THE WAR-FIENDS' MISSION.

BY MRS. BUSHBY.

AGAIN have broken loose the fiends of war
 From the dark depths of that abyss afar,
 Where Sin her life-destroying offspring breeds.
 Careering o'er the world their phantom steeds,
 They come! The air is poisoned by their breath—
 Their pathway marked by Pestilence and Death.
 With blood-stained banners floating on the breeze,
 They sweep along earth's fairest lands, her seas,
 So lately smiling in the tranquil light
 Of heaven-born Peace. While from shades black as night
 Discord and Strife triumphantly arise,
 Startling the awe-struck world with demon cries.
 The grasping despot of the frozen North,
 Hailing that sound, with savage joy sends forth
 His countless hosts, who know no other will
 Than their imperial tyrant's—to fulfil
 Blindly whose lawless wishes is their creed,
 Though for his mad ambition thousands bleed.
 See! o'er the far Crimea's fatal shore
 The ghastly war-fiends halt! and thither pour
 Legions on legions—rude, barbaric swarms,
 Whose hearts no spark of noble feeling warms.
 Opposed to these, behold the Moslem bands!
 Yet impotent to guard their father-lands,
 Though at their Prophet's shrine their vows are paid,
 Invoking Christian valour to their aid.

It comes! Midst the gay fertile fields of Gaul,
 And Afric's golden sands, the clarion's call
 Awakes the martial ardour of their sires;
 Once more Napoleon's name each bosom fires,
 And with his conquering eagles o'er their head,
 Against the hated Russ, with joy are led
 The gallant troops of France. As comrades—friends—
 Haply no longer foes—Britannia sends
 Her bravest and her best. Toil, want, disease,
 Would seem to be alike despised by these
 Unconquerable spirits. As if life
 Were but a toy, they rush upon the strife!
 Loudly the cannons roar—their lightnings flash—

And in the deadly combat weapons clash ;
Forward they rush, like an impetuous flood,
Those British heroes on that field of blood !
They charge, resolved to conquer or to die !
Alas ! how many fall, how many lie,
After the unequal conflict, wounded, dead,
Upon the gory ground, from whence have fled
The vanquished foe ! Shall not each noble name
Henceforth stand blazoned on the lists of Fame ?
Shall Glory's wreath not deck each hero's grave ?
Yes, while victorious Albion's banners wave !

Yet England mourns their loss, and, oh ! too deep
For words the grief of those who vainly weep
The gallant dead ! Oh, never, never more
To meet till Life's sad pilgrimage be o'er !
The war-trump's blast still ringing on their ear,
They died. Until the archangel's trump they hear,
Will their deep slumber last ? Or will they rise
At once, freed spirits, and, above the skies,
Awake to new existence—glorious birth—
Far from the feuds and passions of this earth ?
In vain would sorrowing hearts pierce through the gloom
Which shrouds each mouldering tenant of the tomb !
Peace to their ashes ! honour to their manes !
Calm be their rest on yonder battle-plains !

FROM PICCADILLY TO PERA.*

CAPTAIN OLDMIXON is the kind of traveller with whom we most like to travel—in print—in old countries. His tenacity on the subject of passports, his querulousness with regard to accommodation, and his fastidiousness in regard to diet and cookery, would not, as a *real* companion, assist in lightening the inevitable discomforts of travel. But Captain Oldmixon—his name is most provocative of a pun—is no longer in his *première jeunesse*; he on several occasions lets out that he had travelled some forty years ago over the same scenes, and that they had left very different impressions upon him. Exercising, then, the Briton's grumbling privilege, his gleanings on the wayside possess the advantage of originality. The Captain eschews the perpetual red-book and all other guides; he does not weary you with details of art criticised already *ad nauseam*; he walks among living beings, and he treats you with his reflections thereupon just as they come uppermost. If not always sound, they are almost always amusing; and there is a world of quaint, apt, forcible truth about them which will go home to all classes of readers. No sooner *en diligence* than he meets with a "fine lady."

"We were all English except one young Frenchman, who kept his eyes pretty constantly fixed on an 'honourable' young lady, who gave herself small exclusive airs towards us English as nobodies. This excessively provoked a fat Devonshire lady, not particularly in the high world, who was very curious to know who this little contemptuous girl could be, with her valet, her maid, and fond papa! Lord ———, going on a visit to his friend Lord Brougham at Cannes.

"There was another little episode which set me to thinking on the not very good-natured peculiarity of our manners. The noble lord sat next Sir ———, M.P. for ———; one of those *ci-devant* parliamentary friends no doubt our ministers find it very essential to be civil to. They chatted away together on the most friendly footing, without the M.P.'s taking the slightest notice of the young lady, who sat silent immediately opposite and touching him. He was not introduced; and so he left them. When gone, she asked her father, in that sort of tone only understood among ourselves, 'Who is that man?' All this is nothing, yet something; it lets one see that supercilious affectation, which goes on increasing up to the throne; taken up and dropt in the most capricious way, according to the momentary figure and power of individuals."

Listening to a French military band of about sixty at Lyons suggests a contrast with our miserable displays of some twenty in Kensington Gardens, made by regiments which cost us, officers and men, about ten times as much as continental ones. The *bas-tides* (villas) and *cabanons* (cottages) of the environs of Marseilles; their small walled gardens shaded by firs, vines, figs, and olive trees; excited an unusual amount of admiration.

"I could be content," he says, "in a tiny cabanon to pass what remains to

* Gleanings from Piccadilly to Pera. By John Oldmixon, Esq., Commander R.N. Longman, Brown, and Co.

me of declining life—far, far from the heart-burnings, trifling distinctions, contumelies, miseries, and nonsenses of our *West End*! of our modern England; the clack and scandal of our villages, or the second-hand airs of our genteel watering-places; where no man must build or possess anything not under the *ground rent* of lord this or that, or squire this or that; all with us so careful to let go no inch of their many miles of manor.

"But the weaknesses, the follies, the clack of these villages, of these kind neighbours, are, mayhap, still the same—done into French! not a doubt of it—softened of some of our extra-sectarian acerbity! but one might here shut them all out by a good high *freehold wall*! and commune only with this sweet thyme and the hum of its summer bees; drink in the smile of this laughing landscape or dwell on the ripple of the blue waters, which, clear as crystal, wash yon shores;—easily reached by a mile and a half's walk, or round by the walled roads in a little *coupé* and pet nag, which would serve to run in and out of town with, to market, or to an opera or concert now and then, and, perhaps, to bring to one some not too mighty friend, who would not eat one's dinner with that supercilious and critical mockery only known amongst us modern English, pleasantly shown off in the pages of 'Punch,' or certain of our weekly and monthly novelists! One would think we English are the most hollow, shallow, interested, selfish, affected, foolish race of people just now in this world. Where are our ten thousand virtues? Oh! we have them all too; the difficulty is got rid of when we confess we are so excessively inconsistent—never a week or a day together the same thing."

It is to be hoped that the gallant commander would be able to pick up an English cook in the *canebière*, or, we fear, his happiness in his *cabanon* would be of short duration. Nothing can exceed his dislike of French hotels:—

"Oh, the miseries, the abominations of a French hotel! If they grow rich by us, after years of close-fisted and very positive extortion, still they never, by any chance, get one single English idea!—not a single thing, down to the smallest item, but remains virgin French or Italian, as perfect as in the middle ages, or a century or two ago. Here is a flagrant example!—this same *Cannes*. The landlord explains that they don't want fires.—Oh, no, it is only freezing!—the sunny side of the house, which hardly has ever a sunny side, blocked out to the south by recent buildings our cash has erected! 'No chimneys the sunny side,' quoth he,—'but behold,' (after I have satisfied my hunger in a chilly room, on the bare *carreau*, on a bit of *gibelotte de lièvre* which I hate, and not a vegetable, cold or hot,) 'here,' ushering me into the *salle-à-manger*, 'here we have a fire, as you see!'—the usual fire of these precious barracks—of roots, heating the back of the fireplace, at which sat a solitary Scotchman, in a white neck-cloth—perhaps in full dinner dress! I forgot to say this same civil landlord had previously asked me 'if I had *dined well*?' (on the head and paw of a jugged hare, and plenty of bread!)"

Amid so much fault-finding there are naturally some inconsistencies. France, for example, is compared with England on the subject of beggary, much to her advantage; and we are favoured upon this painful theme with quite a politico-moral dissertation, or rather anathema, against the old country, whose nuisances in that respect are quite forgotten amid the whines and howls of a whole population of beggars in Italy. The gallant commander was destined to be always unlucky: he had read in Lamartine's "*Graziella*" that the fish-girls of the Mergelline were pretty, so he went down to the shore to see. The only rather pretty one, he says (had she been well washed and not in rags), was busy, at a very popular employment here, looking after and destroying certain insects in her little brother's head! Under King Bomba, the

Captain adds his testimony to that of all others, that the name of Englishman is held so cheap as to invite nothing but discourteousness, insolence, and petty vexation from all officials.

Hurrying over French and Italian discomforts and vexations (how would Captain Oldmixon like to travel in Algiers, where the passport must be *viséd* every day?) which, even when on board the Malta and Constantinople steamer, are only exchanged for "horridly cooked loads of meat and potatoes," and for a captain who "tires one by endless repetitions, exaggerations, and very shallow boastings"—let us get into Stamboul at the moment when the allies were there. The Captain must be eccentric; he likes Constantinople, its houses, its streets, its Turks, nay, its dogs!

"The next thing we have heard so much of in the streets, are the dogs,—a yellow-brown race, between a wolf and jackal :—hard is their lot, poor things! They are not at all troublesome.

"Generally, in the day, they lie asleep in the streets, under the people's and horses' feet, and, most extraordinary, never get trod on, so careful and gentle are the Turks; true, they are half-starved; nobody owns them, but nobody hurts them. It seems, however, our soldiers kill them for fun! The example is set by our young officers; one of these gentlemen at the table d'hôte was boasting of how many he had shot already! and, to diversify the fun, how many tame pigeons!—to the very natural anger and disgust of the inhabitants. So much for our morals and our fun."

If he had been nearly torn to pieces by the said ferocious brutes as we have been, we suspect we should not have heard that "they are not at all troublesome." It seems that it was not only the English who disgraced their country by inebriation in Constantinople:—

"As one walks along the chief street at Galata, towards the outer shipping, one gets among our own sailors—French, Italians, and Germans. Nothing can exceed this scene in tippling and small depravities; those of the lower world.

"Jews, Greeks, and women, all bent on one object,—to get all the money they possibly can out of sailors and soldiers: happily very few of our soldiers can reach this side of the Bosphorus. A party of sailors from the French steamer 'Pandore' had evidently drunk a great deal. As I ascended near the great Genoese tower, another set of them had collected a crowd; two of them were down on the ground quite drunk; another, not quite so far gone, while helping his mesmates to tumble about, harangued the Greeks and Turks,—telling them, in good French, as how they had come to fight for them with '*les braves Anglais*,' and that they ought to be very grateful to us; but I fear his talk was lost on the astonished crowd; they were, however, very intent on this novel and disgraceful sight.

"This is a part of our superior civilisation for them to wonder at. They know nothing about our goodness, or our virtue, but they *see* this. I myself was astonished at seeing French sailors in such a pickle."

The gallant Captain is, if possible, even more eccentric in his politics than in his loves. The Tanzimat is justly denounced as "a constitutional farce." So also of the pretended reforms in the Turkish military system:—

"Well, the Sultan's mixture of Tactics and Baschibazouks have done pretty well as yet on the Danube. But it is quite impossible to think they will have

any chance in a pitched battle:—against the Russians at *Oltamitza*, from behind their walls and gabions, they did but hold their post at the quarantine station. The Turkish army, raw as it is still, trying against the grain to imitate European discipline and tactics, is scarcely more than the shadow of its former self.

“Once they could fight, in their own old savage fashion. These days have gone for ever; as they are, even the Egyptians scattered them like a flock of sheep. They are not to be relied on; we can only hope they will hold their own stone walls, while we push on and take *Sebastopol* and the *Crimea*, without which all our fighting and all our expended millions will be to no purpose.

“We are in the field; our fleets on the waters once more after forty years’ inaction, strong in our new alliance,—cannot we profit by experience, and follow the dictates of a little common sense?

“Generals and admirals should be our only diplomatists. Statesmen and ambassadors have constantly thrown away the advantages gained by our armies and our fleets—ours most shamefully, above all others! Witness the winding up of our last war! stripping ourselves, and imbecilely leaguering the whole continent against us, for whose interest alone we had been fighting! *Time*, indeed, has something set this stupid blundering to rights, and given us our greatest foe as our fastest friend.

“But to come more home to our present affair, what a precious *imbroglio* have ‘*Foreign Affairs*’ and ambassadors brought us to at this moment!

“We are at one and the same time come as friends to the few Turks, and enemies to the Greeks and other Christians! who form nine-tenths of the whole population, and are to a man in favour of the Emperor of Russia, and devoutly praying that we and their hard task-masters may get well licked!

“It is utterly useless explaining to them that we are here to prevent the Czar and his Cossacks from overrunning the whole country, and sweeping every Mahomedan from the face of the earth! Why, that is the very thing they want! and the only possible escape from their grinding bondage.

“Truly we are in an unhandsome fix! We *should* wish to do the same thing, only more amicably—allowing the Turks still to impoverish and cruelly misgovern only the Asiatic half of their wretched subjects. Any other plan in the end will be only patching things up for a few years, to the renewed disturbance of all Europe, and our especial loss in particular.”

There is a good deal in this off-hand plain dealing with things worthy of more weighty consideration than appears on the surface of things. We hope Captain Oldmixon’s lucubrations upon men and things in France, Italy, and Constantinople, will be widely read and duly pondered upon. Sometimes truth, however wholesome, must be gilded to make it acceptable; here we have it rough and ready, truly sailor-fashion; and we hope many will like it all the better for being presented to them in one of our not least national garbs.

SONGS FROM THE DRAMATISTS.*

A COLLECTION of songs from the English dramatists, beginning with Nicholas Udall (whose comedy, "Ralph Roister Doister," is shown to have had the start of "Gammer Gurton's Needle" by three good lustres at the least), and closing with Richard Brinsley Sheridan, is surely a dainty dish to set before their loving countrymen. Such a collection is happily introduced into that ably-edited, choicely got-up, and we do hope widely-welcomed series, the "Annotated Edition of the English Poets." In this series, of which the present forms the eighth volume, two such factors as really careful and intelligent supervision, and remarkable cheapness, ought to make up a product of substantial profit to all concerned. We give Mr. Bell entire credit for the labour he professes to have bestowed on the collection now before us; the research it involved cannot, he justly says, be adequately reckoned by its mere bulk—the labour which is *not* represented in its 268 pages being, in fact, far greater than the labour which has filled those pages with lyrical beauties. "Many hundreds of plays have been examined without yielding any results, or such only as in their nature were unavailable." As to the names that are missing, as Marlowe, Southerne, Wycherley, Killigrew, &c., Mr. Bell affirms that "in all such cases a satisfactory explanation can be given,"—Marlowe's plays, for instance, not affording a single song,—Southerne's, which are just as full of them, containing nothing but what is second-hand or worthless,—Wycherley's songs being too gross for insertion,—and Tom Killigrew's too "crude and artificial." There are other dramatists, however, on the absentee list, from whose stores the editor might have been expected to draw, if not largely, and for whose absence he gives no direct excuse: without enumerating names, suffice it to say that for all the play-writers between Dryden and Sheridan, that is to say, for the whole eighteenth century, the number of pages here allowed is no more than ten—and *they* are divided among Etherege, Shadwell, Sedley, D'Urfey, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar. Enthusiasts in dramatic lore will probably think that the editor has curtailed this collection of its fair proportions. But the reading public in general are likely to be satisfied with the quantity, if not with the quality, of the anthology. We put in that *if*, because it is, after all, questionable whether the reading public may not be, *on the whole*, disappointed with these "Songs from the Dramatists." Popular notions of a song will hardly square with some of the specimens. And, indeed, the right, or the expediency, of giving a place to certain of them, admits a doubt

* Songs from the Dramatists. Edited by Robert Bell. (Annotated Edition of the English Poets.) London: John W. Parker and Son. 1854.

—for example, such pieces as the Witches' Charm in "Macbeth," the stanzas beginning—

"If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?"

and again—

"So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not,"

and others, from "Love's Labour's Lost,"—

"Why should this desert silent be?"

from "As You Like It,"—the excerpt from Daniel's "Cleopatra," on the Influence of Opinion—that from Fletcher's "Faithful Shepherdess," of *Amoret* and the *River-god*, &c. On the other hand, this collection comprises ample store of matter to please tastes the most exclusive and the most exigent in the department of Song. Love songs the most abundant, the most exquisite, the most fantastic. Hunting songs, such as Dryden's

"With horns and with hounds, I waken the day."

Laughing songs, such as Fletcher's

"Oh, how my lungs do tickle! ha, ha, ha!
Oh, how my lungs do tickle! ho, ho, ho!"

Drinking songs, by the score, from the famous

"Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold,"

nearly three hundred years old now, to Sheridan's "Here's to the Maiden of bashful Fifteen," and "This Bottle's the Sun of our Table;" and including in the interval between Bishop Still and Richard Brinsley such *chansons à boire* as Lyly's "To Bacchus!" and Fletcher's "Drink To-day and drown all Sorrow," and Middleton's catch,

"O for a bowl of fat canary,
Rich Aristippus, sparkling sherry!"

and Wilson's (or Dekker's) "Troll the Bowl, the Nut-brown Bowl," and Ford's "Cast away Care," and Suckling's "Come, let the State stay, and drink away," and Davenant's "The Bread is all baked, the Embers are raked," and Shirley's "I'll take my Cup, I'll take no Care," and Congreve's boisterous "Prithee fill me the Glass," with its characteristic plea that

"To drink is a Christian diversion,
Unknown to the Turk or the Persian,"

and therefore the bounden duty of all true believers, as well as the cherished practice of loyal British subjects. Nor are there wanting lyrical glorifications of good eating as well as of liberal drinking—as, for instance, Fletcher's "Country Feasting," prophesying how

"The stewed cock shall crow, cock-a-loodle-loo,
A loud cock-a-loodle shall he crow;
The duck and the drake shall swim in a lake
Of onions and claret below"—

to which a hearty pendant may be found here in Dryden's "Har-

vest Home" madrigal—nor may we omit mention of (in quite another key) Cartwright's

"Then our music is in prime,
When our teeth keep triple time"—

in which we are admonished by the handsome polyglot author, who is himself said to have devoted sixteen hours a day to study, that

"He that's full doth verse compose;
Hunger deals in sullen prose;
Take notice and discard her.
The empty spit
Ne'er cherished wit;
Minerva loves the larder.

"First to breakfast, then to dine,
Is to conquer Bellarmine;
Distinctions then are budding.
Old Sutcliff's wit
Did never hit,
But after his bag-pudding."

A foot-note about "Old Sutcliff" might have been acceptable from Mr. Bell. We hope he will not be dissuaded from the liberality of annotation which marked his earliest volumes, by the carping of sated critics who are conversant with such particulars, but that he will consult the requirements of the *profanum vulgus* who are *not*, and by whose vote and interest this edition will stand or fall. Not that we desire a gratuitous heaping together of elucidations, whose lucidity becomes *lucus a non lucendo*; but the present volume appears to err a little in the opposite direction, as though betokening a design on the editor's part to be more chary of annotation with the progress of the series. Wherever he illustrates the text of these "Songs from the Dramatists," his remarks are welcome and to the purpose. The brief memoirs he gives of the authors are useful and interesting. Of the foot-notes, not the least notable are those which point out imitations and parallel passages. *Ex gr.*, from one of Fletcher's songs, the couplet—

"Violets plucked, the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again"—

revised, and *not* improved, in the better known ballad of the "Friar of Orders Grey." *Steady's* Quaker strain finds the origin of its "Verily, ah!" and "Merrily, ah!" in Fletcher's "Spanish Curate." And Sheridan's "Let the Toast pass," seems to be "evidently modelled" on a glee in one of Suckling's comedies, though Sheridan was a little more decent and deserving in adapting, than was Sheppard in appropriating it; Sheppard being a contemporary of Suckling's, and coolly publishing the said glee in one of his own plagiaristic comedies, some five years only after Sir John's decease.

THE WATER CURE.

THE hydropathists, like all enthusiasts, have embodied all things appertaining to the human economy in health and disease in their doctrine. In a great work now before us, and which professes to embrace the whole principles and practice of the water cure, by its British high-priest, Dr. James Wilson,* we begin with the duty of acquiring a knowledge of the human constitution, and its relations with external nature—a duty ably propounded by George Combe in his admirable work, “The Constitution of Man.”

We are next initiated into the somewhat materialist doctrine, that the physical, mental, and moral culture of man is based on physiology. The mind undoubtedly acts in accordance with organic laws; but is its culture, that is to say, the ideas it derives from the study of self, of external nature, and of revealed knowledge, a matter of physiology?

Then, again, the natural laws are undoubtedly in harmony with the dictates of our mental and moral constitution; yet one little difficulty drives our amiable enthusiast into a corner at the onset. It is, that “a carpenter’s son, after the flesh, and a few illiterate fishermen, should have propounded a system of religion, found to be so curious that it reveals truly a *light in darkness*.” The only rational solution to such “an anomaly in human history and experience,” is found in the hypothesis of Divine inspiration; and it is in the same way, we are told, that Shakspeare, Milton, Washington, Cuvier, Broussais, Davy, and such like men, were inspired, that is to say, by Divine inspiration. No doubt this is the case; and we perfectly agree in the principle announced by the great hygeist, but we do not agree with the manner of putting it. All inspiration is alike Divine, as the mind itself may be said to be an emanation of divinity; but there is one inspiration for things mundane, another for things celestial; and if you grant to the Redeemer only that amount of Divine inspiration which is necessary to indite a new code of morals, or propound a new system of religion, you place him in the same category as Zoroaster or Muhammad, as Shakspeare or Dr. James Wilson.

But what, it might be asked, has all this to do with the water cure? A great deal. The water cure involves a new system of ethics, new principles of logic, and a new code of philosophy. The man who stupifies his senses by a continual course of gluttony or drunkenness is not in a condition to hear or receive Scripture truth. For the same reason careful regimen and those regular habits which are essential to health—that strict

* The Principles and Practice of the Water Cure; and Household Medical Science: in Conversations on Physiology, on Pathology, on the Nature of Disease, and on Digestion, Nutrition, Regimen, and Diet. By James Wilson, &c. John Churchill: London.

observation of the organic laws which is necessary for the well-going of the human machinery—are also essential to the success of the water cure.

Man's diseases, in the majority of cases, that is to say, where there is not contagion or other accidents, are, as long ago propounded by the great expounder of the natural laws, the author of the "Constitution of Man," self-inflicted—the result of a wilful or ignorant infringement of the physiological laws. Our arch-priest of Malvern carries this doctrine somewhat further; for he propounds that there is an analogy between the disorders of the little world of the human body and those of the mightier world and not less complicated fabric of human society. *Ergo*, as water is the cure for the diseases that afflict the human body, so is it also the cure for the diseases that affect the body politic. Wherever there are perversions there must be adequate means used. A sitz-bath for a pickpocket; the sweating process for an extortioner; the compresses for a truculent politician or an obdurate minister. When the body politic is affected, douche-baths, plunge-baths, and swimming-baths may, perhaps, suffice; and we have Divine antecedent to show, that in case of universal perversion and demoralisation, even a deluge may be had recourse to. It is only a question of means adequate to an end, for the principle, as laid down by Dr. Wilson, is that "neither the confusion of human society, nor the derangements of human health, are unalterable appointments of the Creator, or the intended operation of his laws. They are perversions; acknowledging an analogous origin and claiming an analogous cure."

It would be impossible to follow out the whole philosophy of this far-seeking, widely-acting remedy. The "water-doctors" don't pretend to be the first who have placed their chief reliance for the cure of diseases on those powers when properly invoked, drawn out, and aided; but Dr. James Wilson claims to be the first who has based and defends the practice on these grounds theoretically. He asserts that there must unquestionably exist a great principle of remedy, or law of cure, written in all the works of nature, and made clear in all the ways of Providence: that it is an inevitable consequence of the true philosophy of the derangements of man's present estate, that the causes of evil should involve, and do involve, the means of cure.

This fact having been established beyond contradiction, he goes on to argue that the whole problem of the cure of any specific evil under which mankind labours, is to ascertain the deviating power; the point of deviation, and the causes of deviation; and then to seek, by every agency sanctioned by science and by common sense, to remove those causes, and to give the proper direction or development to the erring power.

The examples given are the inundation of a town by the bursting of a dyke, the remedy being the stoppage of the breach; an overflow of noxious or dangerous gas, the remedy being to mend the pipe; vagrancy and thieving among human beings, the remedy being to put them in a right course; and, lastly, a whole district

rendered unhealthy by bad drainage, filth, bad ventilation, and bad habits, the remedy being to substitute an opposite state of things.

Having, then, made out that there is an exact analogy between the cause and cure of the disorders of the living body and those of the body politic, or any other disturbed course of matters cognisant to man, Dr. Wilson justly insists, that if mal-direction of the organic powers produces disease, the proper direction of the same powers must, therefore, bring the remedy. Now, as it is the boast of the water cure that it pre-eminently recognises and calls upon the exclusive curative agency of nature—*i.e.* of the organic powers—and the whole bent of the means and appliances at the command of the water-doctor, goes to exalt those powers, and to rid them of all impediments to their full and free action, so also is it the only enlightened, the only natural, the only true, and the only philosophical mode of treatment.

There is a great deal more in Dr. Wilson's book in proof of these principles. It is, indeed, a very amusing and instructive, as well as a very practical and philosophic work. It does not, it will be seen by what we have said, treat of water cure alone; it embraces almost every topic directly or indirectly associated with the great subject in hand; it seems as if health and ease, clear conceptions, and facility in expressing them, reigned in the mind of the author, and that he is a great living example of the advantages to be obtained by a careful observance of the natural laws. Would that, through the water cure, or any other remedial system, such valuable doctrines were more and more universally diffused over the world!

SUDDEN DEATH.*

A VERY curious and suggestive book. According to Dr. Granville, a vast number of sudden deaths occur which do not precisely come under the category of apoplexy, paralysis, heart complaint, or any familiar or known form of disease; and this, not in old age, but at all times of life, as is distinctly shown in a very striking chapter on the statistics of death, evidently the result of great labour and research. Sudden deaths, he tells us, as a result of those statistical investigations, are much more frequent now than they used to be; and, after an interesting detail of particular cases, he proceeds to the investigation of—what is sudden death? The discussion of so nice a point is, however, too professional for the general reader; at least, it will not admit of ready analysis without much technical language, so we must refer the curious on this point to Dr. Granville's volume, premising that it is to be followed by a second, in which the causes of sudden death, the true nature of apoplexy and paralysis, and the treatment and prevention of those formidable disorders, are to be duly considered.

* Sudden Death. By A. B. Granville, M.D., F.R.S., &c. &c. John Churchill.

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